

CALVARY;  
OR THE  
DEATH OF CHRIST.

A POEM,  
IN EIGHT BOOKS.

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BY  
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CALVARY;

OR THE

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BOOK I.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

*After a short introduction, which states the miraculous acts of Christ, and serves to mark the period at which the Poem commences, Satan goes forth by night into the wilderness, and finds himself in the very spot, where he had in vain practised his temptations upon Christ: Here he falls into meditation upon that unsuccessful interview, and vents himself in soliloquy: Indignant under disappointment and impatient to repair his defeat, he ascends to the summit of the mountain, from whence he had exhibited the kingdoms of the earth, and calls the Devils from all parts of the Heathen world: The whole host of Infernals assemble at his summons: The chief leaders are enumerated, their persons and attributes described: Satan addresses them, and proposes the subject matter for their consultation, namely, By what means to counteract the power of Christ upon earth: Baal delivers his sentiments by stating difficulties and objections without any decided opinion unless for seduction in the general: Moloch angrily resents what he considers as pointed at himself, and speaks disdainfully against the proposal of seduction, as not only desperate but disgraceful: Belial replies, and after much circumlocution suggests a temptation to be set on foot by Mammon: He is interrupted by Satan, who reproves him for certain digressions in his speech, but adopts his hint of employing Mammon, and calls upon that evil spirit to attempt the fidelity of Judas Iscariot, whom he points out to him as the only one of the Disciples open to seduction: Mammon at first affects to excuse himself from the undertaking, but in conclusion accepts it, and taking wing in presence of the whole applauding host sets out upon his embassy, directing his course to the city of Jerusalem.*



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# C A L V A R Y.

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## B O O K I.

### THE ASSEMBLING OF THE DEVILS.

**H**AIL, awful CALVARY! forsaking now  
Aonian haunts and the unhallow'd Nine,  
I visit thy sad mount, and thence invite  
The mournful echoes to my deep-ton'd harp,  
Hymning the whilst in solemn numbers praise 5  
To God for mercies purchas'd by the death  
Of that mysterious Being, virgin-born,  
Savior of lost mankind, who on the cross,  
Lord though he be of life and one with God,  
In mortal pangs expir'd; there to atone 10  
For a degenerate world, by his pure blood  
To wash original corruption out,  
And rising victor from the grave dispel  
Sin and it's offspring Death, with all the train  
Of idol gods, usurping earth and heav'n. 15

Now had the wond'rous acts by JESUS wrought  
 Spread wide his fame thro' all Judæa's realm ;  
 'The leper cleans'd, the blind to sight restor'd,  
 'The sick to health and ev'n the dead to life,  
 Tho' warn'd to silence, for his modest ear      20  
 Sought not the praise of men, so much the more  
 Publish'd his mercies ; Dæmons at his call  
 With horrid shrieks, that testified his power,  
 Came forth from men posses'd and fled ; his voice  
 Rebuk'd the seas and winds ; vast was the throng  
 That follow'd where he led, and thousands found  
 In the waste wilderness mirac'lous food :  
 They saw, they marvel'd, and of force confest  
 Messias in his power, not so in form ;  
 For there no comeliness, no outward grace,      30  
 No princely state appear'd : Slow to renounce  
 Illusions long indulg'd, their wavering minds  
 'Twixt two opinions halted, while in place  
 Of these bright visions they beheld a man  
 Lowly and meek, a houseless wanderer,      35  
 That had not where on earth to lay his head :—  
 Such can our Israel's great Restorer be,  
 Such our Messias ?—Thus their troubled thoughts  
 Like meeting currents clash'd ; when as he spake  
 Truth flow'd resistless from his lips, his eyes      40  
 Beam'd mercy, and his Father's glory shone  
 Effulgent in his face ; then every tongue  
 Was hush'd to silence, every doubt dispell'd,  
 And every heart confest him Lord and Christ.

'Twas





'Twas night, when SATAN, prince of darkness  
 And fitly call'd, for evil hates the day, [call'd,  
 Walk'd forth on hellish meditation bent,  
 Prowling the wilderness: Where'er he trode,  
 Earth quak'd beneath his foot; before him roll'd  
 Thick cloud and vapour, making night's dark shade  
 More black and terrible; the beasts of prey,  
 Every wild thing that roams the savage waste  
 And howling to the moon demands it's food,  
 Fled his approach; the lion and the pard  
 Scented the blast and slunk into their dens; 55  
 For whilst his breast with raging passions boil'd,  
 Hatred, revenge and blasphemous despight,  
 The sighs he vented from the hell within  
 Breath'd death into the air; his haggard eyes,  
 Which still in speechless agonies he roll'd, 60  
 Out-glar'd the hyæna's; other fires than their's  
 To light his dismal path he needed none.

Now, having stretch'd athwart the sandy wild  
 Clear to its rocky verge, the Arch-fiend paus'd  
 And upward cast his eye, if happily there 65  
 Darkling he might discern what faucy mound  
 Dar'd to arrest his course; for yet there dwelt  
 Such vigor in his wing, nor depth, nor heighth,  
 Mountains nor seas might check his bold career,  
 Were he so purpos'd; neither would he deign 70  
 To ask one charitable star for light,  
 Thoughtful of former glory, when he soar'd  
 Son of the morning far above their spheres.

Whereat

Whereat he 'gan put forth his plumed vans  
 From either shoulder stretcht for flight, when soon 75  
 The fuel'd clouds to fierce encounter rush'd,  
 Loud thunders bellow'd, and the lightning's flash  
 Smote on the craggy cliff; at sight whereof  
 Conscious that now he press'd the fatal spot,  
 Where late he commun'd with the Son of God, 80  
 Who for the space of forty days and nights  
 Foil'd ev'ry vain device, with shame abash'd  
 And pondering in his mind his foul defeat,  
 Down, down at once his flagging pinions fell  
 Close cowering to his ribs: As some proud ship 85  
 Between the tropics o'er th' Atlantic wave  
 Speeding amain to reach her destin'd port,  
 If chance th' experienc'd mariner espies  
 The gathering hurricane, no stay, no stop,  
 Quick to the yard each swelling sail is furl'd, 90  
 The curl'd waves whitening as the torrent drives,  
 And soon her taunt and lofty topmast lower'd  
 Strikes to the gale; so he his towering heighth,  
 That to angelic stature now had swell'd,  
 Shrunk into human size, nor other seem'd 95  
 Than pilgrim squalid and with years and toil  
 Bending decrepit, when from his full heart  
 Words intermixt with groans thus forc'd their way.

Yes, hateful wilderness, detested rocks,  
 Whom I would curse, had Nature left one blade 100  
 On your bare ribs, which cursing I might blast,  
 Full well I know you; deep, too deep engrav'd  
 On memory's tablet your rude horrors live.

And

And you officious lightnings, hide your fires !  
Come, Night, again; let central darkness shroud  
Scenes, whose tormenting recollection stabs  
My unavenged soul. Can I forget  
This Son of Joseph? Son of God henceforth  
Of force I must confess him, for what less  
Than god-like constancy could have withstood 110  
Temptations great and terrible as mine?  
Something which man is not he needs must be,  
Virtue, that angels boast not, he must have,  
Else had my snares enclos'd him, else the world,  
Which then was mine to give, had been a bribe 115  
Too glorious not to dazzle every eye  
But his, who made those glories what they are.  
Still I must doubt the Father's love sincere,  
Tho' loudly vouch'd by his own voice from heav'n:  
Is this a father's love, is this his care, 120  
Here to expose him to this desert wild  
Forty long sleepless nights and fasting days,  
No Angel guard about him, lost, forlorn,  
Abandon'd to the elements, to beasts  
More fierce than this loud storm; nay, fiercer still,  
To me than all more terrible, to me;  
Foe of his life inveterate and avow'd?  
Rare sample of God's love! If here his CHRIST  
Encounter'd aught of danger; and if none,  
What else could prompt him to this vain display 130  
Of voluntary penance, but the love  
Of flattery and a despicable wish  
To hear himself applauded? In this spot,



Beneath the jutting roof of this rude cliff,  
 I first surpriz'd this wand'ring Son of God, 135  
 This Savior of the world : Fainting he seem'd  
 With thirst and hunger, pale as death his cheek,  
 His hollow eyes deep sunk, and from his brow  
 Big drops of sweat distill'd, as one o'erspent  
 And sinking to the earth there to expire : 140  
 A ready tale he had for pity's ear,  
 A melancholy list of wants and woes;  
 He had not tasted food, and fairly own'd  
 That Nature's cravings were intense ; when I,  
 Glad at the heart to find him thus besieg'd 145  
 With appetite so eager, stooping down,  
 From the dissever'd fragments, that here lie  
 About the base of this storm-beaten rock,  
 Chose out a few smooth stones, and tempting said,  
 If thou art hungry, eat ; convert these stones, 150  
 If thou art God's own Son, to bread, and eat !  
 But he not so beguil'd spurn'd them away,  
 And silenc'd me with text of holy writ :  
 A nobler appetite I next assail'd,  
 Ambition ; to the mountain's top we soar'd ; 155  
 I spread the kingdoms of the earth in fight,  
 Fit fight to whet the hunger of the mind ;  
 But mind and body he alike would starve,  
 Nor thank nor homage render back for food  
 Of my providing : One last hope remain'd ; 160  
 Methought there was a godly pride about him,  
 Which with right holy flattery I might win :  
 Upon the temple's topmost pinnacle

I plac'd



I plac'd this scorner of an earthly crown,  
And bade him be a God; Cast thyself down; 165  
Behold, quoth I, the Angels are on wing  
To bear thee up unhurt: With stern rebuke,  
Get thee behind me SATAN! he replied;  
Some power unseen control'd me, down I fell,  
Down from the giddy eminence I plung'd, 170  
And left him to his Angels, whilst their hymns  
And hallelujahs echo'd through the air  
His triumphs and my second fall from heav'n.  
And now if dark despair shall reach this heart,  
Which of hell's tetrarchs can arraign their king, 175  
Or fix on me his share of public loss  
And overthrow sustain'd in this attack?  
None, for none dare. If I, till now supreme,  
Great idol of the Gentile world, for whom  
So many groves, so many altars blaze; 180  
If I, to whom by various names ador'd  
Thousands of temples rise, whilst one alone,  
One solitary pile on Sion's hill  
Echoes the praise of God, neglected else  
Of all; if I, if SATAN must submit 185  
To CHRIST, revenge to patience, war to peace,  
And men must learn new maxims of forgiveness,  
Maxims I neither practise nor instil,  
Heroes and kings and conquerors, farewell!  
Greater is he who serves than he who reigns: 190  
To suffer, to submit, to turn the cheek  
To the proud smiter, these are virtues now;  
Hence with such virtues? If these rules obtain,

If

If this tame doctrine shall unman the world,  
 Altars and groves and temples all must sink ; 195  
 Olympus and its synod, every Grace  
 And every Muse, all that the chissel wrought  
 In Greece or Rome, shall moulder into dust,  
 And CHRIST and Reason shall usurp the world.

He ceas'd, and now his swelling bosom heav'd 200  
 With indignation like the labouring earth,  
 Which subterranean vapors undermine,  
 Pent in it's sulph'rous entrails: Up he sprung  
 To that high mountain top whence he review'd  
 The kingdoms of the earth, whilst at his side 205  
 CHRIST's humble virtue stood, on other realms,  
 Realms of immortal happiness, intent :  
 Here, as a vulture, on the craggy peak  
 Of Caucasus or Hæmus left to watch,  
 Screams out his shrill alarm, at sound whereof 210  
 The carrion troop, upon the wing for prey,  
 Come flocking to the signal, SATAN thus  
 Stood eminent, and call'd his dark compeers ;  
 So loud he call'd that to the farthest bounds  
 Of Pagan isle or continent was heard 215  
 His voice re-echoing thro' the vault of heav'n.

Heroes and demi-gods, Olympian powers,  
 Infernal princes of hell's dark abyfs,  
 Heav'n's exiles, spirits of air, water, fire,  
 Or whatsoever element confines 220  
 Your incorporeal essences, Oh hear !  
 Hear and assemble ! 'tis your leader calls ;  
 It is your champion's voice, in happier hours  
 Heard

Heard and obey'd, now in extremest need  
Be present and assist our great divan. 225

No more, for soon was heard the distant found  
Of wings that beat the air; from every point  
Of the four winds the gathering swarm came on;  
From Crete, from Cyprus and the Ionian coast,  
From Egypt, Afric and the Ausonian shores, 230  
Gods of all names, dimensions and degrees.

Great was their sovereign's triumph to behold  
This prompt obedience to his high command;  
For now descending on the desert heath  
To martial music, the infernal host 235

In bands and columns, by their chiefs arrang'd,  
Stood firm; if ever gleam of joy might reach  
Heart so accurs'd, the Arch-fiend had felt it here,  
As with a monarch's eye he now review'd  
His armies, covering all the swarthy plain. 240

Come, Muse, and to your suppliant's eyes impart  
One ray of that pure light, which late you pour'd  
On the dark orbs of your immortal Bard  
Eclips'd by drop serene: Conduct me now,  
Me from my better days of bold emprise 245

Far in decline, and with the hoary hand  
Of Time hard stricken, yet adventuring forth  
O'er Nature's limits into worlds unseen,  
Peopled with shadowy forms and phantoms dire;  
Oh! bear me on your pinions in this void, 250  
Where weary foot ne'er rested; and behold!  
All hell bursts forth: Support me, or I sink.

Now glimm'ring twilight streak'd the Eastern sky,  
Now



For he, that on his forehead brings the morn,  
 Star-crowned PHOSPHORUS had heard the call, 255  
 And with the foremost stood. Beside him one  
 Of towering stature and majestic port,  
 Himself a host; his black and curling locks  
 Down his herculean shoulders copious flow'd;  
 In glittering brags upon his shield he bore 260  
 A kingly eagle, ensign of command,  
 BAAL his name, second to none in state  
 Save only his great chieftain; worshipp'd long  
 In Babylon, till Daniel drove him thence  
 With all his gluttonous priests; exalted since 265  
 High above all the idol gods of Greece,  
 Thron'd on Olympus, and his impious hand  
 Arm'd with the thunder; yet he ru'd the zeal  
 Of furious Jehu, and that mournful day,  
 When he beheld his altars stream with blood, 270  
 His prophets and his priests by hundreds slain  
 Upon Mount Carmel. MOLOCH in the van,  
 Mail'd at all points for war, with spear and helm  
 And plumed crest and garments roll'd in blood,  
 Flam'd like a meteor: Him with horrid joy 275  
 SATAN awhile survey'd, then sighing cried,  
 Oh! worthy of command, had all like thee  
 So bravely fought, heav'n never had been lost.  
 Thence as he glanc'd his eye, far other form  
 And much unfit for war he next espied, 280  
 CHEMOS, the sin of Moab; power obscene,  
 Emasculate and soft, in loose attire  
 A sensual deity; his glory 'twas



In arts of base seduction to excel,  
And leagu'd with harlots to have turn'd the heart,  
Of that wise king, and drawn him from his God  
To bend his aged knees at idol shrines.  
Close at his side stood one, in whose soft eyes  
Ensnaring smiles and beauteous ruin lurk'd;  
Oh! that such grace should be allied to sin; 290  
Zidonian goddess, ASHTORETH her name;  
Heav'n would not quite destroy so fair a work,  
But wantonness usurp'd an angel face,  
And with her innocence had chang'd her sex:  
Yet let that sex beware, for in their souls, 295  
When once she enters, peace no longer dwells;  
Witness that Magdalen, whose frantic breast,  
Till by CHRIST's mercy heal'd, sev'n dæmons rent,  
All sin-begotten, all her brood accurst.  
But SATAN, whose stern heart, stranger to love, 300  
All weakness tho' in shape of sin disdain'd,  
And only priz'd spirits more like himself,  
Indignant turn'd aside, and bent his eye  
Where DAGON, giant god, amidst the ranks,  
Like Teneriff or Ætna, proudly tower'd: 305  
DAGON of Gath and Askelon the boast  
In that sad flight, when on Gilboa's mount  
The shield of Saul was vilely thrown away,  
And Israel's beauty perish'd: Him awhile  
With scowling eye the infernal king survey'd, 310  
Then taunting cried, O DAGON, vast in size,  
In soul diminutive, had that huge mass  
Valour proportionate, heav'n had been our's;

But

But fitter thou, dull spirit, to people hell  
 Than re-assault God's throne : Where was thy pride,  
 When overthrown in Gaza by the strength  
 Of that uxorious Danite ? Humbled now  
 I know thy nightly haunts, and how thou driv'st  
 Wretches possess'd to hide themselves in tombs,  
 Whence I beheld thee 'midst the herd unclean 320  
 Scour down the steep and plunge into the sea.  
 But now a fairer form arrests the eye  
 Of hell's despotic lord ; his radiant vest  
 Of Tyrian purple, studded thick with gems, [feasts,  
 Flow'd graceful : He for courts was form'd, for  
 For ladies chambers and for amorous sports ;  
 He lov'd not camps nor the rude toils of war ;  
 BELIAL his name ; around his temples twin'd  
 A wreath of roses, and, where'er he pass'd,  
 His garments fann'd a breeze of rich perfume : 330  
 No ear had he for the shrill-toned trump,  
 Him the soft warble of the Lydian flute  
 Delighted rather, the love-soothing harp,  
 Sappho's loose song and the Aonian Maids  
 And zoneless Graces floating in the dance ; 335  
 Yet from his lips sweet eloquence distill'd,  
 As honey from the bee, but still his voice  
 Ne'er counsell'd aught but cunning and deceit,  
 Mean truce and base capitulating terms ;  
 Therefore by SATAN held in slight account, 340  
 For devils affect a dignity in sin.  
 Last in the field, and from the rest apart,  
 Was MAMMON ! cautious was his step and slow,  
His

His eye still watchful to prevent surprize,  
Squalid his vesture and his locks uncomb'd; 345  
For gain and usury engross'd his soul,  
Nor other care had he but to amass  
Wealth unenjoy'd, and gloat upon his hoard :  
Had there been only happiness in heav'n  
And gold in hell, MAMMON had spurn'd the bliss, 350  
And hugg'd the treasure cheaply earn'd with pain.

His princes thus review'd, from the hill top  
SATAN swift-glancing flew, and in the midst  
Rose like a meteor ; whereat all the host  
Sent up a general shout : he with his hand 355  
Gave sign, and wheel'd the Stygian phalanx round,  
Horrible fight ! A theatre of fiends,  
And each the foe of man ; idols and imps,  
Wizzards, familiars, sprites, phantasmas, dreams,  
Sorrows and pains and deaths in every shape 360  
Cover'd the blasted heath : 'Th' infernal king,  
Tho' in his heart, by mutinous passions torn,  
Thought clash'd with thought, and all was anarchy,  
Yet with assum'd composure beck'ning forth  
His princes, whilst th' inferior throng stood off, 365  
And mute attention reign'd, in few thus spake :

Friends and confederates, welcome ! for this proof  
Of your affiance, thanks ! On every call,  
Whether we need your counsel or your arms,  
Joyful I see your ready zeal displays 370  
Virtues, which hell itself cannot corrupt.  
I mean not to declaim : The occasion told  
Speaks its own import, and the time's dispatch

All



All waste of words forbids. God's Son on earth,  
 CHRIST, the reveal'd Messias, how to oppose 375  
 Is now the question; by what force, or power—  
 Temptations have been tried, I name not them—  
 Or dark conspiracy, we may pull down  
 This sun of righteousness from his bright sphere  
 Declare, who can: I pause for a reply. 380

Silence ensu'd, whilst every eye was turn'd  
 Instinctively on BAAL; he of all  
 Hell's magi fill'd the seat of wisdom chief:  
 Experienc'd long in craft, and nothing apt  
 To give strait counsel, slow of speech he was; 385  
 To hint, propound, dilate, and so entice  
 Other opinions forth, them to refute,  
 And thereon build his own, was all his art.  
 After long pause and hesitation feign'd,  
 Stale trick of orators, he thus began: 390

Why thus on me, as I were worthy, me,  
 Lost being like yourselves, as I alone  
 Cou'd compass this high argument, on me,  
 Least in your sapient conclave, why you point  
 These scrutinizing looks, I muse; and aw'd 395  
 By this your expectation fain wou'd shrink  
 From the great task to silence, had you not  
 O'er these poor faculties such full controul,  
 As to put by all pleas, and call them forth  
 In heav'n or earth, or hell's profound abyfs, 400  
 Your's in all uses, present at all hours.  
 Our kingly chief hath told us we are met  
 To combat CHRIST on earth: Be't so! We yet  
 May try our fortune in another field;

Worse fortune than in heav'n befell our arms, 405  
Worse downfall than to hell, we cannot prove.  
But with the scene our action to must change :  
How ? to what warfare ? Circumvention, fraud,  
Seduction ; these are earthly weapons, these  
As man to man opposes, so must we 410  
To CHRIST incarnate. There be some, who cry,  
Hence with such dastard arts ! War, open war !  
I honor such bold counsellors, and yield  
All that I can, my praise ; till one be found,  
One that may rival God's own Son in power, 415  
And miracle to miracle oppose,  
More than my praise I cannot, my assent  
I will not give ; 'twere madness : And how war  
With God ? what arms may we employ 'gainst him,  
Whose very prophets can call down heaven's fires  
Upon our priests and altars ? For myself,  
What powers I had I shall not soon forget ;  
What I have left I know, and for your use  
Shall husband as I may, not vainly risque  
Where they must surely fail. The Jews pretend  
That CHRIST colludes with Beelzebub ; the Jews  
As far mistake my nature as my name :  
The fallacy, O peers, confutes itself,  
Forg'd to disparage CHRIST, not honor me :  
Oh ! that I had his wonder-working powers ; 430  
I'm not that fool to turn them on myself :  
No, my brave friends, I've yet too much to lose ;  
Though Babylon's proud shrines are laid in dust,  
Rome's capitol survives, and thro' the world  
Where'er

Where'er her eagles fly, upon their wings 435  
 They bear my thunder and they spread my fame :  
 Therefore no more of Beelzebub and CHRIST ;  
 No league, no compact can we hold together.  
 What then ensues ? Despair ? Perish the thought !  
 The brave renounce it, and the wise prevent ; 440  
 You are both wise and brave. Our leader says  
 Temptations have been tried, and tried in vain,  
 Himself the tempter. Who will tread that ground,  
 Where he was foil'd ? For Adam a mere toy,  
 An apple serv'd ; CHRIST is not brib'd by worlds :  
 So much the second Man exceeds the first  
 In strength and glory. But tho' CHRIST himself  
 Will not be tempted, those who hear him may :  
 Jews may be urg'd to envy, to revenge,

To murder ; a rebellious race of old, 450  
 To kill a prophet or betray his God  
 What Jew was ever found to need the spur ?  
 Wist ye not what a train this preacher hath,  
 What followers, what disciples ? These are men,  
 Mere men, frail sons of Adam, born in sin. 455  
 Here is our hope. I leave it to your thoughts.

He ceas'd, but neither murmur nor applause  
 Follow'd his speech, For MOLOCH, whose fell heart  
 Ill stomach'd this tame counsel, least of all  
 Taunts thinly cover'd under mask of praise, 460  
 Sprung forth impetuous, and with scowling brow  
 And accent acrimonious thus replied :

My thoughts it seems are known before I speak ;  
 War, open war is all my note : I rise

To



To thank the prophet, who thus reads my heart,  
Where honesty shou'd wear it, in my face;  
That face from danger I did never hide,  
How then from him? Nor am I by his praise  
More honor'd than by his dissenting voice:  
For whilst he counsels circumvention, fraud, 470  
Seduction,—if my memory wrongs his words  
I yield it to correction,—we stand off  
Wide as the poles apart. Much I had hop'd  
When the great Tempter fail'd and in your ears  
Sung his own honor's dirge, we had heard the last  
Of plots and mean temptations; mean I call them,  
For great names cannot sanctify mean deeds:  
SATAN himself knows I oppos'd the attempt,  
Appeal'd, protested; my thrice honor'd chief  
Knows it full well and blushes for th' event. 480  
And are we now caballing how to outwit  
A few poor harmless fishermen, for such  
Are CHRIST's disciples; how to gull and cheat  
Their simple hearts of honesty? Oh peers,  
For shame, if not for pity, leave them that, 485  
That beggar's virtue: And is this the theme,  
The mighty theme, which now employs the thoughts  
Of your immortal synod? Shame, Oh shame!  
Princes, Dominions, Arch-angelic Thrones,  
Imperial Lords! These were your titles once, 490  
By these names ye were known above the stars,  
Shame not your antient dignities, nor sink  
Beneath the vilest of the sons of men,  
Whisperers, informers, spies. If CHRIST be God,  
Fight,

Fight, as becometh you to fight, with God: 495  
 If man, and sure his birth bespeaks no more,  
 Why all this preparation, this consult,  
 These mighty machinations and cabals?  
 Off with your foe at once, dismiss him hence  
 Where all his brother prophets have been sent; 500  
 Where his precursor John is gone before,  
 Whose voice still echoes thro' this wilderness:—  
 "Repent ye, for God's kingdom is at hand!  
 "Prepare ye the Lord's way!"—It is prepar'd;  
 It leads to death, it marshals him the road 505  
 To that oblivious bourne, whence none return:  
 Herod yet lives; another royal feast,  
 Another wanton dance, and he, for whom  
 So many innocents were slain, shall fall.  
 Once vanquish'd, are we therefore to despair? 510  
 In heav'n unequal battle we provok'd;  
 Tho' vast our host, the million was with God:  
 On earth enquire of all the nations round  
 Whom they will serve, with one voice they reply,  
 We are their gods; they feed us with their blood,  
 Their sons and daughters they make pass through fire  
 To do us grace; if their own flesh they give,  
 Shall they with-hold to sacrifice a foe?  
 Twelve tribes were all Jehovah had on earth,  
 And ten are lost; of this small remnant few 520  
 And wretched are the friends that league with  
 Heav'n.

And where is now CHRIST's promis'd reign on earth?  
 When God's own servants rise against his Son,

And

And those, to whom the promises were giv'n,  
 Revolt from their Messias, can we wish 525  
 Greater revenge? What need have we to tempt  
 Them, who have hearts rebellious as our own,  
 As prompt to malice, no less prone to vex  
 God's righteous spirit? And let come what may,  
 It comes not to our loss, rather our gain. 530  
 Let God arise to vengeance; let him pour  
 Destruction on his temple, whose proud heighth  
 Our chief can witness, measur'd by his fall:  
 Let him not leave one stone upon another,  
 As his rash Son hath menac'd; let his wrath 535  
 Thro' all the inhospitable earth disperse  
 His scatter'd tribes; such ever be the fate  
 Of all his worshippers! May scorn, contempt,  
 Derision be their lot, and may their God  
 Never recall his curse! Are we, O peers, 540  
 To mourn for his Jerusalem? Our joy  
 Springs from confusion; enmity 'twixt God  
 And man is our best triumph: For myself,  
 War is my harvest, then my altars blaze  
 Brightest, when human victims feed the flame. 545  
 Breathless he paus'd, so rapid was the pulse  
 Of his high-beating heart, he stood as one  
 Choak'd and convuls'd with rage; when as he ceas'd,  
 He smote his mailed habergeon so loud,  
 Hell's armed legions heard, and shook their spears  
 Betok'ning war: Frowning he look'd around,  
 Whilst from his fiery eyes such terror glanc'd,  
 It seem'd as if his pride meant to abash

And



And silence all opposers : Yet not long  
 His triumph, for now BELIAL from the ranks 555  
 Graceful advanc'd, and as he put aside  
 His purple robe in act to speak, the throng,  
 Such was the dazzling beauty of his form,  
 Fell back a space ; then stood all eyes and ears  
 In expectation mute as death : Though hell 560  
 Own'd not a spirit more false, sensual and base,  
 Yet ever as he spake such action grac'd  
 His words, so musically soft they flow'd,  
 Who most despis'd the pleader prais'd the speech :  
 When thus with mild insinuating looks, 565  
 Masking his rancorous heart, the Fiend began.

After so many peaceful ages past  
 Since first emerging from hell's dark abyss,  
 Rous'd by our Arch-angelic Chief, we sprung  
 Up to this middle region, and here seiz'd 570  
 On this terrestrial globe, created first  
 For man, our vassal now, were at full ease,  
 Lords of the elements and gods ador'd,  
 We reign and revel undisturb'd of Heav'n,  
 If God, whose jealousy be sure ill brooks 575  
 That this fair world should be so long possess'd  
 Of us his exil'd angels, and his name  
 Pent up in Palestine, should now arouse  
 His slumb'ring wrath, and his best strength put forth  
 To wrestle for lost empire, and our earth, 580  
 As we in evil hour his heav'n, assail,  
 Who of this mighty synod but must own  
 The provocation warrants the retort ?

If then the Maker of mankind hath cause  
To meditate their rescue, we no less 585  
Have cause to oppose th' attempt, and hold them fast  
To their allegiance in despite of Heav'n.  
Much then we owe to our great leader's care,  
Which, ever watchful o'er the public weal,  
Calls us to this full council, here to meet 590  
In grave consult how best we may repair  
Past disappointments, and repel the spite  
Of this new Champion, levell'd at our shrines.  
Great is the trouble of my thoughts, O peers,  
And much perplex'd am I with doubts, what name,  
Nature and office to ascribe to CHRIST;  
In form the lowliest of the sons of men,  
In miracles omnipotent as God;  
Whose voice controuls the stoutest of our host,  
Bids the graves open and their dead come forth;  
Whose very touch is health; who with a glance  
Pervades each heart, absolves it or condemns;  
Whose virgin birth credulity scarce owns,  
And nature disavows. Prais'd to all time,  
Immortal as himself be the renown 605  
Of that wise spirit, who shall devise the means  
By force or fraud to overthrow the power  
Of this mysterious foe, what shall I say?—  
Priest, Prophet, King, Messias, Son of God.  
Yet how God's unity, which well we know 610  
Endures no second, should adopt a Son  
And essence indivisible divide,  
Baffles my weak conjecture: Let that pass!

To such hard doctrines I subscribe no faith :  
 I'll call him man inspir'd, and wait till death  
 Gives sentence of mortality upon him.  
 Meanwhile let circumspection on our part  
 Fill all the anxious interim ; alarm  
 Rome's jealousy, stir up the captious spleen  
 Of the proud Pharisee, beset him round 620  
 With snares to catch him, urge the envious priests,  
 For envy still beneath the altar lurks,  
 And note the man he trusts. MAMMON could tell,  
 Though MAMMON boasts not of his own success,  
 How few of human mould have yet withstood 625  
 His glittering, golden lures. The sword can kill  
 Man's body, gold destroys his very soul :  
 Yet mark me well, I counsel not to tempt  
 The Master ; poverty can do no more  
 Than his own mortifying penance does, 630  
 Hunger and thirst and obstinately starve,  
 When his mere wish could make the rock a spring  
 And its hard fragments bread : Yet sure I am  
 All are not CHRIST's in heart, who with their lips  
 Confess him ; these are men, and therefore frail,  
 Frail and corruptible : And let none say,  
 Fear prompts this counsel ; I disclaim all fear  
 But for the general cause : In every heart  
 Nature hath built my altar ; every sect,  
 Nation and language with one voice confess 640  
 Pleasure the sovereign good : The Stoic churl,  
 The dogged Cynic snarling in his tub,  
 And all the ragged moralizing crew

Are



Are hypocrites ; philosophy itself  
 Is but my votary beneath a cloak : 645  
 It harms not me, though every idol god  
 Were tumbled from his base ; alike I scorn  
 Sampson's strong nerve and Daniel's flaming zeal :  
 And let CHRIST preach his mortifying rules,  
 Let him go forth through all the Gentile world, 650  
 And on the ruin of our fanes erect  
 His church triumphant o'er the gates of hell,  
 Still, still man's heart will draw the secret sigh  
 For pleasures unenjoy'd ; the gloomy cell  
 And melancholy fast, the midnight prayer 655  
 And pale contrition weeping o'er her lamp  
 Are penances, from which the sense revolts,  
 Fines, that compounding superstition pays  
 For pleasures past, or bribes for more to come.

Enough of this vain boast, here SATAN cried ;  
 More than enough of these voluptuous strains,  
 Which, though they lull the ear, disarm the soul  
 Of its best attribute : Not gaudy flowers  
 Are cull'd for med'cine, but the humble weed ;  
 True wisdom ever frugal of her speech, 665  
 Gives sage advice in plain and homely words.  
 The sum of all our reasoning ends in this,  
 That nothing but the death of CHRIST can solve  
 The mystery of his nature ; till he falls  
 Scarce can I say we stand : All voices then, 670  
 Though varying in the means conspire his death ;  
 Some cautiously as BAAL ; some with zeal  
 Precipitate as MOLOCH, whose swift thought

Vaults over all impediments to seize  
 The goal of his ambition. But, O peers, 675  
 Our's is no trivial care ; direct your sight  
 Along the ranks of that redeemed host,  
 On us hangs all their safety : Night and day  
 My anxious thoughts are labouring in their cause,  
 And whilst CHRIST walks the earth I take no rest,  
 A watchful spy for ever at his side,  
 Noting each word and deed ; sometimes I mix  
 With the selected Twelve that page his steps ;  
 Of these, though some have waver'd, none is false  
 Save one alone, ISCARIOT he by name ; 685  
 The taint of avarice hath touch'd his heart ;  
 I've marked him for my own. Hear, Princes, hear !  
 This night the priests and elders will convene  
 Their secret conclave : I am in their hearts ;  
 Burning with envy, malice and revenge, 690  
 Their only thought is how to tangle CHRIST,  
 In whom of force I own no guile is found,  
 But gentleness instead and perfect truth,  
 A lamb in nature without spot and pure,  
 Fit victim therefore for their Pascal rites, 695  
 Which now are near at hand ; apt is the hour,  
 Apt are the instruments. What now remains  
 But to send forth a tempter to persuade  
 ISCARIOT to betray his master's life,  
 And damn himself for gold ? Speak, is there one,  
 One in this patriot circle, whom all eyes  
 Point out for this emprise ? Most sure there is ;

BELIAL

BELIAL hath well predicted of our choice :

MAMMON, stand forth ! on thee th' election lights.

He spake, and all approv'd, for choice so fit 705  
None could oppose ; when MAMMON thus replied.

Princee of this world ! to whom these armies owe,  
Lost but for thee in everlasting night,

The glorious prospect of yon rising sun,

'Tis not to evade the labor, but prevent 710

The failure of your hopes, that I beseech

Your wisdom to correct it's choice, and lodge

This arduous embassy in abler hands :

Nathless if such your will, and my compeers

Adjudge me to this service, I submit : 715

In me is no repugnance, no delay ;

For ever what these toiling hands could do,

Or patient thoughts devise, that I have done ;

Whether in heav'n ordain'd to undermine

God's adamantine throne, or doom'd to dig 720

The solid sulphur of hell's burning soil,

Fearless I wrought, and, were there no tongues else

To vouch my services, these scars would speak.

How many daintier spirits do I see

Fair as in heav'n and in fresh bloom of youth, 725

Whilst I, with shrivel'd sinews cramp't and scorch'd

'Midst pestilential damps and fiery blasts,

Drag as you see a miserable load,

Age-struck without the last resource of death :

This for myself, no more. You're not to know

The snares which I employ are golden snares ;

These are my arts, and like the crafty slave,

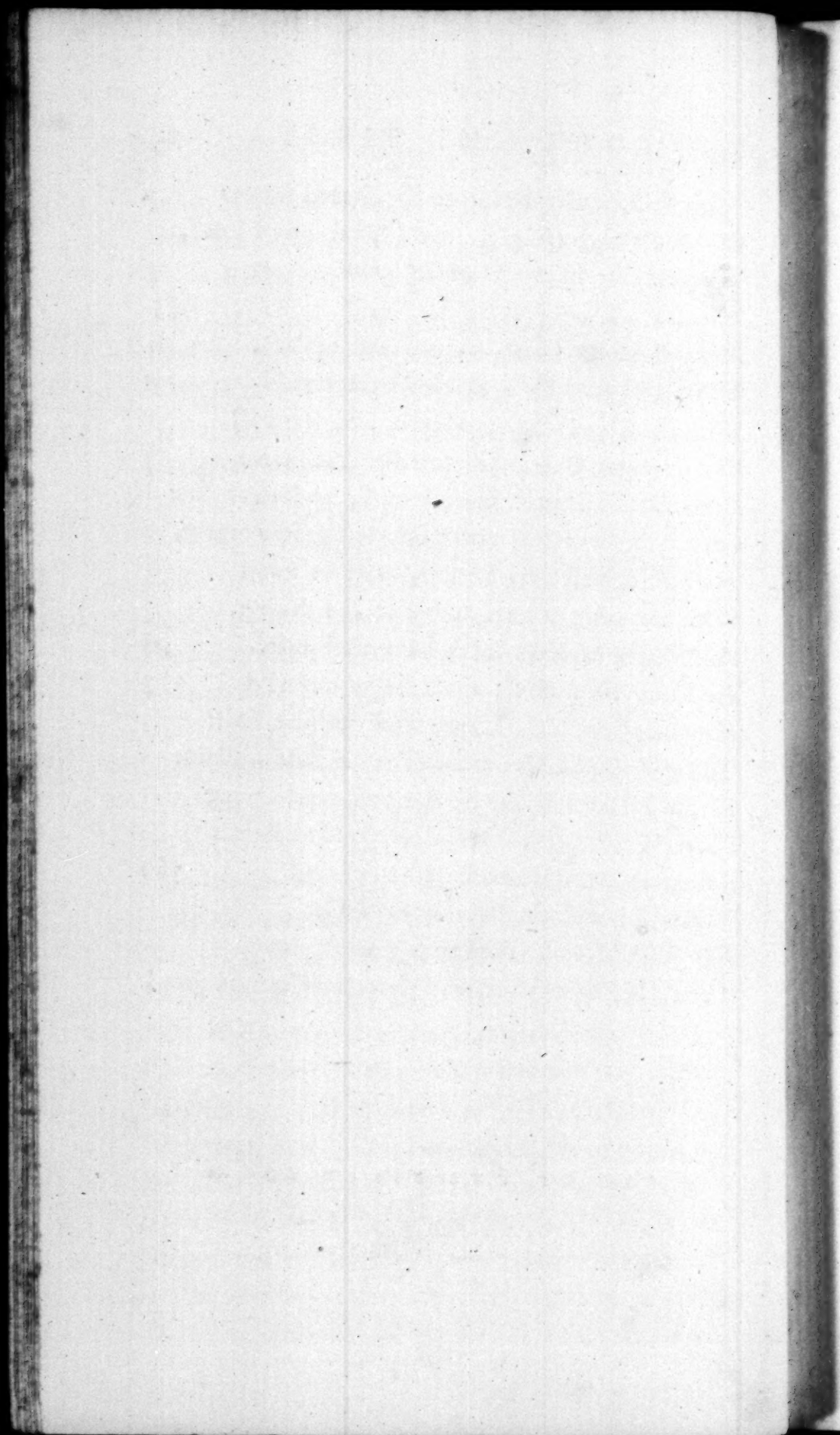


Who in Rome's Circus hurls the fatal net  
 Over his fierce pursuer, so oft times  
 Have I entangled the proud hearts of men, 735  
 And made their courage stoop to shameful bribes,  
 Paid for dishonest deeds, perjuries and plots,  
 That draw them off from God, who else had fill'd  
 His courts ere now with guests and peopled heav'n.  
 These weapons and these hands you still command ;  
 So dear I hold the general cause at heart,  
 So disciplin'd am I in duty's school,  
 That reckless of all hazard I present  
 Myself your servant, or, if so fate wills,  
 Your sacrifice ; for though from mortal man 745  
 Discomfiture I dread not, yet if CHRIST,  
 Whom the great Tempter foil'd not, shall stand forth  
 The champion of his follower, witness for me,  
 You my brave peers and this angelic host,  
 I fought not this bold heighth, whence if I fall,  
 I do but fall where SATAN could not stand.

Go then, exclaim'd th' Arch-Enemy of man,  
 Go, brave adventurer, go where glory calls :  
 Auspicious thoughts engender in my breast,  
 And now prophetic visions burst upon me : 755  
 I see the traitor JUDAS with a band  
 Of midnight ruffians seize his peaceful Lord :  
 They drag him to the bar, accuse, condemn ;  
 He bleeds, he dies ! Darkness involves the rest.  
 Ascend the air, brave spirit, and 'midst the shout  
 Of grateful myriads wing thy course to fame.

He

He said, and pointing to the sacred towers  
Of God's high temple, wav'd his sceptred hand,  
Whereat the infernal armies gave a shout  
That shook the rocky desert to its base: 765  
Meanwhile the fiend, ambassador of hell,  
Exulting heard his high election crown'd  
With these applauding voices, and the call  
Of his great Chieftain echo'd to the skies:  
Pride swell'd his conscious breast; no longer now  
Crouching with age and pain, but nerv'd anew,  
As with a spell transform'd, erect he stood  
With towering stature tallest of the throng,  
And looks of high supremacy and state.  
And now from either shoulder he unfurl'd 775  
His wide-stretch'd pinions, and uprising swift  
Tower'd in mid-air; the host with loud acclaim  
Hail'd his ascent; he on the well-pois'd wing  
Hover'd awhile, till from his cloudy heighth  
Sweeping the wide horizon he descried 780  
Far in the west the holy city, of God,  
His destin'd port, then to the orient sun  
Turn'd his broad vans, and plied their utmost speed.





CALVARY;

OR THE

DEATH OF CHRIST.

---

B O O K II.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

*Mammon alighting on the Holy Mount, assumes the form and character of a Levite, and under that appearance goes in search of Judas Iscariot. He meets that disciple most opportunely for his purpose in a solitary place, and entering into conversation with him, pretends a commission from the priests and elders for engaging him in their service with the promise of a reward, and urges many insidious arguments for detaching him from his Master: They separate with a promise on the part of Judas to report his final answer to the priests that evening. Christ is now brought to view sitting in the midst of his disciples at his Last Supper: He addresses them in those solemn and affecting terms recorded in the Gospel of Saint John, washes their feet, foretells his death, and points out to them his betrayer in the person of Judas then present: The traitor, perceiving himself discovered, hastily departs. Christ, pitying the affliction of his disciples, tenderly consoles them with the promise of his support under their future tribulations, and concludes with an awful invocation to the Father in their behalf: whereupon, warning them that his hour is come, he goes forth to the garden. A reflection, naturally springing from the subject, addressed to unbelievers, closes the book.*

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# C A L V A R Y.

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## B O O K II.

### THE LAST SUPPER.

NOW on the consecrated Mount of God  
MAMMON, invifible to mortal eye,  
Stooping the wing from his aerial height  
With feet unhallow'd lands ; a direful peft,  
Fartheft from heav'n of all that outcaft crew, 5  
Who fell from blifs ; fit meffenger was he,  
And fatal was their choice, who fent him forth  
To work corruption's purpofe in man's heart ;  
For in his pow'r excelling he can take  
The femblance of each virtue, fhift each form, 10  
And turn and turn new faces on the world,  
Till he hath fnar'd a foul ; then he appears  
In nature as he is, loathfome, obfcene,  
Rapacious as thofe filthy monfters feign'd  
By fabling poets of amphibious breed, 15  
Harpies, of earth and ocean the foul spawn,  
Half



Half brute, half human, with cadaverous face  
 Horribly pale, and hollow hungry eye,  
 Glaring aghast, with wings outstretch'd to chace  
 And talons crook'd to pounce their mangled prey.  
 And now by dev'lish spell transform'd he seems  
 A reverend Levite, bearded to the waist;  
 Hypocrisy ne'er wore a graver mask :  
 And still with wolf-like watch he prowls around  
 If haply in those haunts he might surprize 25  
 Occasion to put forth his damning arts,  
 And from the flock of their good Shepherd cull  
 One tainted straggler, one, whose sordid soul  
 Avarice might tempt to take the price of blood,  
 And sacrifice the Son of God for gold : 30  
 Of CHRIST no care had he, but to elude  
 His vigilance, which still was all his dread ;  
 Nor of the Twelve, save JUDAS, was there one  
 Whom to assail ; on him alone, on him,  
 Son of perdition, rested all the hopes 35  
 Of SATAN and his legions. Now the fiend  
 With ineffectual search had coasted all  
 The sacred region round, and in the shade  
 Beneath the temple porch awhile repos'd,  
 Lift'ning the converse of the idle crowd, 40  
 The sun then high at noon ; and much they talk'd  
 Of CHRIST and his great miracles, of some  
 Elias deem'd, of some the Baptist John  
 Ris'n from the dead, but by all tongues confess'd  
 A prophet mighty both in word and deed : 45  
 Silent the whilst in secret musings wrapt

The

The wizard spirit stood, when all at once  
 Loud voices strike his ear, and strait comes one  
 Leaping and bounding 'midst the shouting throng,  
 A cripple new restor'd ; the very bed, 50  
 Which from his birth the palsied wretch had press'd,  
 Now in it's turn was carried, and to all  
 Triumphantly expos'd : Behold, he cried,  
 The token of my cure ; I am the man  
 Whom ye all knew, and this the doleful bed, 55  
 On which, fast bound in misery and pain,  
 Helpless before your charitable gates  
 I laid and begg'd for pity and relief :  
 Lo ! I am free ! Mark how these ! new-found limbs  
 Nimble the health-restoring voice obey ! 60  
 CHRIST gave the word ; he spake and I am whole.

This whilst he heard, conviction smote the fiend ;  
 His conscious heart a sudden tremor seiz'd  
 And off he flunk abash'd : A winding path  
 Led down the mount, and here as he pursued 65  
 In gloomy thought his solitary way,  
 Behold by happy chance the man he sought,  
 ISCARIOT and alone : Joy flush'd the cheek  
 Of the incarnate dæmon, thus to find  
 His labour in auspicious moment crown'd. 70

Hail, son of Simon ! peace be to thee, friend !  
 Fairly encounter'd art thou in good hour,  
 The priest-like Tempter cried ; thy worth is known  
 To all our Levites, from whose tribe I come  
 With friendly greeting charg'd : This night they meet  
 In special conclave ; our chief pontiff there

Will

Will in the holy convocation move  
Points of high import to our antient law,  
Questions it much importeth thee to hear,  
And well accepted shalt thou be of all, 80  
Who with large recompence and honours due  
Will greet thee so complying : I have said.

Grave Sir, I know thee not, JUDAS replied ;  
Yet for thy greeting thanks, and peace for peace,  
As holy men becomes. To him the fiend. 85

Unknown I well may be, who night and day  
Serving God's altar rarely stir abroad,  
And little commerce hold with this great world ;  
But thee I know one of that Teacher's train,  
Who walks at large, nor shuns the haunts impure  
Of sinners and of publicans : Alas !  
That one of thy wise bearing should be seen  
In such base fellowship, paging his steps,  
Calling him Lord and Master, whom the world  
In mere derision suffers to grow up 95  
To full-blown vanity, at once to crush.  
But good report is pregnant with thy name,  
As one exempted from the general scorn ;  
And sure I am thou wilt not so abase  
And lower thy nobler thoughts to one so mean, 100  
Vile and mechanic ; to the driv'ling crew  
Of children and of women leave that task,  
To Peter and his brethren of the net :  
Fine reas'ning we shall have, and well be school'd,  
When fishermen turn preachers and instill  
Doctrines and laws, which Moses never taught.

Woe.



Woe to our scribes! Rare mockery of the world  
 And the world's wisdom, if these simple folk,  
 Lur'd from their daily drudgery, should set up  
 Fishers of men; the synagogue, to them 110  
 A barren element, will never yield  
 Such gainful earnings as the sea affords.  
 And what is CHRIST, that JUDAS so should court  
 His starving service? What so tempting lure  
 Hath this deceiver to beguile thy hopes? 115  
 Not of this world my kingdom, he hath said;  
 Yet of this world are we, in this alone  
 We live and move, here only we expect  
 Or pain or pleasure, all that lies beyond  
 In the unknown abyss is dark as death. 120  
 And wherefore carriest thou that bag about?  
 A beggar needs no treasurer, and thy Lord  
 Feeds but by miracle: Alas for him,  
 Who serves a master, that keeps Sabbath fasts  
 Forty long days in the bare wilderness, 125  
 Makes poverty his passport into heav'n,  
 And bids us throw away life's present means  
 For doubtful chance of interest after life!  
 And art thou of all reason so bereft  
 As to account prosperity a crime, 130  
 Or think none blest but him, whose every step  
 Through misery's thorny path is mark'd with blood?  
 O son of Simon, take thy last resolve:  
 Either resign thy body to the worm,  
 And die with CHRIST, or him renounce, and live 135  
 Rich, honor'd, prosperous, and enjoy the world.

The

The Fiend now paus'd, well pleas'd that he had gain'd  
Audience so large; when JUDAS, in whose soul  
The pois'nous instillation 'gan to work,  
Thus to corruption's advocate replied. 140

That CHRIST, rejected and despis'd of men,  
Hath in this world no part I freely grant;  
Therefore if we his followers, who renounce  
Things present, build our hopes upon a dream  
Of what shall never come, we are of all 145  
Most miserable; if we, who bid farewell  
To all that Nature holds most dear to share.  
Sorrows and pains and poverty with CHRIST,  
Find not those blisful mansions in the heav'n  
Which he hath promis'd; if, when all is past 150  
And this sad scene concludes, no reck'ning comes,  
No grateful compensation after death,  
Hard is our fate, and much hath he abus'd  
Our weak credulity; but still these hopes  
Of an expected glory, though with doubt 155  
And darkness clouded, faint yet not extinct,  
Yield not to words; words made them what they are,  
CHRIST's words, and surely man ne'er spake like him;  
Wherefore if these your doctors of the law  
Invite me to their conclave but to hear 160  
A railing accusation, I hold off  
From their assembly, and to CHRIST adhere,  
As to the better reas'ner; and though poor  
The servant, equal is the Master's lot,  
Poor as the poorest, houseless and forlorn,  
A man of sorrows; nor can we complain,

Whilst

Whilst he of all we suffer still partakes,  
 First in all labours, penances and pains.  
 You ask, and bid me take my last resolve,  
 If I will give this body to the worm 170  
 And die with CHRIST: to die is Nature's dread;  
 Instinctively she loaths the gloomy grave,  
 And turns a longing eye to light and life;  
 But fortune gives to all things their degrees;  
 To them, who bask in sunshine thro' the day, 175  
 Night comes with double sadness, whilst to me,  
 Who toil from morn to noon, from noon to eve,  
 Yet nothing but a dim horizon see  
 Low'ring in clouds, darkness is nothing strange,  
 Nor death a terror: Wealth presents no dower 180  
 To wed me to the world; no pleasures cling  
 Around my heart; no soft affections woo  
 My longer stay on earth, there to prefer  
 Brief joys possess'd to hope of future bliss.

Thus whilst he 'plain'd the subtle Tempter's ear  
 Caught the soft murmur that betrays the soul,  
 The sigh capitulating virtue breathes,  
 When from her last defences she retreats;  
 Whereat a bolder tone he now assum'd,  
 And thus the wav'ring false disciple plied. 190

All joys that gold can purchase wait your choice;  
 Rich to your heart's ambition you shall be,  
 Nor only rich, but rescued from a doom  
 So dreadful, had you all the wealth in store,  
 Which the sea covers or the earth contains, 195  
 'Twere well bestow'd to purchase your redemption.  
 With



With CHRIST impending death, with me you meet  
 Life with encircling pleasures. Throw aside  
 That beggar's purse, your starving office spurn;  
 Serve God's high priest, whose treasury is full; 200  
 Cast those few mites away, the scanty dole  
 Of some contaminating leper's hand,  
 For which you bid God heal him and pass on;  
 Whilst he, good cred'lous soul, cries out amain,  
 As powerful fancy works, Lo! I am clean; 205  
 Behold a miracle! But gold performs  
 Greater and happier miracles than this:  
 Gold with a touch can heal the mind's disease,  
 Quicken the slow-pac'd blood, and make it dance  
 In tides of rapture through each thrilling vein; 210  
 Cast out that worst of dæmons, poverty,  
 And with a spell exorcise the sad heart,  
 Haunted with spectres of despair and spleen.  
 If then this prize can tempt thee, if thy soul  
 Still thirsts for life, for riches, for repose, 215  
 If in thy breast there dwells that manly scorn,  
 Which slighted merit feels, when envious pride  
 Thrusts it aside to build th' unworthy up,  
 Now, now assert it; from a master turn,  
 Who turns from thee, who before thee exalts 220  
 Thy meaner brethren, Peter, James and John:  
 On them his partial smile for ever beams,  
 They have his love, his confidence, his heart;  
 Of them revolting he might well complain,  
 Of thee he cannot; thine were just revenge: 225  
 He is no traitor, who resents a wrong;

Who

Who shares no confidence, can break no trust.  
 Bid conscience then be still, let no weak qualms  
 Damp thy reviving spirit ; but when night  
 Wraps her dark curtain round this busy world, 230  
 Come thou to CAIAPHAS ; there will be found  
 Our priests and scribes in council to attain  
 And bring to judgment this presumptuous man,  
 Who boasts himself Messias Son of God.  
 If thou, to whom his midnight haunts are known,  
 His secret incantations and his spells, 236  
 By which he does those feats that cheat our sight,  
 Wilt to those guilty haunts conduct our guard,  
 And render up his person to the law,  
 Much praise and large reward shalt thou receive ;  
 If thou wilt not—But wherefore should I doubt ?  
 I would persuade, not threaten : Know withal  
 It is not thou, 'tis justice gives the blow ;  
 The law will have its victim. Thinkest thou  
 That we, to whom the custody is given 245  
 Of God's prophetic oracles, ordain'd  
 To guard his worship and expound his laws,  
 Will let this innovating Teacher spurn  
 Our holy order, mock our ancient rites,  
 Prophanes our Sabbaths, and himself exalt 250  
 Co-equal with Jehovah, to confound  
 His unity, and claim divided power ?  
 No, let death arbitrate 'twixt him and us ;  
 If he be very CHRIST, death shall not dare  
 To aim his dart at immortality ; 255  
 His incorruption shall defy the grave :

If man, blaspheming man, he justly dies.  
 Living or dying thus his fate dispells  
 All mystery; truth starts of force to light,  
 And God is glorified in either case. 260

He ceas'd, and on the Traitor fix'd a look,  
 Which, like the serpent's fascinating eye,  
 Gaz'd motion's power away; sullen he stood;  
 As with a spell entranc'd; the awful sense  
 Of his great Master's virtue and the dread 265  
 Of an hereafter terrible to thought,  
 No longer serv'd to hold the wizard fiend.  
 And his fell arts at bay; The word of truth,  
 Sown on the surface of his stony heart,  
 Had perish'd without root; religion's lamp, 270  
 Faint and more faint as MAMMON's crafty breath  
 Blew up the storm of passion, now expir'd  
 In his benighted soul; there rankling pride,  
 Malicious envy, avarice and revenge,  
 Leagu'd with hell's minister and uncontroul'd 275  
 Their impious orgies held. At length the wretch,  
 To calm deliberate treachery resign'd,  
 With all th' unrighteous Mammon in his heart  
 And vile prevarication on his lips,  
 Thus with consent in dubious phrase implied 280  
 The grand seducer of mankind dismiss'd.

Great is the peril of the attempt you urge,  
 For great the power of him you would destroy:  
 Therefore if I demand some pause for thought,  
 Deem it not much. Your offers shall be weigh'd;  
 But now no more: Occasions call me hence;

This



This night the Master hath convok'd the Twelve  
To keep the sacred feast, ordain'd of God  
With bread unleaven'd and the Pascal lamb :  
Thither, tho' last and in his favor least, 290

I go, a cited guest : There whilst I sit  
Unnotic'd at his table's lowest foot,  
My meditations shall recall your words,  
And ponder them apart. Say to your priests,  
Those conservators of our ancient law, 295

This night they may expect my last resolve.  
And now behold the length'ning shadow marks  
The ev'ning hour, that warns me hence : Farewell !

This said, their conference ended, they embrace  
As friends, who plight their faith : Upon the touch,  
So quick th' infection ran, so dire the blight,  
The pois'nous ferment on the instant reach'd  
ISCARIOT's tainted heart, and now he burnt

With the fell lust of gold. Joy seiz'd the Fiend ;  
For well he knew how mortal to the soul 305

That deadly aconite, the growth of hell.

Oh ! wretch for ever lost, for ever curst,

Whom Mammon thus embraces ! Who shall wake  
Thy conscience from its lethargy ? Who now

Shall stop the courses of that baneful drug, 310

And stem the swift destruction ? 'Tis too late :

Better for thee hadst thou ne'er seen the light,

Or lost it ere this fatal hour had birth.

Thy doom is seal'd ; hell hath its hour of joy,

Thou, traitor, an eternity of woe : 315

The meditation of thy heart shall hurl

Thee to perdition and thy Lord to death.

Now

Now JUDAS down the mountain turn'd his steps ;  
 Not so the Tempter ; he from the high rock,  
 Exalted where he stood, his impious eye 320  
 Glanc'd o'er the city, of God full in his view  
 From East to West in moony crescent stretch'd.  
 Here yet JEHOVAH was ador'd, here reign'd ;  
 All else to SATAN and his idol gods [names  
 Thro' earth's wide range belong'd ; to their dire  
 Each temple echo'd, every knee was bow'd :  
 How oft, ev'n here upon his holy hill,  
 Did Judah's kings with their polluted groves  
 Affront God's house, and pagan altars raise  
 To Chemos, Milcom, Ashtaroah and all 330  
 The host of heav'n within his sacred courts !  
 Witness that impious king, who pass'd his son  
 Through fire to Moloch, homicidal God,  
 Which rous'd th' Almighty's vengeance, and entail'd  
 Mournful captivity on all his race. 335  
 Hither, as to the delug'd world of old,  
 In promis'd time the dove of peace was sent ;  
 Upon this Ararat, his sacred mount,  
 He rested ; hence salvation dawn'd on man :  
 Him to destroy the Tempter now aspir'd, 340  
 Secure of his new convert firmly leagu'd  
 In his dire plot and to perdition seal'd :  
 Nor rested on that mount the darkling Fiend,  
 Nor further need had he of priestly garb,  
 Than till he saw ISCARIOT join the train 345  
 Of CHRIST and his disciples ; then at once  
 To his own airy properties dissolv'd

A spi'rit

A spi'rit invifible, with eager fpeed  
 To hell's affembled chiefs he wing'd his flight.  
 The fun had funk beneath the Western hills,  
 And now at ev'ning hour the Jews prepare  
 To celebrate their Paffover, ordain'd  
 T' eternize their deliv'rance, when God's wrath  
 Smote ev'ry firft-born male in Mizraim's coaft,  
 Save where the blood of lamb piacular, 355  
 Sprinkling the confecrated door, was found  
 Of the destroying angel: To this feaft,  
 Prelufive of his own pure facrifice  
 And type of his blood-fhedding, JESUS came:  
 The guefts were prefent and the table fpread; 360  
 With loins begirt, as men upon the march,  
 And ftaff in hand, they fnatch a hafty meal:  
 This done, in penfive meditation rapt,  
 The Savior, confcious of impending death,  
 Sate in the midft; to his all-prefent mind 365  
 The treason and the traitor flood confeft.  
 Low'ring, abafh'd and from the reft apart,  
 ISCARIOT at the table's loweft foot  
 Took poft, where beft he might efcape that glance,  
 From whose intelligence no heart could hide 370  
 Its guilty meditations: All eyes elfe  
 Were center'd on the Savior's face divine,  
 Which with the brightnefs of the Godhead mix'd  
 Traces of human forrow, and difplay'd  
 The workings of a mind, where mercy feem'd 375  
 Struggling to reconcile fome mortal wrong  
 To pardon and forbearance: Such a look

Made



Made silence sacred, every tongue was mute;  
 E'n PETER's zeal forbore the vent of words,  
 Or spent itself in murmurs half suppress'd. 380

At length the meek REDEEMER rais'd his eyes,  
 Where gentle resignation, tempering grief,  
 Beam'd grace ineffable on all around,  
 And with these words the awful silence broke.

Muse not if I am sad, nor stand aghast 385  
 As doubtful of my constancy; these pangs  
 And more which I must suffer were foreseen;  
 The hour now coming comes not by surprize,  
 It is the consummation of my charge,  
 And fills the measure of atonement up. 390

Shall I then say, Father, avert this hour,  
 And save me from these agonies? Not so.  
 With heart prepar'd to suffer and submit  
 I meet my doom forewarn'd: Yet ere we part  
 Take this last office from your Master's hands; 395  
 And when you see me stoop to wash your feet,  
 As soon as you shall, remember 'tis your Lord,  
 Your dying Lord this legacy bequeaths,  
 And edify by his humility.

This said, his seamless mantle he threw off, 400  
 And girt his tunic close about his waist;  
 And now with mute amazement they beheld  
 The Son of God in servant-like attire  
 Prepar'd to execute his menial task.  
 All gaz'd, all wonder'd, but no voice oppos'd; 405  
 None dar'd to pray forbearance of the deed,  
 Till he, whose heart was ever on his lips,  
 PETER, in warm expostulation cried:

Lord,

Lord, dost thou wash my feet, thy servant's feet,  
 Mean as the dust he treads on? Never, Lord, 410  
 Never shalt thou do that for one so vile,  
 So all-unworthy: That be far from thee!  
 Such homage ill beseemeth thee to pay,  
 Me to receive.—To him the Lord replied:

PETER, as yet thou know'st not what I do, 415  
 Hereafter thou shalt know; therefore no more:  
 Cease to oppose, for if I wash thee not,  
 With me thou hast no part.—Struck to the soul  
 With horror at the thought, his eager words,  
 Wing'd with the flame of rhapsody, burst forth: 420  
 Oh! not my feet alone, my hands, my head,  
 Wash me all o'er, and sanctify each part.

There needs not this, the meek REDEEMER cried,  
 Enough is done; thus wash'd, though but in part,  
 Thou shalt be clean throughout: Yet I'll not say  
 Ye are all clean: Spite of the Shepherd's care  
 The taint hath touch'd his flock. Alas! for him  
 On whom the foul contamination lights;  
 Woe to that wretch that ever he was born!  
 And do ye need a comment to expound 430  
 This lesson of humility and love?

Ye call me Lord and Master, well ye say,  
 For such in truth I am; if then your Lord  
 Be meek and lowly, will not ye renounce  
 Pride and contention? If the Master stoops 435  
 To wash his feet who serves, shall ye do less  
 To these your equal brethren? Learn of me,  
 And each with other deal, as I with you:

Write on your hearts my words; the time draws nigh  
 When I shall speak no more with you on earth:  
 Ye have all heard; how blest if ye obey!  
 I speak not of you all: Whilst here ye sit  
 In seeming fellowship around my board,  
 Sharing this social meal, my last on earth,  
 Doubt not but I can search into your breasts, 445  
 And see whose hearts are loyal, whose is false;  
 And mark me well, I fall not by man's wiles,  
 Not unpredicted is the trait'rous act,  
 And well I know the wretch, whose faithless hand  
 Dips with me in the dish, shall soon be dy'd 450  
 With my devoted blood. Betray'd I am,  
 Deceiv'd I cannot be.—This when they heard,  
 Each with the other interchang'd a look  
 Of question and suspect; speechless they star'd,  
 Confounded and aghast: As men drawn forth 455  
 For decimation tremble to unfold  
 The lot of life or death, so these in doubt  
 On whom the word of prophecy might light,  
 Curious yet fearful to enquire of CHRIST,  
 Search'd their own hearts in silence. All perceiv'd  
 Omniscience, which to God alone belongs,  
 Familiar with their thoughts, and every soul,  
 Save that dire wretch whom conscience inly smote,  
 Trembled lest unpremeditated guilt  
 Might be denounc'd upon him, or the sin 465  
 Of one man, as of Korah, move the Lord  
 With the whole congregation to be wroth.  
 But PETER, in whose ever-anxious mind

These



These terrors undispell'd long could not dwell,  
 To the belov'd Disciple, on the breast 470  
 Of CHRIST reclining, now gave sign to ask  
 The fearful question, in what traitor's heart  
 Plot so accurs'd could harbour. Thus besought,  
 Though much his humble nature fear'd offence,  
 In accent soft, with supplicating eye 475  
 Turn'd on the Master, the meek suitor said :  
 Lord, shew thy true and faithful servants grace,  
 And let us know the traitor.—He it is,

JESUS replied, on whom I shall bestow  
 This sop, when I have dipp'd it in my cup. 480

He said, and as he plung'd the morsel in,  
 All eyes were fix'd upon the fatal work,  
 Wond'ring on whom he would bestow the spell;  
 And soon with silent horror they beheld  
 The saturated sop to JUDAS giv'n, 485

Pledge of perdition; he with greedy haste  
 Devour'd it, by the fiend within him urg'd;  
 For MAMMON to the dark divan had told  
 The joyful tidings, and had posted back  
 Swift as the magic whirlwind conjur'd up 490

By all hell's wizard imps could drive him on,  
 And now fate nestling in the traitor's heart,  
 Brooding his filthy spawn : Great was the joy  
 Of the infernal tempter, thus to find  
 That guardian Pow'r, whose providence he fear'd,  
 By these symbolic elements withdrawn,  
 And his apostate victim now cast out  
 From the Lord's Supper, alien from God's grace,  
 And soul-surrender'd to hell's gloomy realm.

Now, as the spell within him 'gan to work, 500  
 The traitor's visage, like the troubled sea  
 Uptorn and furrow'd with tempestuous winds,  
 Shifted it's hues, now deadly pale, aghast  
 And horror-struck, now fiery red, deform'd  
 With hellish rage, and from man's semblance chang'd  
 To very dæmon, terrible to fight.

Oh! what a fall from heav'n to deeper hell  
 Than thought can fathom, horrors worse than heart  
 Of man, unless abandon'd of his God,  
 Can suffer or conceive! Words do but fail 510  
 To paint that unreveal'd abyfs, those depths  
 Of the immeasur'able profound, where groans,  
 Wailings and woes and tossings amidst fires  
 Unquenchable await the wretch condemn'd!

Meanwhile in cloudless majesty and mild 515  
 The Savior's face divine on all around  
 Effulgent beam'd; about his temples shone  
 A radiant glory: This when JUDAS saw,  
 Whom now the spi'rit of darkness had possess'd,  
 And none such in the sphere of that pure light 520  
 Long could abide, he started from his couch  
 Prepar'd for flight, when thus in few the Lord—  
 Go then! and what thou hast in hand to do,  
 Do quickly; so depart!—The word of power,  
 Though gentle yet commanding, JUDAS heard,  
 And instantly the spirit took him thence;  
 Nor could he not obey, for so rebuk'd  
 The prince of hell, SATAN himself, had fled.  
 The faithful remnant fate in mute suspense,

Pondering

Pondering what this dismissal might import. 530  
 The Master with a glance discern'd their thoughts;  
 He saw them in profound conjecture lost,  
 Humbled in heart and sad, their honor stain'd  
 By base defection, and their faith convuls'd:  
 When thus, at once to strengthen and console 535  
 Their wav'ring minds, these healing words he spake.

Let not your heart be troubled: Ye believe  
 In God, believe also in me his Son.  
 Doubt not but in the compass of the heav'ns  
 My Father will provide for all his Saints 540  
 Mansions of peace, seats of eternal bliss,  
 Where spi'rits made perfect after death shall dwell,  
 And rest from earthly toils: Thither I go  
 To seal your sure election, and prepare  
 For you my faithful servants an abode; 545  
 That, as in sorrow here, so there in bliss  
 With me your Lord, now dying for your sakes,  
 Ye may surmount the grave, and ever live  
 In heavenly communion undisturb'd.  
 Lament not therefore if I now depart, 550  
 Your provident precursor, for ye know  
 Whither I go, and also know the way.

Lord, we are ignorant and dim-sighted men,  
 THOMAS replied, we see not what thou see'st;  
 And as it stands not in our reach to guess 555  
 Whither thou go'st, how should we know the way?

I am the way, th' inspired Teacher cried,  
 I am the Truth, the Life: None can approach  
 The Father but by me; me had ye known,



This blindness had been done away, and now 560  
 Behold Him present!—Where? still doubting cried  
 One of th' astonish'd number; Oh! impart  
 That intellectual vision to discern  
 And see the Father; set Him in our view  
 In form demonstrative; we ask no more. 565

Say'st thou? resum'd the Lord, and have I been  
 So long familiar yet so little known?

Will not the works, O PHILIP, I have done,  
 Done in thy sight, instruct thee whence I am,  
 And what my power? Doth there need light for this?  
 'Midst the broad blaze of proofs that shines about thee  
 Can'st thou not see God's presence in his power?  
 Of this mortality which ye behold,

This fleshly self, I speak not; 'tis the Spirit,  
 The virtue of my Father, which is in me, 575  
 In act how visible, in voice how strong,

Clear and express! And can you see and hear  
 And yet withhold belief? Oh, flow of faith!  
 If words cannot persuade, let works convince:  
 If miracles, which only God can do, 580

Are done before your eyes, how say you then,  
 Shew us the Father? Sanctify your hearts  
 From fear and terror; though the hour comes on,  
 When to the silent mansions of the dead

From this impenitent world I must withdraw, 585  
 Mourn not, but let your grief be turn'd to joy;  
 For as in me the Father, so in Him  
 I live and move; my Spirit, though unseen  
 Still present, shall protect and hover o'er you.

I will

I will not leave you comfortless; my name 590  
 Shall be your tower of refuge; with my peace  
 Now dying I endow you: of that peace  
 The powers of this world never shall despoil you,  
 And in my Name whatever ye shall ask  
 Believing, ye shall have: By faith in me 595  
 Ye shall command the elements, uplift  
 The everlasting mountains by their roots,  
 And whelm them in the centre of the sea:  
 This in my name potential ye shall do,  
 And greater works than this: By faith in me 600  
 Ye shall confront th' oppressor; 'midst the shock  
 Of tribulations and the angry scorn  
 Of a malignant world, abhorr'd, despis'd,  
 Thrust from their synagogues, ye shall possess  
 Your souls in patience, glorying to endure 605  
 Like tribulation with your martyr'd Lord.  
 Despair not therefore, for before that day  
 A Comforter shall come, whom I will send,  
 And he shall teach you all things. When ye stand  
 Before the judgment seat of impious men 610  
 Friendless, accus'd, environ'd with a throng  
 Of perjur'd witnesses athirst for blood,  
 Your Guardian Spirit shall provide a voice,  
 Action and eloquence, and prompt your lips  
 With untaught languages to sound my Name 615  
 With tongue miraculous through all the world.  
 Wars then and rumors and portentous signs,  
 Famine and earthquakes and disastrous plagues  
 Shall vex the nations; prophets shall arise

With

With lying divinations to confound 620  
The weak, pervert the wavering and perplex  
The very Saints themselves. Await the time ;  
These are but harbingers of mightier woes ;  
The day of terror is but in it's dawn :  
The powers of earth and heav'n must undergo 625  
Direful convulsion ; this majestic pile,  
This temple, shall become so mere a wreck,  
That not one stone shall rest upon another :  
Then shall your hour of tribulation come ;  
Then to confess my Name shall be your crime 630  
By torture and by death to be aton'd :  
The tyrants of the world shall then let loose  
Their persecuting rage, and great shall be  
The falling-off of many ; rocks and caves  
Shall be your hiding-places, yet from thence 635  
Your sound shall echo to the farthest ends  
Of the redeemed earth ; from those dark cells  
The beams of revelation shall break forth,  
Maugre the pow'rs of hell ; and blest is he,  
Whose faith unshaken shall abide the time, 640  
Till the great end and consummation comes  
My peace and my salvation to ensure.  
Few are the moments now and passing swift,  
Which thus conversing we have yet in hand.  
Servants no more, henceforth I call you friends ;  
Therefore, as friends and children, let your love  
Each to the other knit your hearts together  
In brotherly communion ; this command,  
New to the world, I give you : Let good will,  
And



And peace and concord harmonize your souls, 650  
 And mark you as the followers of him,  
 Whose every act was charity, whose life  
 Was spent and clos'd expiring for your sakes :  
 And stronger proof of love what man can give,  
 Than to yield up his body to the grave, 655  
 And die, as shortly I shall, for his friends ?  
 Time was that I have shadow'd out my speech  
 In proverbs and allusions ; time now is  
 To cast obscurity aside and shew  
 Th' unveiled glories of the Father to you. 660  
 Henceforward ye shall ask of Him and have ;  
 My Name for your petitions shall suffice ;  
 My prayers ye need not, for the Father's love  
 Without an intercessor shall protect  
 Mine, as you love me, and prevent your wants. 665  
 From Him I came into this world, to Him,  
 This world now leaving, I again return.

This said, conviction smote their glowing hearts  
 With faith, and hope's bright image new inspir'd,  
 And scenes of future glory beaming on them :  
 When thus with voices join'd in loud acclaim  
 CHRIST in the Godhead manifest they hail'd.

Now, Lord, we hear and understand thy words,  
 Plain words and not in parables involv'd :  
 Now are we sure all knowledge is reveal'd, 675  
 All pow'r committed to thee from above,  
 And without further question we believe  
 And henceforth know thou camest forth from God.

Do ye at length believe ? the Master cried ;

Behold, the hour comes on, yea now is come, 680  
 When your strong faith shall stagger at the scene  
 Of these impending horrors, and shrink back  
 Confounded and appall'd; to the four winds,  
 Wide as your fears can spread you, all shall fly,  
 And leave me struggling with a storm of woes 685  
 Unfriended and alone; what did I say?

Alone I cannot be, for in me dwells  
 The Father ever present: Let this thought  
 Arm you with constancy to meet the shock  
 Of tribulation, and withstand the powers 690  
 Of this brief world; for to your comfort know,  
 I have o'ercome the world. This said, he paus'd,  
 And sate, whilst all were hush'd, as one entranc'd,  
 So fast the heav'nly vision pour'd upon him:  
 Then with uplifted eyes and heaving breast, 695  
 Full of his God, this solemn pray'r breath'd forth.

O Father! give thy glory to the Son,  
 As he hath glorified thy Name on earth,  
 And these, whom thou hast giv'n him, taught to know  
 Thee, the true God alone, and JESUS CHRIST 700  
 Thy messenger and advocate with thee  
 For lost mankind. Father! To me restore  
 That glory, which was mine before all time,  
 Or e'er the world was made and man fell off  
 From his obedience, now at length redeem'd 705  
 From sin by my atonement, and made heir  
 Of life eternal, purchas'd with my blood.  
 The act of mediation is complete;  
 Thy work is finish'd and thy Name gone forth

To

To these of thine election : Thine they were,  
 To me thou gav'st them, and they have receiv'd  
 And kept as faithful witnesses thy Word.  
 For them I pray : The world, which now I leave,  
 Hath no more part in me ; for them alone,  
 Not for the world, I pray ; they must abide, 715  
 I shall depart and be at peace with Thee.  
 O holy Father ! keep them in thy Name  
 Whole and entire, link'd in the bond of faith,  
 Firm as I hold them. One alone is lost,  
 Son of perdition ; him the prophets saw 720  
 In their prospective visions, and foretold  
 That so thy Son should suffer ; but for these,  
 They are unstain'd, they stand not in the guilt  
 And condemnation of that wretch accurst.  
 I pray thee not to take them from the world, 725  
 Through which I send them forth as shining lights  
 To draw men's eyes and hearts, and guide their  
 search :

To the bright source, whence thy salvation beams.  
 These are my ministers, as I am thine :  
 Oh ! sanctify them thro' thy truth ! For them, 730  
 And all through them converted to thy word,  
 Father ! I pray. Translate them in thy time  
 From this unquiet world to that high state  
 Of heav'nly bliss, where they may dwell with me  
 And see my glory : So shall they receive 735  
 Thy love, through me transfus'd into their hearts,  
 And rest from all their sorrows in thy peace.

So



So spake the Lord, and with these gracious words  
 His faithful remnant cheer'd, for soft they fell  
 As heav'ns blest dew upon the thirsty hills, 740  
 And sweet the healing balm, which they distill'd  
 On sorrow-wounded souls.—Now treach'rous eve  
 Crept silent on, and threw her dusky veil  
 O'er Nature's face, masking the deeds of men :  
 The Savior rose, for in his conscious breast 745  
 A warning voice had whisper'd, Up, arise,  
 Go forth to death ! One solemn act remains,  
 One sacrifice ; 'tis now God's wrath demands  
 Atonement, a whole world's redemption now  
 Hangs on the minute's point. Behold him then,  
 A voluntary victim, leading forth  
 His sad disciples to the fatal spot,  
 Where treason lurked in ambush for his life,  
 Where stood the prince of darkness and his pow'rs  
 Arm'd with commission'd terrors to assail 755  
 Him single, him forsaken, him oppos'd  
 To myriads, whilst Heav'n's angels soar'd aloof  
 Trembling spectators of th' unequal strife.  
 Who now so comfortless as God's own Son ?  
 His soul in woes unutterable whelm'd, 760  
 All commerce with its native heav'n denied,  
 Press'd down to earth ; nor other strength had he,  
 Than in his human nature might be found,  
 To combat more than human agonies,  
 Accumulated pangs, which all the sins 765  
 Of all the world, from loss of Paradise  
 By man's first fall to the last damning page

Of heav'n's black register, had pil'd upon him,  
 The mass of ages. Oh! what tongue can speak  
 The love of our REDEEMER? And yet man 770  
 Ingrateful impious man, hourly reviles  
 His Benefactor's name, affects the style  
 Of sophistry and metaphysic pride  
 To quibble with salvation, and renounce  
 Those guides, that lead us by the hand to heav'n. 775  
 This they call reason, this man's natural right  
 To question his Creator, and in pride  
 Of independant dignity reject  
 Salvation, rather than consent to own  
 God's privilege to save him by such means 780  
 As to God's wisdom best and meetest seem'd.  
 Such monsters doth this teeming earth produce:  
 Impious audacity! which dares to say—  
 I need no Mediator, I disclaim  
 CHRIST and his offer'd peace; 'twixt God and me  
 I want no advocate to plead my cause,  
 By my own rectitude I stand or fall:  
 The Evangelic Volumes I regard  
 As fabricated tales of juggling tricks,  
 Witness'd by none but partners in the craft: 790  
 Deep read in pagan story I confront  
 The sacred records with the silent page  
 Of those, who register no strange eclipse,  
 No noon-day darkness, not one friendly groan  
 Of sympathising Nature to attest 795  
 CHRIST's dying hour.—Shut, shut the Book of Life  
 Go to the Jews, the Pagans, for thy creed,

Go

Go to the dust, blasphemer ! In the ear  
Of Death whisper thy doubts, and learn of him  
Thy folly's confutation and thy doom 800  
In those sad realms, to which he shall conduct  
Thy trembling soul, when the Arch-angel's trump  
Hath summon'd thee to judgment, and set ope.  
The grave, thy rashness deem'd for ever clos'd.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



CALVARY;

OR THE

DEATH OF CHRIST.

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B O O K III.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

*Iscariot, having separated himself from Christ, wanders through the streets of the city in a disconsolate manner, and at length arrives at the brook Cedron without the gates. Here he breaks forth into soliloquy, in which, after reviewing his past situation, he affects to justify his present motives for betraying his Master to the priests. Christ and his disciples, proceeding to the Mount of Olives, are discovered by him as they are passing the brook in their way thither, and Judas resolves upon availing himself of the opportunity for delivering Christ into the hands of his enemies. In the mean time the priests and elders assemble in the palace of Caiaphas, and there hold a council upon the measures to be pursued for the apprehension of Christ: The high priest harangues the assembly to this immediate purport: In the interim Judas is announced, and being admitted makes his proposal to the council; this produces some observations on the part of Caiaphas, and is objected to by Nicodemus, who after delivering his opinion quits the assembly. Caiaphas then takes up the matter afresh, controverts the sentiments of Nicodemus, and with the approbation of all present closes with the proposals of Judas, and sends out a company with that traiterous disciple to the Mount of Olives, there to apprehend the person of Christ. The assembly breaks up, and the hall is no sooner evacuated by the priests and elders, than their seats are filled by Satan and his infernal spirits. Satan addresses to them a congratulatory speech on the success of Mammon's temptation, on whom he bestows many high encomiums; an ovation takes place in honour of that demon; when Chemos appears wounded by the spear of Gabriel, whom he had encountered on the Mount of Olives, where he had been posted as a spy upon the motions of Christ and his disciples. Satan, enraged at the account, sallies forth with a resolution to revenge the attack by punishing the temerity of Gabriel, arms himself for the occasion, and after much proud vaunting of his superior prowess disappears, and the infernal spirits disperse.*

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# C A L V A R Y.

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## B O O K III.

### THE TREASON OF JUDAS.

**D**ARK came the ev'ning on, and the pale moon,  
Now faintly glimm'ring through a wint'ry cloud,  
Shed her dim horrors o'er the shadowy earth ;  
Whilst through the silent streets with step disturb'd,  
And heart by hellish meditations rent, 5  
The outcast of the Lord pursued his way,  
ISCARIOT, name for evermore accurst.  
Onward he went unquestiō'd, unobserv'd,  
For all upon this solemn night kept house,  
Nor stopp'd till forth the city gates he came 10  
To Cedron's brook, whose bubbling current laves  
The olive-crowned Mount, favor'd of CHRIST  
For its umbrageous groves and silent haunts,  
For pray'r and contemplation fit retreat.  
Here first, as one awaken'd to new thoughts, 15  
Starting



Starting he check'd his step, and with a groan,  
That rent his lab'ring bosom, thus broke forth.

Oh, my torn heart ! Oh, soul-tormenting scenes !  
Can I forget the blissful hours I've pass'd  
Beneath your shades list'ning the Master's words ?  
When as he spake of heav'n and heav'nly joys,  
Of righteousness and the blest Spi'rits with God,  
Such life in his description glow'd, methought  
All Paradise was present to my view  
And courted me to enter. Heav'n and earth ! 25  
Must I remember ? Never man like him  
Could with such magic eloquence entrance  
The senses of his hearers, lift the soul  
To heav'nly contemplations and transport  
To thoughts beyond itself ; thence to look down 30  
Upon this lower world and all it's cares,  
It's pains, it's persecutions with contempt :  
Sometimes envelop'd in mysterious schemes  
And parables he couch'd the moral truth,  
Which painted on the memory left it's tints 35  
Indelible : But when with tongue inspir'd  
The fall of nations he foretold, and drew  
The curtain of futurity aside ;  
When in the pomp of numbers he describ'd  
Jerusalem beleaguer'd with a host 40  
Of Gentile foes and trodden down to dust,  
Her matrons and her virgins whelm'd in blood,  
Or dragg'd to violation, shame and bondage  
By ruffian spoilers ; when his soaring flight,  
Spurning the world's wide compass, scal'd the skies,  
And

And there amidst the empyrean fields,  
As in his proper region, shook the spheres  
Of sun, moon, stars, as with a master's hand,  
And shew'd them falling in prophetic awe  
Of his own glorious coming in a cloud 50  
With pow'r and state supernal, then our hearts  
With sympathetic raptures burnt within us,  
And we vain mortals saw, or thought we saw,  
Our own vile bodies glorified to share  
In his triumphant entry, and ourselves 55  
To dignities and thrones and starry spheres  
Exalted, loftiest in the realms of light.  
But now these bright illusions are no more ;  
Vanish'd these glitt'ring scenes, my claims on heav'n  
All cancell'd, and my hopes a bankrupt's dream, 60  
Mocking the haunted fancy with a pile  
Of visionary wealth. Behold me sham'd,  
Banish'd his board, detested, and my thoughts  
Turn'd outward to provoke my brethren's scorn,  
And blazon forth his prescience : Let that pass ! 65  
Traitor pronounc'd, a traitor I will be ;  
That prophecy at least shall be fulfill'd.  
Though master of my will I could refute  
And dash his bold prediction, yet my heart  
Ponders revenge more suited to it's wrongs, 70  
Greater than such slight triumph can bestow,  
And not less terrible than death itself.  
This night, the last that he shall walk at large,  
This night shall be his triumph or his fall.  
If these grave elders, who conspire his death, 75  
These

These reverend priests revolt not from the deed,  
 That casts on them, their function and their tribe  
 The peril of his blood, why should my heart  
 Shrink from it's purpose? What have I to fear  
 In act subordinate, in cause supreme, 80  
 Traitor prejudg'd, of uncommitted crimes  
 Arraign'd, and thrown upon the world condemn'd?

More he had said, but, like a serpent coil'd,  
 With sudden start he shrunk into himself,  
 And list'ning held his breath to catch the sound 85  
 Of steps, that echoing o'er the flinty soil  
 Bespoke a company in near approach :  
 With these the Master's well-known voice he heard ;  
 Whereat, like murd'rous Cain when call'd of God,  
 The cowering conscious outcast flunk aside, 90  
 And wrapp'd his russet cloak about his head,  
 Then darkling stood ; the holy troop meanwhile  
 Forded the shallow brook and held their way  
 Strait to the Olive Mount, their wonted haunt.  
 Forth sprung the lurking caitiff from his watch : 95  
 The greedy Mammon rush'd upon his heart,  
 Glorifying that now he held them in his net,  
 Darkness conspiring with occasions apt  
 Of hour and place to make his vengeance sure.  
 Remorse was dead within him, every sense 100  
 Of virtue lost, yet in his toward breast  
 Such languor, dread and cold repugnance dwelt,  
 Scarce could the breath of hell's worst fiend suffice  
 To blow it into flame : Now sudden rage  
 Impell'd him onward, now with palsied fear 105

Struck



Struck back, he reel'd and shook in ev'ry joint.  
 This SATAN saw, and evermore at hand  
 To drive the wav'ring sinner to his doom,  
 Breath'd all his spi'rit upon him; direr blast  
 Cocytus never vented, the full tide 110  
 Of aconite engender'd with his blood,  
 His brain, set ev'ry fev'rish nerve in play,  
 And screw'd his heated fancy to the pitch  
 Of daring and defiance: yet the wretch,  
 Not less a traitor to himself than CHRIST, 115  
 Or e'er the acting of the dreadful deed  
 Thus strove by sophistry to gloss it o'er.

Why do I doubt? What horrors shake my mind?  
 Why should not my affronted honor stir  
 Me to betray, as their insulted law 120  
 Provokes our elders to destroy their foe?  
 For Moses they, I for myself oppose;  
 And where's the wrong, if he, who knows my heart  
 And all it's meditations, will not deign  
 To turn it from it's purpose, and divert 125  
 The danger he foreknows; nay rather helps  
 To lure the embryo treason into birth?  
 Either his own free will makes death it's choice,  
 And so becomes accomplice in the deed,  
 Or else, foredoom'd to die, he knows his hour, 130  
 And thus, not acting of ourselves but rul'd  
 By strong necessity, we stand absolv'd,  
 Mere guiltless tools and instruments of fate.  
 What then? Why let the Scriptures be fulfill'd,  
 Let prophecies, which are the voice of God, 135

Sound

Sound out his knell; we fight not against Heav'n.  
 Let CHRIST, if glory waits him in the grave,  
 Descend into the dust and seek it there :  
 If his soul covets to make league with death,  
 And dwell in consort with corruption's worm, 140  
 What time more apt for death than this dark hour,  
 Image of death itself? And who so fit  
 As God's high-priest, the temple's minister,  
 To put life's intervening veil aside,  
 And usher him to glory? I meanwhile, 145  
 His humble harbinger, will go before  
 T' announce his coming, and make clear the road  
 That leads to death, the goal of his ambition.  
 Yet how if all this tame indifference  
 Be but a feint to draw the world about him, 150  
 And then amaze them with some grand display  
 Of wonder-working power? And who can tell  
 How far his hand miraculous may stretch,  
 Who from the tomb pluck'd forth the fest'ring corpse  
 Of shrowded Lazarus, three days in earth, 155  
 And bade him live again? Stupendous act!  
 This we beheld and hail'd him Lord of Life?  
 But still the unconverted Jews stood off,  
 And deem'd us witnesses of flight account,  
 Weak cred'lous men, first dup'd and thence become  
 Associates in imposture. What remains  
 But instantly to put my thoughts in act,  
 And yield him up to those, who in th' attempt  
 Succeeding vindicate their disbelief,  
 Failing abide the shame of their defeat? 165  
 In

In this or that opinion there must be  
 A dangerous error ; to persist were fatal :  
 This night dispels all doubt ; If he be CHRIST,  
 He lives confest and triumphs over death ;  
 If man, he falls unpitied and abjur'd. 170

Thus for foul deeds pretending fair excuse,  
 The caitiff wretch on trait'rous errand bent,  
 Back through the city gates pursu'd his way,  
 And to his nightly assignation hied.

Perch'd on the summit of the sacred Mount, 175  
 Should'ring God's temple, a proud palace stood :  
 There dwelt the sovereign pontiff, and this night  
 Held solemn convocation and consult,  
 Not for God's glory, other cares had they,  
 Cares nearer to their selfish hearts, concerns 180  
 Heav'n had no part in, impious dire cabals  
 How to prevent the day-spring from on high,  
 Now by CHRIST's revelation and his acts  
 Miraculous just dawning on the world,  
 Aforetime wrapt in darkness black as death, 185  
 Best veil for their hypocrisy and craft.

In their great hall of council, there in ranks,  
 Precedencies and dignities dispos'd,  
 Doctors and long-rob'd pharisees and scribes  
 And bearded elders met ; senate, to whom 190  
 For machinations, plots and secret wiles  
 Rome's purple conclave stoops. High over all  
 On throne pontifical in robes of state,  
 With sacred ephod girt of various hues,  
 And breast-plate glitt'ring bright with mystic gems,  
 Mitre-



Mitre-crown'd CAIAPHAS, the temple's chief,  
 Exalted fate: The sanhedrim was full.  
 All came, whom lust of power, or bigot zeal,  
 Or enmity to CHRIST rous'd to the call;  
 Mouth-worshippers of God, agents of hell 200  
 In heart, and hypocrites abhorr'd of CHRIST,  
 To public scorn held up and pictur'd out  
 As rebel husbandmen, who basely flew [one,  
 Their Lord's commission'd Son. Scarce was there  
 Whose galled conscience had not felt the sting 205  
 Of some keen truth extorted from the lips  
 Of the else-humble JESUS, meek to all  
 But the proud Pharisee or cavi'lling Scribe,  
 To knaves, who thought by cunning to outwit  
 Wisdom itself, and snare him in his talk; 210  
 To hypocrites, who fasted oft with sad  
 And woe-worn faces to be seen of men,  
 Or such as made long pray'rs for a display  
 Of righteousness, and vaunted their good deeds,  
 Mocking their conscience and insulting Heav'n:  
 To these in all the majesty of truth 216  
 Frowning he spake, nor spar'd he for rebuke  
 Severe, indignant; many a time and oft  
 To their whole sect he had denounced woe,  
 Woe trebled on their heads: What wonder then,  
 If thus combin'd by interest to oppose  
 His spreading glories, their envenom'd hearts  
 Rankled with envy, hatred and revenge?  
 Nor were there wanting to their great divan  
 Those, who can work unseen within the heart, 225  
 Dark

Dark ministers, who know to touch the springs  
And cords, whose movements can convulse the soul  
With furious passions, bursting from their mine,  
Like sulph'rous fires that tear the quaking earth :  
SATAN himself was there, for at this hour 230  
He and his host had furlough upon earth,  
Dæmons of blood, ambition, envy, strife [tongues,  
Rang'd the vex'd world at large : Loud were their  
And fiery hot their zeal against the Lord,  
Whose miracles, resounding through the land, 235  
Rung in their ears the downfall of their pow'r,  
Ill-omen'd knell.—Brethren ! 'tis time to rouse,  
Cried CAIAPHAS, and started from his throne  
Furious as Korah, when at his tent door  
With his rebellious company he stood, 240  
And waving high his censor call'd aloud  
To mutiny 'gainst Moses : So now call'd  
With voice as loud, and deeper plung'd in crime  
Than these who sunk outright, this second priest,  
This worse revolter against God himself 245  
In his own Son reflected ; from his state,  
High o'er their heads exalted, he look'd down  
On all beneath ; then with uplifted eyes  
And hands extended, as in act to rend  
His robes pontifical—Yes, sacred seers, 250  
Again he cried, yes, venerable priests,  
Elders, and reverend sages of our law,  
'Tis more than time to call your vengeance up ;  
Awake ! ye sleep too long : For me, your slave,  
Servant of servants, me, by how much more 255

D

In

In place exalted so much more in heart  
 Abas'd, as meriteless of such high state,  
 I were content to cast these robes aside,  
 Pluck off this beard, and on this mitred head,  
 Unworthy of such honors, scatter dust 260  
 And ashes, might such penitence avert  
 The shame, that for my sins is falling on you,  
 And quell the mad'ning faction now afloat,  
 Since this bold Bethlemite hath started up  
 To mock the church of God. Shall it be said, 265  
 That for my punishment these evils light  
 On you the righteous? that in my day rose  
 This innovator to conspire your fall,  
 To broach new doctrines and unhinge the faith  
 Of the still wavering multitude? If I, 270  
 If I am in the crime, if in your thoughts  
 My negligence hath foster'd this revolt,  
 Make me your sacrifice, thrust me from hence,  
 For this high place unfit; set up your cross,  
 And there exalt me: But if I am clear, 275  
 And this your looks encourage me to hope,  
 If CHRIST not CAIAPHAS deserves the death,  
 Why do you pause? What terror holds you back?  
 Time-honor'd rabbi, elders, sages, guides  
 And masters of our Israel! ye, by whom 280  
 Our synagogues are taught, of God's own law  
 Interpreters ordain'd, which of your grave  
 And reverend council will at once unfold  
 To my yet faithless ears the mighty spell  
 By which this JESUS works? Who will expound

This



This prodigy, that sets the crowd agape,  
This more than man, of whom the people bruit  
These more than human doings? You are dumb;  
None offers a reply; for none will say  
This wisdom and these mighty works accord 290  
With one so mean of birth, with Joseph's son,  
A base mechanic: Fitter task for him  
To use his father's craft, and humbly ply  
The workman's tools, than in the temple sit  
Disputing with our doctors; or withdrawn, 295  
As late the Baptist, to some desert mount,  
There sit in fullen dignity enthron'd,  
And from his rocky theatre declaim  
To list'ning thousands. Here be some have heard  
His doctrines, many have endur'd his taunts, 300  
And though in wise and well-pois'd minds like your's  
Such meteors breed no terror, yet they draw  
The gazing vulgar, and so rank a taint  
Runs through th' infected fold, that much I doubt  
If half the flock of Israel be not touch'd; 305  
So diligent is he to spread the plague,  
So careless we to stem it. If his word  
Be suffer'd thus to overturn our law,  
The monument of ages, then alas!  
We've seen the last of these solemnities: 310  
Before this night returns there'll not be found  
Or lamb to sacrifice, or priest to slay,  
Or temple to receive our Paschal rites;  
Rome, whose ambition grasps the conquer'd world,

Shall plant her eagles on our holy mount, 315  
And Jupiter usurp JEHOVAH's throne.

He paus'd, yet stood as one in act to speak,  
Struggling for words, which furious passion choak'd  
And stifled on his tongue; a stormy cloud  
Hung on his brow, his visage ghastly pale, 320  
Mad'ning with rage he stamp'd and shook his robe:

As when the Delphic prophetess, convuls'd  
And foaming on her tripod, sets aghast  
The scar'd enthusiasts, who believe her fill'd  
And fighting with the God oracular; 325

So through the hall of council silence reign'd,  
Whilst expectation turn'd all eyes and ears  
On their rapt prophet; till the word being giv'n,  
That one of CHRIST's disciples stood without  
And instant audience crav'd, that awful name 330

Their spell-bound faculties at once set free;  
Instant loud murmurs fill'd the vaulted roof,  
Like the deep roar of subterranean tides,  
Whose eddies undermine the cavern'd shores  
Of sea-girt Mona or Bermuda's isle: 335

'This past, the senate's chief resum'd his throne;  
Whence from his state inclining he gave sign  
For silence and commanded to admit  
Their unexpected suitor; at the word

Wide flew the doors apart, and there behold 340  
With cloak to' the knee tuck'd up and staff in hand  
ISCARIOT, caitiff viler than the worst

That e'er wore pilgrim's sanctimonious garb  
In after-times, when fierce crusading zeal

Sent

Sent forth it's wand'ring eremites to put 345  
 The murd'rous sword in meek Religion's hand,  
 The cross, on which our patient Lord expir'd,  
 Their badge of victory, and signal made  
 For their destroying armies, lur'd to war  
 With pardons earnt in fields of carnage, fought 350  
 For God's pretended glory', as if, dire hope!  
 Rivers of blood could waft their souls to heav'n.  
 Founder of these, and prototype of all,  
 Who dy'd the cross with blood, ISCARIOT stood  
 Full of the fiend, and cast around on all 355  
 His haggard eyes, that augur'd vengeful ire  
 And fraud deep brooding in his treach'rous heart :  
 When after pause now summon'd to expound  
 His purpose, whether by his Master sent,  
 Or self-impell'd, thus MAMMON's convert spake. 360  
 Fathers of Israel, patrons of our law,  
 And chiefly thou, great priest, vicar of God,  
 And faithful shepherd of the remnant sav'd  
 From Abraham's scatter'd flock! I muse not, lords,  
 That you are cast in wonder to behold 365  
 Me standing in this place, me, to your cause  
 Unfriendly deem'd, and, which to all is known  
 Nor on my part denied, one of the Twelve,  
 And follower of JESUS. But, grave sirs,  
 I do adjure you by your love to truth, 370  
 No longer wear this jealous eye upon me,  
 Than to your patient ears I shall unfold,  
 Why hither I am come, not as a thief  
 To steal into your councils, spy them out-



And after blazon them, but in fair faith 375  
 And plain sincerity with no double heart  
 To make confession sure, and give my life  
 A pledge into your hands. Stand not amaz'd,  
 As if it were a thing impossible  
 That CHRIST's disciple should not be his friend. 380  
 Mine hath been toilsome husbandry, my lords,  
 And none but bitter fruits have I reap'd from it,  
 Fruits of repentance : Weary days and nights  
 I've minister'd to him without reward,  
 And weary miles full many travel'd o'er, 385  
 Fainting and pinch'd with hunger ; then at night,  
 When the wild creatures of the earth find rest  
 And covert in their holes, houseless have watch'd  
 Amidst the flock of elements, and brav'd  
 Storms, which the mail'd rhinoceros did not dare  
 Unshelter'd to abide : Sometimes on sea  
 Lash'd by the furling waves I've toil'd for life,  
 Whilst he fate sleeping, reckless of the gale :  
 Rescu'd from these, for I of force confess  
 His pow'r is absolute, and safe on shore, 395  
 My labors ceas'd not with the scene ; new toils,  
 New tasks succeeded : Now to rocks and caves,  
 To sandy wilds, or wheresoever else  
 The Spirit led and desolation reign'd,  
 His wand'ring steps I follow'd, yes, his steps, 400  
 But at what distance from his heart he held me,  
 Bear witness, mem'ry ! Others had his heart,  
 Peter and James and John, to them he breath'd  
 The secrets of his soul, on them he shower'd

His

His promises; of these he made no thrift, 405  
These he abounded in; to me he gave  
What he had least in store, a barren purse,  
And bade me bear it; no hard task I own,  
For it was light as beggary could make it,  
But office most ignoble. Here perchance 410  
Your wisdom would demand of me a cause,  
Why I endur'd these slights year after year,  
And still toil'd on in such a thankless service;  
What fascination and what spell, you'll ask,  
Doth this man work with, so to charm the mind 415  
And lure it on through mortifying toils,  
Sorrows and pains, and worse than these, contempts,  
Yet hold it still enchain'd slave to his will?  
Most equal judges, I must here submit  
My weakness to your censure, and refer 420  
My cause to mercy, or in self-defence  
Conjure you for a moment to descend  
From your high state, and to my humble place  
And peasant thoughts accord your own great minds:  
My lords, I neither mean to varnish o'er 425  
My own too feeble nature, nor to smoothe  
The rough sincerity of truth through fear  
Or flattery of those, 'fore whom I speak:  
If JESUS works by spells, I know them not;  
Pray'rs but not incantations I have heard; 430  
If these be charms, they are no charms for devils,  
Yet such he's charg'd withal: Neither by league  
With Beelzebub, as some have gravely urg'd,  
Nor art Samaritan, nor else by imp

Or

Or genius, as the heathen loudly vouch 435  
 Of their fam'd Socrates, do I believe  
 His miracles are wrought: Alas, alas!  
 Which of hell's ministers will be suborn'd  
 To work his own confusion? No, they shriek,  
 They tremble, at his bidding they come forth 440  
 From men possess'd, they vanish to the winds,  
 They sink into the pit from whence they sprung.  
 I am a man, my lords, not over-prone  
 To rash credulity, nor apt to veer  
 With ev'ry breath of doctrine, and I've heard 445  
 A voice, that sways the elements, commands  
 The springs of health, making maim'd nature whole,  
 Nay, life itself return into the trunk  
 Which it had left, and give a second pulse  
 To the cold heart of death: This to have seen, 450  
 And not to stand in reverence of the pow'r  
 That wrought these miracles, were a degree  
 Of apathy above my nature's reach.

No more! cried CAIAPHAS, no more of this!  
 You much abuse our patience with this talk. 455  
 Here is no place to sound CHRIST's praises forth;  
 We are not met to recognize his pow'r  
 And back his daring claims, but to chastise  
 Imposture, to assert our sacred law,  
 And vindicate the majesty of Heav'n.  
 You tell us you are wearied with the tasks  
 Of a hard Master; quit him then and earn  
 A better service, earn a rich reward  
 By yielding him to justice. You well know

His



His haunts, his privacies, his darkling hours, 465  
When without hazard of a public brawl  
We may make lawful seizure for the state  
Of his attainted person: On this point,  
So you will order your discourse aright,  
You may speak freely; of his praise no more. 470

To him th' Apostate; If from my forc'd lips,  
Unwilling witnesses although they be,  
Truth wrings this praise, the last which they will  
utter;

Suffer thus far in candor, and let pass  
These words in justice to a Master's fame, 475

Whom I renounce and with an oath devote  
To wrath, to punishment, to death itself,  
If death you doom. But oh! most reverend lords,  
It is not as a false and juggling cheat,

A dealer with familiars I present him 480

To your just judgment: Wretches vile as these  
Would but disgrace your wrath and my revenge.

But take him as a victim from my hands

Richer than hecatombs of vulgar blood,

A sacrifice for God's high priest to make, 485

Whilst all earth's scepter'd monarchs stood around

To gaze upon the work. Be not deceiv'd:

I know the jeopardy in which I stand,

Yet I will on; in me is no delay:

This night, this hour, this instant I am your's 490

To trace him to his haunts, to be your guide

And marshal you to vengeance. But beware!

Let them be chosen men you send, approv'd

And constant, tho' the heav'ns shall rain down fire,  
 And the earth rock beneath them: He, who call'd  
 The dead anatomy to life, can well  
 Make corpses of the living.—Here the voice  
 Of one, who nearest to the throne had place,  
 Cut short the traitor's speech: Of high renown  
 Was he now rising, NICODEMUS, known 500  
 To after-ages as the nightly guest  
 Of JESUS, and his converse with our Lord  
 In holy writ recorded: Grave he was,  
 A Pharisee and ruler of the Jews,  
 Yet not of soul vindictive like the rest, 505  
 Nor aspect arrogant; when thus he spake.

I call the time mispent, that is bestow'd  
 On loud-tongu'd orators, whose art it is  
 To launch their hearers upon passion's tide,  
 And drive them on by gusts of windy words 510  
 A giddy desperate course to rocks and shoals,  
 Which steer'd by sage experience they had shunn'd.  
 Such shipwreck of our wisdom we might make,  
 Should we our better senses now permit  
 To take improv'ident counsel of our ears, 515  
 By this high-ton'd declaimer thus assail'd.  
 I pray you, therefore, carry back your thoughts  
 To times foregone, when prophets have arose  
 And boasted mighty works, which, being done  
 Of man's device and cunning, came to nought: 520  
 So will it be with JESUS, if his spirit  
 Be not of God; time will o'ertake deceit,  
 If time be let to run; but cut it short

By

By death's rash stroke, you cover him with glory,  
And from his ashes raise a mightier name 525  
Than living he had reach'd with all the aids  
Of artifice to back him. Give me, Heav'n!  
That tolerating policy, which shews  
No bitterness in speculative points:  
Disdaining from my heart what this man says, 530  
A traitor says, who comes to sell his Master,  
My sentence never shall affect the life  
Of this or any other man accus'd  
On vague presumptions, nor will I say, Die!  
Till I have that in proof, which merits death: 535  
For if this Jesus vaunts himself to be  
What he is not, God will confute his pride;  
But if with pow'r divine he acts and speaks,  
Commission'd to some awful unseen end,  
Shall man contend with God? Vain strife! shall we  
Fall off from our great origin, the faith  
Of our blest father Abraham? shall we,  
Sore smitten for our trespasses, cut short  
And wasted to a remnant, we, on whom  
The guiltless blood of all the prophets rests, 545  
Send this man up to heav'n to cry against us,  
And to a burthen heavier than enough  
Add more and weightier guilt than all the rest?  
Heav'n's grace forefend! You have my conscience,  
I leave it to your thoughts: I stand absolv'd. [lords;  
He said, and conscious that his words were lost  
Upon obdurate hearts, departed thence,  
So warn'd of God, and from the gulph escap'd  
Of



Of that night's dire perdition, wherein all  
 Save him alone were lost. So in the wreck 555  
 Of some great admiral, full fraught for war,  
 When his tall vessel splits, and the bold crew  
 Plunge quick into th'abyss, Heav'n sometimes deigns  
 By wond'rous providence to snatch one life  
 From the devouring waves, and waft him home  
 A solitary relick, there to tell 561  
 God's mercies and his sad companions' fate.

Him thus departing the proud pontiff ey'd  
 With look malign, and to these taunts gave vent.  
 Weak is that cause, whose advocate flies from it :  
 I pause to see if any here will follow.  
 None moves, none speaks, none seconds his appeal :  
 'Tis well ! One only convert to our foe,  
 One patron of his cause this senate held,  
 And holds no longer : Vanish'd, flown, escap'd !  
 One heart, one mind, one voice now rules the whole.  
 For me, I nor opinion shift nor place,  
 Faithful I shrink from neither. You have heard  
 What this wise elder counsels ; he hath left  
 His conscience as a legacy behind him : 575  
 Let him, who loves the giver, take the gift ;  
 I, for such part as to my share may fall,  
 Scorn to engraft that scyon on my heart,  
 Which, if admitted, might impart the seeds  
 Of treason and apostacy like his. 580  
 Till cold and hot agree, till selfish fear  
 And temporising maxims coalesce  
 With patriot zeal for Israel and firm faith

In God's reveal'd decrees, his thoughts and mine  
Will never mix, and the attempt to join 585  
Their jarring elements could only serve  
To make this breast a field of mental war.  
Mark, brethren, mark how this man contravenes  
Your antient just retaliating law.  
Moses said—Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth! 590  
So is revenge a virtue: By this rule  
Jesus must die; for who puts out the law,  
Puts out the light of Israel, stabs the life,  
And life for life is justice upon record.  
This ordinance our absent elder spurns; 595  
He holds at nought our antient equity,  
And sets new doctrines forth; tells us forsooth,  
That we must wait the time, wait till the light  
Of Israel be extinct, and leave redress  
For those, who without eyes can spy it out: 600  
Such councils would make cowards of us all,  
Rebels to God, deserters from the faith,  
Traitors to Israel. Can I wear these robes,  
And wear a heart within so vile, so base?  
Tear them away, uncover me to shame, 605  
Make me the scorn of men, if, thus array'd  
And trickt in outside honors, I am found  
False to that King, whose standard I support.  
No, venerable sages, if your rule  
Were short to teach us what our duty is, 610  
The very heathen would inform us of it:  
The Roman soldier, who deserts his post,  
Or sleeping suffers a surprize, shall die;

But

But we, with God's own armies in our charge,  
 We, whose commander is the Lord of Hosts, 615  
 Should we be found thus criminal, what death,  
 What doom, more terrible than death itself,  
 Can recompense such treason? Forth then, lords!  
 Draw out an armed band and send them forth.  
 Behold a ready leader! Time yet serves; 620  
 This night no stir, no stragglers in our streets  
 To shake the city's peace: JESUS secur'd  
 And hither brought, a largess I decree  
 To all concern'd; to JUDAS a reward  
 Befitting us to give, him to receive. 625

No more; loud acclamations shook the hall;  
 Th' assembly rose, the traitor bow'd assent,  
 A band of ruffians arm'd with swords and staves  
 Forth issued with ISCARIOT at their head,  
 And to the Olive Mountain bent their course. 630  
 Oh, hour accurst! Oh, all ye stars of heav'n!  
 And thou pale waning moon, ethereal lights,  
 First-born of Nature, look not, ye chaste fires,  
 Upon this monster-breeding earth, but quench  
 Your conscious lamps and whelm this murd'rous crew  
 In darkness black as their own damning plot. 636  
 And thou, conductor of this Stygian band,  
 Vile hypocrite, what fiend inspir'd the thought  
 To hail thy Master with the kiss of peace,  
 And so betray him? Wretch, the time will come,  
 When rack'd with horror, and to all hope lost,  
 Thine agonizing soul shall rue this deed,  
 Curse its birth-hour, and whilst thy Master soars

To



To heav'n, triumphant over death and sin,  
Thou shalt sink howling to the depths of hell. 645  
Now break your synod up, ye envious priests,  
Elders and scribes! prepare your harden'd hearts  
To judge the Lord of Life, convene your spies  
To forge false witnesses, and make smooth the way  
To man's redemption by the blood of CHRIST, 650  
The very Paschal Lamb, whom by the type  
Of this night's sacrifice ye shadow'd forth,  
Blind unbelieving prophets as ye are.  
Fit hour ye chose, ye murd'ers, to embrue  
Your cursed hands in that pure Victim's blood, 655  
Peace-offering for the sins of lost mankind.  
Hence to your homes! there meditate new plots;  
The fiends shall be your helpers, to your thoughts  
Present, though not to fight, they swarm around,  
Now here, now there, now hovering over head, 660  
Where, as your enmity, to CHRIST breaks forth,  
And your blaspheming voices fill the roof,  
Like steaming vapors from sulphureous lakes,  
Joyous they catch the welcome sounds, and fan  
With clapping wings the pestilential air, 665  
Applauding as they soar. Now clear the hall;  
Yield up your seats, ye substituted fiends;  
Hence, minor dæmons! give your masters place!  
And hark! the King of Terrors speaks the word,  
He calls his shadowy princes, they start forth,  
Expand themselves to fight and throng the hall,  
A synod of infernals: Forms more dire  
Imagination shapes not, when the wretch,  
Whom

Whom conscience haunts, in the dead hour of night;  
 Whilst all is dark and silent round his bed, 675  
 See hideous phantoms in his feverish dream,  
 That stare him into madness with fix'd eyes  
 And threat'ning faces floating in his brain.

The ghostly monarch mounts the vacant throne;  
 Gives sign for order, the superiors sit, 680

Each as his stellar attribute gives rank  
 And place peculiar, the untitled stand  
 Circling their LUCIFER, their fallen sun:  
 He of his state more jealous, as in heart  
 Conscious of faded glory, in the midst 685

Now rising after many a hard essay  
 To wreath his war-worn face into a smile,  
 Semblance at least of joy, at length with voice  
 Screw'd to the pitch of triumph vaunting cries.

Pow'rs and Dominions, Lords by victory's right  
 Of earth and man, now from his Maker won  
 By overthrow of Heav'n's last champion giv'n  
 In God's own city, battle fairly gain'd  
 On hostile ground, his Sion's sacred mount;  
 Warriors, your king applauds you: Thanks, brave  
 friends; 695

Now shall your temples with loud pæans ring,  
 Your vindicated altars and your groves  
 Exhale rich clouds of incense, steaming forth  
 From od'rous gums; your statues gaily crown'd  
 With garlands, every trophy, that the art 700  
 Of painting or of sculpture can bestow,  
 Shall be hung round to decorate your shrines;

Your

Your oracles henceforth shall find a voice,  
 Which future CHRISTs shall never put to silence,  
 And nations from your lips shall ask their fate : 705  
 This day to all posterity shall be  
 Sacred to games, processions, triumphs, feasts,  
 And laurel-crowned bards shall hymn your praise.  
 But sure no spirit of etherial mould,  
 For such of right ye are, will so forget 710  
 His native dignity as to repine,  
 Or gloat with envy, if I now demand  
 Your tribute of especial praise to him,  
 Whom your joint suffrages deputed first  
 To this important embassy ; a spirit 715  
 Our subterranean empire cannot mate  
 For high authority and potent sway  
 O'er man's subjected heart : MAMMON, stand forth !  
 Stand forth, thou prosp'rous, rich, persuasive pow'r,  
 Worshipp'd of all, great idol of the world ! 720  
 May fortune on thy patient labors smile,  
 Thou persevering deity ! Pursue  
 Thy darling metal through earth's central veins,  
 Ransack her womb for mines, send forth thy slaves  
 To undiscover'd realms and bid them sap 725  
 Potosi's glittering mountains for their ore ;  
 Pull down her golden temples, strip her kings,  
 Rack them with tortures, wring their secrets out  
 By slow-consuming fires, lay Nature waste,  
 Let nothing mortal breathe upon the soil 730  
 That covers gold : All hell applauds thy zeal,  
 And all hell's engines shall assist thy search.

He



He said, and lo! from either side the throne  
 Upon the signal a seraphic choir  
 In equal bands came forth; the minstrels strike 735  
 Their golden harps; swift o'er the sounding strings  
 Their flying fingers sweep, whilst to the strain  
 Melodious voices, though to heav'nly airs  
 Attun'd no longer, still in sweet accord  
 Echo the festive song, now full combin'd. 740  
 Pouring the choral torrent on the ear,  
 In parts responsive, now warbling by turns  
 Their sprightly quick divisions, swelling now  
 Through all the compass of their tuneful throats  
 Their varying cadences, as fancy prompts. 745  
 Whereat the Stygian herd, like them of old  
 Lull'd by the Theban minstrel, stood at gaze  
 Mute and appeas'd, for music hath a voice,  
 Which ev'n the devils obey, and for a while  
 Sweet sounds shall lay their turbid hearts asleep, 750  
 Charm'd into sweet, oblivion and repose.  
 The praise of MAMMON the rapt seraphs sung  
 And gold's almighty pow'r; free flow'd the verse;  
 No need to call the Muse, for all were there,  
 Apollo and the Heliconian Maids, 755  
 And all that pagan poet e'er invok'd  
 Were present to the song. Above the flight  
 Of bold Alcæus, Tifias bard divine,  
 Or Pindar's strain Olympic, high it soar'd  
 In dithyrambic majesty sublime. 760  
 At the right hand of hell's terrific Lord  
 MAMMON exalted fate, and as the choir

Chanted

Chanted their hymn, his swelling bosom throb'd  
 In concert with the strain; pride flush'd his cheek  
 Furrow'd with care and toil, his eyes, now rais'd  
 From earth, their proper center, sparkling gleam'd  
 Malicious triumph, whilst ovations loud  
 And thund'ring plaudits shook the trembling roof.

The song was clos'd, and, order now resum'd,  
 MAMMON stood forth to speak; when ere the words  
 From his slow lips found way, the infernal King,  
 With eager action starting from his throne,  
 Gave sign for silence and thus interpos'd.

Pause, worthy spi'rit, awhile! my mind forebodes  
 Cares more immediate, for amid the throng 775  
 I spy our faithful CHEMOS; well I know  
 'Tis not on slight occasion he hath left  
 The post assign'd him; and behold! his looks  
 Augur important tidings. Fall back, friends,  
 And give our gallant sentinel access.

Obedient to the word the opening files  
 Fell back and let him pass; he to the throne  
 Low rev'rence made, and thus his chief address'd.

Imperial Lord of this seraphic host,  
 As I kept station on the faithless Mount, 785  
 Where once my altar blaz'd, revolted now  
 From it's allegiance and with olive crown'd  
 In token of God's peace, I thence descried  
 By glimpse of the pale moon a vagrant train,  
 With JESUS at their head, fording the brook,  
 As thither bound: I couch'd upon the watch,  
 So bidd'n, and to their talk give heedful ear.

A melancholy

A melancholy theme the Master chose :  
 Sadly he warns them of his own death's hour  
 Now near impending, and how all shall fly, 795  
 Like scatter'd sheep, and their lone Shepherd leave  
 Forlorn, abandon'd : This the fiery zeal  
 Of PETER, to our chief well known, disclaims,  
 Who boldly vouches, though all else should swerve,  
 His own unshaken constancy ; when CHRIST, 800  
 Severe though not with railing, him reproves,  
 And solemnly denounces triple breach  
 Of this vain boast, and instant, for this night,  
 Or e'er the cock's shrill trumpet twice shall sound,  
 So CHRIST predicts, he shall be thrice denied 805  
 Of this self-vaunting man : All this I heard,  
 And held it for my duty to report ;  
 What more ensu'd imperfectly I learn ;  
 For now the Master taketh three apart,  
 And much disturb'd in soul and fore amaz'd 810  
 Wills them stand off and watch, whilst he retires  
 And vents his grief in pray'r : I saw him fall  
 Prostrate to earth, and vent such heart-felt groans,  
 That were I other than I am, less wrong'd,  
 Less hostile to the tyranny of Heav'n, 815  
 Whence I am exil'd, I had then let fall  
 Weak pity's tear and been my nature's fool.  
 But, lords, I cannot so forget your cause,  
 Or my own wrongs, nor would I wear a heart  
 Made of such melting stuff. With noiseless tread  
 The kneeling Suppliant I approach'd, and mark'd  
 His agony of soul, whilst from his brow

I saw



I saw large drops and gouttes of bloody sweat  
 Incarnadine the dust, on which they fell.  
 Bear witness, my revenge, 'twas there, ev'n there,  
 The very spot, on which he knelt and pray'd,  
 Where now his blood, wrung out by agony  
 As in atonement, dropt, on which my shrine,  
 Rear'd by the wives of the uxorious king,  
 Deck'd out with blazing tapers proudly shone, 830  
 And front to front of God's own temple stood,  
 Till Asa's parricidal hand pluck'd up  
 Maacha's groves and burnt my shrine to dust.  
 Now hear the sequel: As I stood at gaze,  
 Noting his pray'r, one of the heav'nly band 835  
 And of the highest, GABRIEL, with his spear  
 Couch'd as for combat, started forth to view,  
 And frowning bade me take my flight with speed,  
 Nor trouble that just person: Valiant peers!  
 I am not one to back at his proud bidding, 840  
 Nor ever did I turn my face to flight  
 Save in our army's universal rout,  
 When all from heav'n fell headlong to the gulph:  
 Such weapon as I had, this trenchant sword  
 Of adamantine proof, forthwith I drew; 845  
 But ere my arm could wield it, swift as thought  
 I felt his spear's sharp point with forceful thrust  
 Deep plung'd into my side: Staggering, amaz'd,  
 I gave back so compell'd; he still advanc'd  
 Arm'd for a second onset, when my strength 850  
 Foil'd, though immortal, and my sight grown dim,  
 My wound the whilst fore rankling, I took wing  
 And

And hither came on painful pinions borne,  
 Your faithful servant, whether to attempt  
 Fresh battle, or my present loss repair. 855

This said, he put his azure tunic by,  
 And bar'd his wounded side, where GABRIEL's spear  
 Had lodg'd it's massy fluke, a ghastly chasm  
 Trench'd by the force of arch-angelic arm,  
 And to aught else than deathless spirit death. 860

Fir'd at the sight with eyes that sparkling blaz'd  
 SATAN uprose, and thus infuriate spake.

GABRIEL in arms! Hah! warriors, we are brav'd:  
 CHRIST hath his guard about him and defies us.  
 If this immortal spirit could not stand, 865

What shall ISCARIOT do? Myself will forth;  
 We shall then see who wields the stronger lance,  
 SATAN or GABRIEL: in the fields of heaven,  
 In the mid-air, on earth, in deepest hell  
 He knows my might superior, and shall rue  
 His dastardly assault. Why not with me,  
*The sender rather than the sent*, this strife?

So might he boast the contest, though subdued.  
 The scars by this sharp sword in battle dealt  
 Are the best honors GABRIEL hath to vaunt; 875  
 The brightest laurels on his brow are those  
 I planted when in equal fight I deign'd  
 To measure spears with such inferior foe.

Doth GABRIEL think God's favour can reverse  
 Immutable pre-eminence, and raise 880  
 His menial sphere to that, in which I shone  
 Son of the morning? Doth he vainly hope

Exil'd

Exil'd from heav'n we left our courage there,  
 Or lost it in our fall, or that hell's fires  
 Have parch'd and wither'd our shrunk sinews up?  
 Delusive hope! the warrior's nerve is strung  
 By exercise, by pain, by glorious toil:  
 The torrid clime of hell, it's burning rock,  
 It's gulph of liquid flames, in which we roll'd,  
 Have calcin'd our strong hearts, breath'd their own  
                   fires 890

Into our veins, and forg'd those nerves to steel,  
 Which heav'n's calm æther, her voluptuous skies  
 And frequent adorations well nigh smooth'd  
 To the soft flexibility of slaves,  
 Till bold rebellion shook it's fetters off, 895  
 And with their clangor rais'd so brave a storm,  
 That God's eternal throne rock'd to it's base.  
 Now break we up this council: Each disperse  
 Or to his post, his pleasure or pursuit;  
 Sufficeth for this task my single arm: 900  
 CHEMOS shall be reveng'd; the public zeal  
 Of MAMMON still shall be our theme of praise;  
 Nor shall ISCARIOT's nightly plot be foil'd  
 By intervening angels, nor these priests,  
 Whose seats we fill and whose allies we are, 905  
 Fail of their victim, or find us remiss  
 To second them in this our common league  
 And joint emprise against the pow'rs of Heav'n.  
 'Twas said, the princes of th' assembly rose  
 In reverence to his will; the legion round 910  
 Smote on their shields the signal of assent.

Tow'ring



Tow'ring he stood, the Majesty of Hell,  
Dark o'er his brows thick clouds of vengeance roll'd,  
Thunder was in his voice, his eye shot fire,  
And loud he call'd for buckler and for spear; 915  
These bold AZAZEL bore, enormous weight,  
For Atlantean spirit proper charge:  
With eager grasp he seiz'd the towering mast,  
And shook it like a twig; then with a frown,  
That aw'd the stoutest heart, gave sign for all 920  
Strait to disperse, and vanish'd from their sight.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

CALVARY;

OR THE

DEATH OF CHRIST.

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BOOK IV.

E

## THE ARGUMENT of the FOURTH BOOK.

*A general review of Christ's agony in the garden: His disciples, who are ordered to watch, fall asleep; Christ prays apart; he wakens them, and warns them to watch lest they enter into temptation. Satan arrives, and takes post near the spot where Christ is praying in his agony: He is discovered by Gabriel, the supporting angel; their interview described: Christ approaches, and reproving Satan, by the word of power casts him to the ground disabled and in torments. Judas now advances with an armed company; betrays his Master with a kiss; Christ is seized and carried away to the palace of the high priest. Satan, unable to rise, laments over his disconsolate condition: He is discovered by Mammon, who consoles him and assists in raising him from the ground: Satan testifies to the power and divinity of Christ, feels a presentiment of his impending doom, and having delivered his last injunctions to Mammon, is lifted from the earth by a stormy gust and carried through the air out of sight of that evil spirit, who terrified by the fate of his chief turns to flight and escapes.*



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# C A L V A R Y.

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## B O O K IV.

### THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

O MOUNT of Agony! water'd with tears  
From my Redeemer's eyes, and by his knees,  
Pressing thy turf, made sacred as the ground,  
Where ev'n the Chosen Shepherd might not stand  
But with unsandal'd feet, Ah! where is now 5  
That purifying Angel me to cleanse  
From this vile world, that so I may approach,  
Though but in thought, with a right spi'rit renew'd,  
Thy hallow'd solitude? Lo! where the Lord  
Sorrowing retires apart: Where are the Three 10  
Station'd to guard his sacred privacy?  
Stand they aloof, as their forefathers stood,  
When from the midst of darkness, cloud and fire,  
JEHOVAH thunder'd out of Sinai's mount?  
Ah, no! within that olive grove they lie 15

Stretch'd on the ground, a drowsy slumb'ring guard  
 And could ye not, ye sleepers, watch one hour  
 For such a Master? Oh! what heart could taste  
 Of rest or peace, whilst his was rack'd with pain?  
 Was it the sighs his suffering virtue breath'd 20  
 Into the air of sad Gethsemane,  
 That so entranc'd your senses? Or was he,  
 The strength'ning Angel, sent from Heav'n to shield  
 The Savior's anguish from all human eyes,  
 And veil the mystery of that awful hour? 25  
 Then was that angry cup, full mix'd and red  
 From God's right hand, presented to his lips:  
 The bitter essence of origi'nal sin,  
 With every life-destroying extract, drawn  
 From man's corruption since, were there infus'd, 30  
 Compounded and resolved into that draught,  
 Mix'd by the hand of Death and drugg'd in hell.  
 The coward, shrinking under fortune's blows,  
 With desperate lip hath oft-times drank and died;  
 'Tis refuge, 'tis desertion from a post 35  
 He dare defend no longer, 'tis the hope,  
 False fruitless hope, of a perpetual sleep,  
 When he hath bottom'd that Lethæan cup:  
 But our Redeemer's potion was not such;  
 Horrors and heart-dissolving woes and pangs, 40  
 That mock imagination's scope, and stretch  
 The heart's strong cordage, till it bursts asunder  
 And leave the mind a wreck, these were the drugs,  
 That brew'd that cup of agony, which God  
 Now tender'd as the wrath-atoning draught 45  
 For

For a revolted world! Mysterious act!  
 The Father sacrifice the Son belov'd!  
 The just to spare the unjust lay the rod  
 Upon the guiltless head! Shall all offend,  
 And One atone for all? One Victim bear 50  
 The accumulated load of punishment,  
 The mass of vengeance, that amazing whole,  
 Which each particu'lar sin had pil'd in store,  
 And that devoted sacrifice a Lamb  
 Pure, without spot or blemish? O my soul! 55  
 Beware, nor to that tabernacle press,  
 Where clouds and darkness canopy thy God.

Lo! where the Savior kneels; he looks around  
 For some to succour, to support, some friend,  
 Whose sympathising eye might beam upon him, 60  
 And with a moment's glance of pity cheer  
 His desolated spirit. All around  
 Is vacant horror, solitary, dark;  
 The partners of his heart, the chosen few,  
 The friends, who should have watch'd, are wrapt  
 in sleep,

Insensible, supine, oblivious sleep;  
 Woes multiplied by woe, and that the worst,  
 Ingratitude, the sharpest fang that gnaws  
 Man's bleeding bosom. In this sad extreme,  
 His soul revolting from the noisome draught, 70  
 With eyes to Heav'n uplifted, and a sigh,  
 Which shew'd that human weakness then o'erpower'd  
 His soul's diviner part—Abba! he cries,  
 Father, all things are possible to Thee,



Remove this cup!—Then bows his patient head 75  
 And qualifies the pray'r—Yet not my will,  
 But Thine be done!—No voice from Heav'n replies:  
 All Nature sleeps in silence still as death,  
 As if the planets in their spheres had paus'd  
 To watch the trembling balance, on whose point 80  
 The fortunes of this globe suspended hung,  
 It's ruin or redemption, death or life.

'Twas then the strength'ning Angel dealt the blow,  
 That put the hovering spy of hell to flight,  
 Seen of our Lord in ambush where he lay. 85  
 And now the Mourner rises from the earth,  
 On which he knelt, and a few paces moves  
 Pensive and slow to find his station'd friends:  
 He finds them not as friends upon the watch,  
 Not as God's faithful soldiers should be found, 90  
 But at their length stretch'd out in lazy sleep  
 With folded arms supine. Rous'd by his voice  
 They stare, they start confounded and amaz'd.  
 Could ye not watch one hour? the Sufferer cries:  
 Watch, for the foe of man is near at hand; 95  
 Pray, lest ye fall into the Tempter's snare:  
 The spi'rit is ready, but the flesh is weak.

So warn'd, he leaves them with this mild rebuke:  
 A second time he seeks the dismal dell,  
 Again he prays remission of his woe, 100  
 And deprecates the agonizing cup:  
 Meanwhile his drowsy centinels perceive  
 A languor, which their senses must obey,  
 And down they sink, their leaden eye-balls clos'd

As

BOOK THE FOURTH. 103

As in a death-like trance. Again he comes, 105  
 Again he calls, a second warning gives,  
 And so departs.—Now SATAN on the wing  
 Swift as a fiery meteor rides the air,  
 With shield and spear arm'd at all points for war :  
 Then down at once with huge Titanian bulk, 110  
 Plumb down he lights upon the solid foil,  
 Hard by th' angelic post : Earth felt the shock,  
 And trembling to her center inly groan'd.  
 Nor did his haughty courage deign to crouch,  
 Or lurk with lion watch, but firm of foot 115  
 Erect and confident in arms he stood,  
 As one, whose prowess all advantage scorn'd  
 And mean surprize of an unguarded foe :  
 Such arts to weaker spirits he resign'd ;  
 He of his former self felt no decay, 120  
 Or feeling scorn'd confession, for his pride [peer  
 Still deem'd that heav'n, though lost, contain'd no  
 To mate with him in hardihood and proof,  
 Save only the Almighty ; to such heighth  
 Of arrogance had pow'r long time usurp'd 125  
 Over the Gentile nations, and the fight  
 Of God's own Son, now, as he falsely deem'd,  
 Vanquish'd and prostrate, swell'd his impious heart.

Our blessed Lord meanwhile having preferr'd  
 For the last time his interceding prayer, 130  
 Summon'd his strength, and conscious that the hour  
 Was come, which finish'd or revok'd the task  
 Of man's redemption from the powers of hell,  
 Whose representative hard by at hand

Stood

Stood eager to arrest the forfeit prize, 135  
Put forth his hand, and as he took the cup,  
SATAN, who stood spectator of the deed,  
Started aghast ! cold tremor shook his joints,  
His threat'ning spear now droop'd, and his broad  
shield,

So proudly borne aloft, weigh'd down his arm 140  
Slack and unnerv'd ; confusion seiz'd his heart,  
And his high courage quail'd. This GABRIEL saw,  
Yet left he not his post till CHRIST had drain'd  
The cup mysterious ; to its lowest dregs  
He drank it ; now convulsion shook the fiend, 145  
Death shriek'd amain and through his hollow ribs  
Drove his own ebon dart with desp'rate rage.  
Bitter the draught and hateful to the taste,  
But Immortality had crown'd the cup,  
And Light and Life on phoenix wings sprung forth  
From the foul dregs in new-born glories bright.

GABRIEL, who knew that by this solemn act  
Thus happily perform'd his charge expir'd,  
Now turn'd away in search of that fierce spi'rit,  
Whom thro' the darkling covert he had seen, 155  
Whilst by the side of God's afflicted Son  
Minist'ring he stood : Right well he knew the form  
And towering port of hell's terrific King ;  
Nor had the dire confusion and dismay  
Of that fell dæmon scap'd th' angelic glance. 160  
Him now within a gloomy dell retir'd  
To further distance, wrapt as it should seem  
In pensive thought, the Guardian Seraph spied.



In the same moment SATAN's ghastly eye  
 Glanc'd on his foe : bright in cærulean arms 165  
 Heav'n's champion shone, high o'er his crested helma  
 The arch-angelic plume triformed wav'd,  
 Ensign of throned state and high command.  
 The grisly monarch gnash'd his teeth with spite  
 To find himself encounter'd at such odds ; 170  
 His foe fresh blooming in immortal youth,  
 Vigorous, in heav'nly-temper'd armor brac'd ;  
 Himself at this ill hour surpriz'd, his strength  
 As by enchantment blasted, and that voice,  
 Which in the ears of all hell's princes vouch'd 175  
 Such bold atchievements, shrunk from it's high pitch  
 To feeble murmurs and weak whining sighs.

So when on Zama's plain the rival chiefs,  
 Rome's consul and the Punic captain, met  
 To parley in mid-way 'twixt either camp, 180  
 The war-worn veteran, blighted and defac'd  
 By wint'ry marches over noisome fens  
 And snows on mountains pil'd, with envious eye,  
 Sole relick of his toil, survey'd the form  
 And blooming features of his youthful foe ; 185  
 Then to his mind recalling glories past,  
 When his proud menace aw'd immortal Rome,  
 Sigh'd to reflect how far in the decline  
 From that bright morn his evening sun had sunk ;  
 Then ey'd the youth again, and in his face, 190  
 Shadow'd by fate, saw Carthage doom'd to fall,  
 And his own glories to a foe transferr'd  
 Less than his equal once, his conqu'ror now.

But 'was not long that SATAN so endur'd,  
 For now the conscious sense of former deeds 195  
 Bold, though unblest, and high innate disdain  
 Of mean capitulation and demur  
 Rous'd his proud heart, like a hot courser spurr'd,  
 To chafe and lash his languid courage up.  
 Red'ning he swell'd, and gnaw'd his nether lip 200  
 For vengeance that it would not give him words  
 To hurl defiance on th' advancing foe:  
 When GABRIEL, noting his disorder'd mien  
 And haggard aspect, strait bespoke the fiend.

Thus ever may the foe of CHRIST be found 205  
 Speechless, abash'd, struck down of Heav'n and  
 quell'd!

How long, malicious Spi'rit, wilt thou persist  
 To trouble this vex'd earth? How long to haunt  
 This righteous person, whose strong virtue mocks  
 Thy faint attempts? Warn'd by this shame, avaunt!  
 Hence, baffled Tempter! roaming thus at large,  
 Thou dost but shew by melancholy proof,  
 That a tormented conscience never rests.

As the fierce panther, through the ribs trans-  
 fix'd,  
 Writhes round the bloody weapon in his side, 215  
 And tugs it to and fro with foamy teeth,  
 Mad'ning with pain and gnashing at his wound;  
 So 'gainst himself and foe alike enrag'd,  
 Hell's gloomy Lord, by this deserved taunt  
 Cut to the heart, with many a hard essay 220  
 Struggled for voice; at length collecting breath,  
 These

These words disdainful, though of their full tone  
And energy abated, found their way.

GABRIEL, the brave in danger earn renown ;  
True valor spares the weak, but thou, more wise  
Than valiant, studiëst well the safer hour,  
When to come forth and wage inglorious war  
'Gainst unprovided foes ; if CHEMOS then,  
Or some slight Cherub, cross thy wary path,  
Woe to the straggler ! if thy barbed spear 230  
Can make safe tilt at his unweapon'd side.  
But I, who day and night have pac'd this globe,  
Found in all quarters, I, who never shun'd,  
Rather have fought, thy walk, am left to roam  
Free and of thee unquestion'd from the hour,  
When on the confines of this new-made world  
We parlied under Eden's shady fence,  
To th' instant now, when faint and ill at ease,  
Unwarlike Angel, thou hast found me here  
Nerveless, and little more than match for thee. 240

To whom th' indignant Virtue thus reply'd :  
If SATAN here is found in evil plight,  
He's found of me unfought. Thine own dark wiles,  
Degen'rate Spi'rit, and Heav'n's all-ruling hand  
Have cast thee in my way. Must I turn off 245  
From duty's road direct because forsooth  
A wounded adder hisses in my path ?  
Why didst thou press into this place of prayer,  
This hallow'd solitude, where CHRIST hath breath'd  
A charm, that withers up thy blasted strength ? 250  
Could'st thou not learn, by late experience taught,  
There





Through hurricanes, the least of which let loose 280  
 On this firm globe would winnow it to dust,  
 Snap like a weaver's thread the mighty chain,  
 That links it to heav'n's adamantine floor,  
 And whirl it through the Infinite of Space.  
 And what hast thou, soft Cherub, done the whilst?  
 What are thy labors? What hast thou atchiev'd?  
 Heav'n knows no winter, there no tempests howl;  
 To breathe perpetual spring, to sleep supine  
 On flowery beds of amaranth and rose,  
 Voluptuous slavery, was GABRIEL's choice: 290  
 His bosom never drew th' indignant sigh,  
 That rent my heart, when call'd to morning hymn  
 I paid compulsive homage at God's throne,  
 Warbling feign'd hallelujahs to his praise.  
 Spirits of abject mould, and such art thou, 295  
 May call this easy service, for they love  
 Ignoble ease; to me the fulsome task  
 Was bitterest slavery, and though I fell,  
 I fell opposing; exil'd both from heav'n  
 Freedom and I shar'd the same glorious fall. 300  
 Go back then to thy drudgery of praise,  
 Practise new canticles and tune thy throat  
 To flattery's fawning pitch; leave me my groans,  
 Leave me to teach these echoes how to curse;  
 Here let me lie and make this rugged stone 305  
 My couch, my canopy this stormy cloud,  
 That rolls stern winter o'er my fenceless head;  
 'Tis freedom's privilege, nor tribute owes,  
 No tribute pays to Heav'n's despotic King.

Thus

Thus whilst he spake, the Savior of mankind,  
New ris'n from pray'r, drew nigh; whereat the  
fiend, 311

Or e'er the awful presence met his eye,  
Shivering, as one by sudden fever seiz'd,  
Turn'd deadly pale; then fell to earth convuls'd.  
Dire were the yells he vented, fierce the throes 315  
That writh'd his tortur'd frame, whilst through the  
feams

And chinks, that in his jointed armour gap'd,  
Blue sulph'rous flames in livid flashes burst,  
So hot the hell within his fuel'd heart,  
Which like a furnace sev'n times heated rag'd. 320  
Meanwhile the winged Messenger of Heaven,  
GABRIEL, with horror and amazement fix'd,  
Stood motionless behind his orb'd shield:  
Not so the Savior; he with look compos'd  
And stedfast noting the disastrous plight 325  
Of that tormented fiend, these words address'd.

SATAN, thou see'st the serpent's primal curse  
At length falls heavy on thy bruised head;  
When man lost Paradise, by thee betray'd,  
This was thy doom, Deceiver; and although 330  
Ages have roll'd on ages since, yet God,  
Who from eternal to eternal lives  
Blessed for evermore, computes not time  
As thou, whose mis'ry makes short years seem long.  
Yet was the interim thine, and thou, who first 335  
Brought'st sin into the world, hast reign'd in sin:  
Thou hadst the power of death, but I through death  
Am



BOOK THE FOURTH. 111

Am destin'd to destroy that power and thee.  
And now my hour is come, I go to death,  
That all through me may live; therefore begone!  
Get thee behind me! Thou hast now no part  
On earth, thy dwelling is prepar'd in hell:  
There when we meet, expect to meet thy doom.

This said, the fiend replied not but with groans,  
Nor staid the Angel longer than to turn 345  
One last sad look upon his prostrate foe,  
Then flew to heav'n. The Savior bent his steps  
In search of his disciples; them he found  
Wrapt as before in sleep.—Sleep on, he cried,  
And henceforth take your rest: It is enough: 350  
The hour is come. Behold! the Son of man  
Into the hands of finners is betray'd:  
Rise, let us go! The traitor is at hand.

And lo! while yet he spake a mingled crew  
Arm'd and unarm'd approach; before them all  
JUDAS advancing thus bespeaks the throng:  
Whom I shall kiss is He, the CHRIST; Him seize  
And in safe keeping hold.—Upon the word  
He gives the trait'rous greeting, and exclaims,  
Hail, Master!—When at once the swarming crowd  
Rush in a space, then stand in circle round,  
Like blood-hounds held at bay, their eager eyes  
Fix'd on his face, which to behold they rear  
Their flaming torches, whilst the prospect round  
Glares with the ruddy blaze; a ghastly troop, 365  
Like that dread chorus, which the tragic bard  
Pour'd on the scene, when the Athenian wives

Dropt

Dropt their abortive burthens with affright,  
 To see their snaky locks and fiery brands  
 Kindled in Phlegethon's sulphureous waves : 370  
 So glares that haggard crew, in front they see  
 JESUS in conscious majesty unmov'd,  
 Behind him to some little space withdrawn  
 PETER and JAMES and JOHN, the chosen Three,  
 Small band, but in their Leader's power a host 375  
 Invincible, 'gainst whom whole armies leagu'd  
 Were but as chaff before the whirlwind's blast,  
 Had he so will'd ; but now with accent firm,  
 Whom seek ye ? he demands : They answer make,  
 JESUS of Nazareth.—I am the man, 380  
 JESUS replies ; He, whom ye seek, is found.  
 His air, his utterance and that voice divine,  
 Which could have arm'd Heav'n's legions in his  
     cause,  
 Or gulph'd them to the center at a word,  
 Swift as the vollied thunder smote their hearts, 385  
 And hurl'd them to the ground : Headlong they  
     fell  
 With hideous crash, nor ever thence had ris'n,  
 Had not his gracious purpose so decreed  
 For man's redemption : Up they rise from earth,  
 And in like manner to the same demand 390  
 A second time make answer ; he repeats—  
 I told you, and ye heard, that I am He :  
 If therefore me ye seek, let these depart.  
 Then burst the chidden zeal of PETER forth,  
 Arm'd with a sword he rush'd upon the throng 395  
     And

And at the foremost aim'd a random blow,  
That gash'd the caitiff's head, but miss'd the life.

Put up thy sword, rash man! the Savior cries,  
Did I want rescue, would I ask of thee,  
With all my Father's Angels at command? 400  
No! let me do His will and drink His cup:

And you, that here encompass me about,  
As 'twere a felon ye came out to take,  
With swords and staves, suffer thus far, behold!  
The wound his weapon makes my touch shall heal:  
'Tis done! Know all, that they, who take the sword,  
Shall perish by the sword. What needs this stir,  
This midnight plotting and this traitor's kiss,  
These staves, these torches and this arm'd array  
To make one harmless peaceful man your prize?

You saw me daily in my public walks,  
Freely we commun'd, for you harm'd me not;  
You heard me in the Temple; for I taught  
In very zeal the simple way of truth,  
Lab'ring full hard to turn your hearts to God: 415  
If this were my offence, why not arrest  
Your Preacher in the act, and drag to death  
Him, who would fain have train'd you in the road  
To life eternal? Never on the poor

Turn'd I my back; I courted not the rich; 420  
Were this my fault, in the broad face of day  
Ye might have smitten me and earn'd the praise  
Of the proud Pharisee and braggart Scribe:

I fed the hungry and I heal'd your sick,  
I succour'd the tormented and posselt; 425

Are



Are these the heinous acts for which I die?  
 In field, in city, in frequented ways  
 The wretched flock'd around, if these be crimes,  
 Why is their punishment so long reserv'd  
 To this dark hour of night? The sun himself 430  
 Witness'd my doings, so might he my death.  
 But see! my followers are dispers'd and fled,  
 And I stand in your peril here alone:  
 No need to fear him, who makes no defence;  
 Conduct me to my doom: God's will be done! 435

This said, their sacrilegious hands they laid  
 Upon his sacred person: He in' the midst  
 With meek composure and submitted look  
 March'd slowly onward, as they led the way  
 To the proud dome of CAIAPHAS, high-priest 440  
 Of MOLOCH than of God more fitly call'd.

Oh! ye hard hearts, was this the Paschal Lamb,  
 Ye worse than pagan butchers, whom ye cull'd  
 Pure and unspotted for your bloody feast?  
 Well did your lawgiver decree this day 445  
 A record and memorial to be kept  
 Throughout your generations to all time;  
 A memorable day, a noted feast  
 Your stubborn incredulity hath made it.  
 To you a day of darkness and disgrace; 450  
 To us Salvation's glorious dawn, to us  
 By our great Captain led, the Lord of Life,  
 Who through the darksome avenue of death  
 And depths mysterious of the mazy grave,  
 Holding the clue of prophecy in hand, 455  
 Unravell'd all the ways of Providence

And

And to our view set ope the golden gates  
 Of Paradise regain'd, whence light and life  
 And blifs eternal beam on all mankind ;  
 For all, who with their lips confess the Lord, 460  
 And in their hearts believe that from the dead  
 God in his pow'r hath rais'd him, shall be fav'd.

Meanwhile the prince of hell, whom CHRIST had  
 left

Rolling in torments on the stony rock,  
 Mad as leviathan, when tempest-wreck'd 465  
 Flound'ring he lies upon the shoaly beach,  
 Now to one last and desperate effort driv'n,  
 Straining each nerve with many a dolorous groan  
 Half his huge length had rear'd. His right hand  
 grasp'd

His spear, the other on his buckler propp'd 470  
 Pillow'd his head, raging with pain and thoughts  
 Black as the night around him : To arise  
 And stand surpass'd his power ; in vain he spread  
 His feathery vans to raise him in the air ?  
 About him all the ground with azure plumes 475  
 Beat from his shatter'd pinions was bestrewn :  
 Despair now seiz'd him, now too late he rued  
 His blasphemies and bold rebellious taunts  
 'Gainst Heav'n's Omnipotent, his Judge incens'd :  
 Hopeless of mercy, now he curs'd his doom 482  
 Of immortality, and as he roll'd  
 His haggard eyes in night, hell's flaming gulph,  
 Terrific vision, seem'd to burst upon him  
 With treble horrors charg'd ; then with a sigh,  
 That

That strain'd his heaving cors'let, he breath'd forth  
In murmuring lamentations these sad words.

Ah! who will lift me from this iron bed,  
On which Prometheus-like for ever link'd  
And rivetted by dire necessity  
I'm doom'd to lie, and wail the cruel boon 490  
Of immortality, my baneful fate?  
O earth, earth, earth! Cannot my groans pervade  
Thy stony heart to' embowel me alive  
Under this rock, before to-morrow's sun  
Find me here weltering in the fordid dust, 495  
A spectacle of scorn to all my host,  
Wont to behold in me their kingly chief?  
Will not some pitying earthquake gulph me down  
To where the everlasting fountains sleep,  
That in those wat'ry caverns I might slake 500  
These fires, that shrivel my parch'd sinews up?  
Ah! whither shall I turn? who will unbrace  
This scalding mail, that burns my tortur'd breast  
Worse than the shirt of Nessus? Oh! for pity,  
Grant me a moment's interval of ease, 535  
Avenging, angry Deity! Draw back  
Thy red-right hand, that with the light'ning arm'd  
Thrust to my heart makes all my boiling blood  
Hiss in my veins; or if thou wilt destroy  
Whom thou hast vanquish'd, terminate these feuds  
'Twixt good and evil, thee and me, reduce  
This incorruptible to mould'ring dust,  
Make Death a parricide, and so conclude  
Me and my sufferings and my sins-at once.

But



But 'twill not be. Happy I might have been, 515  
 Immortal I must be: God can create  
 Nothing but bliss; I made the pains I feel:  
 Sorrow had no existence, Death no name  
 'Till I lost heav'n; to be was to be blest,  
 And beings blest could never cease to be. 520  
 This earth and man its habitant were good,  
 Till envy, pride, rebellion, in my heart  
 Engend'ring, marr'd God's perfect work with sin;  
 And but for sin the universe were heav'n:  
 So am I author of the hell within me, 525  
 And these tormenting fires God cannot quench;  
 For that would be to turn from what he is,  
 Parent of good, and to become like me  
 Patron and friend of evil. Reas'ning thus  
 I must renounce all hope of future peace, 530  
 And wage eternal enmity with God,  
 Whom longer to oppose I now despair,  
 And under whose strong hand weigh'd down to earth  
 Prostrate, confounded, I can rise no more.  
 Must I be ever thus? Must these fierce pangs, 535  
 Or worse, if worse can be, torment me ever?  
 Are there no means to make a truce with Heav'n?  
 Submission, penitence, atonement, pray'rs  
 And intercessions—Oh! fallacious, vain,  
 Impracticable terms! Can pride shed tears, 540  
 Falsehood keep faith, or perjury pass its oath  
 Upon that Judge, to whom all hearts are known?  
 It cannot be. Ages of sin have roll'd  
 'Twixt me and pardon, gulph impassable.

Man's

Man's loss of Paradise, a delug'd world, 545  
 Sin paramount on earth, the nations turn'd  
 From God to idols, scarce a remnant left  
 Of this his chosen race, corruption spread  
 Ev'n to' the heart of Judah', and from this Mount,  
 Sad witness of my overthrow and shame, 550  
 Scene of my triumphs once, his standard torn  
 And hell's proud banners flanting in it's place;  
 These and a countless multitude of wrongs  
 Cry in the catalogue so loud against me,  
 That should the thunder of God's vengeance sleep,  
 Mercy herself would seize th' uplifted bolt  
 And speed the ling'ring blow. What is my hope,  
 If such the task to purchase peace for man,  
 Man so subordinate in sin to me,  
 The spring and fountain-head of that foul stream,  
 Which he at distance drank? If CHRIST must die  
 For man, if nothing less than God's own Son  
 Can stand betwixt the Father's wrath and man,  
 What mediator can be found for me?  
 None, and no wonder if his wrath, withdrawn 565  
 From man now pardon'd, fall with worse recoil  
 On my devoted head: Ev'n now it falls.  
 Me like an eagle in my tow'ring flight,  
 From the proud zenith of the sun's bright sphere  
 Headlong he hurls to earth with shatter'd wing 570  
 And plumes dishevell'd grov'ling in the dust:  
 Me, the sole mover of man's foul revolt,  
 He marks for tenfold vengeance; for if CHRIST,  
 The patient meek Redeemer, groans in pain,  
 What

What shall the Tempter feel? If on the rack 575  
 Of agony his guiltless brow sweats blood,  
 Well may this body' of sin burst out in flames,  
 A conflagration horrible to sight,  
 And blazing beacon to th' astonish'd world.  
 And what is this vile JUDAS, who seduc'd 580  
 By wily MAMMON sells his Master's life?  
 What PETER's self, whom, had not JESUS pray'd,  
 I'd sifted into chaff? These purblind priests,  
 Who with their half-shut eyes askance behold  
 Their own Messias in his wond'rous acts, 585  
 Yet give those wonders to the powers of hell,  
 And trembling for their craft complot his death,  
 What are they? Whence but from myself their lyes?  
 'Tis I in them, and not they of themselves,  
 That kill the Prince of Peace; his guiltless blood  
 Sprinkles their hands, but in a flood-gate tide  
 Redder than scarlet whelms my sinking soul.

He ceas'd, and in his mantle hid his face  
 For shame and sorrow to be thus surpriz'd;  
 For MAMMON, ever on the foot by night, 595  
 Had spied him through the gloom, and thus began.

What ails thee, Prince of air, that here thou liest  
 On the dull earth, not resting it should seem  
 From victory, but vanquish'd and o'erthrown?

Vanquish'd, alas! and in the dust o'erthrown 600  
 By God's all-pow'rful Son, SATAN replied,  
 Too sure I am; and how it wrings this heart  
 So to be found of thee words cannot speak.  
 Yet thou of all the spirits heav'n hath lost

Art



Art he, of whom my pride hath least to fear ; 605  
 For thou wilt not as others gall my spleen  
 With scorn and taunting : Thou, a friendly chief,  
 Hast pity for the sorrows of a friend ;  
 To thee my valor and deserts are known,  
 For thou wert ever nearest where I fought 610  
 In front of danger on the battle's edge ;  
 Thou know'st the hazard and the chance of war,  
 And with what malice fortune thwarts our best,  
 Our bravest efforts : Scarr'd thyself with wounds,  
 Thou from the wounded wilt not turn aside ; 615  
 Therefore, O MAMMON, as my hand to thee  
 Were present, didst thou need it, so to me,  
 Thy sovereign in distress, reach forth thine hand,  
 And, if thou canst, upraise me from this fall ;  
 If thou canst not, let not my armies know 620  
 Their leader's fate, be mindful of my fame,  
 And bury this sad secret in thy breast.

He said, nor need had he of further suit,  
 For MAMMON now had put forth all his strength  
 To raise him from the ground ; in his strong grasp  
 He seiz'd his giant limbs in armour clad  
 Of adamant and gold, a ponderous wreck :  
 Earth trembled with the shock ; dire were the groans  
 Hell's Monarch vented, horrible the pains,  
 That rack'd his stiffen'd joints ; yet on he toil'd  
 Till by Heav'n's sufferance rather than by aid  
 Of arm angelic once again he rear'd  
 His huge Titanian stature to the skies,  
 And stood ; yet not as late with look erect

And

And lofty mien : Ruin was in his face ; 635  
 Sordid and soil'd with ignominious dust  
 His robe imperial, and his azure wings  
 And glossy locks, that o'er his shoulders curl'd,  
 Dishevell'd now, and in like tatter'd trim  
 With vessel tempest-torn or by the force 640  
 Of engines weigh'd from bottom of the deep,  
 Founder'd in creek or harbor, where she lay  
 Gulph'd in the slimy ooze ; when MAMMON thus.

Joy to our gallant Leader ! Once again  
 With firm foot planted on the subject earth 645  
 We stand as spi'rits by our own strength redeem'd  
 Erect and dauntless. Wherefore droops that eye,  
 As it would root itself into the soil,  
 From which with vigor new restor'd you rise  
 Antæus-like indignant of defeat ? 650  
 Oft, when in search of gold or silver ore  
 In earth's metallic veins, I've labor'd long  
 And hard, in damp and darksome caverns pent,  
 Mining the solid rock, at length to light  
 And the free air emerg'd, I've found my limbs 655  
 Stiffen'd with cramps, or with cold ague numb'd :  
 Yet never did my patient courage droop  
 Or slack it's gainful toil. I am not apt,  
 When wealth or glory can be bought with pain,  
 To stagger at the terms ; and if it please 660  
 Heav'n's Monarch in his vengeance to attach  
 To this eternal be'ing eternal pain,  
 Good hope, as poisons may be sheath'd by use,  
 So long familiarity with pain

May draw it's sting, and habitude convert 665  
 It's hostile property to friendly ease.  
 But thy great heart perhaps is rent with grief,  
 Of pain disdainful as of lesser ill: [heaven,  
 And wherefore grieve? Our joys were lost with  
 Our passions all revers'd, our natures chang'd, 670  
 Virtues to vices, amity to hate;  
 Deeds, that in heav'n had been our shame, in hell  
 Become our glory'; and whilst the world endures,  
 Whilst evil is to good oppos'd, we keep  
 The fight at doubtful issue, oft-times win 675  
 The glorious field and triumph over God.  
 Why did I tempt ISCARIOT to betray  
 His guiltless Master? 'Twas not that I lov'd  
 The traitor, no, the treason was my joy;  
 I laugh at fools in their own folly caught: 680  
 The wretch I tempted, him I shall destroy,  
 And like a worn-out weapon cast him by;  
 He shall not live to see his Master's fall,  
 And for the sorry purchase of his sin  
 He shall but touch the adder's sting and die: 685  
 So much for JUDAS! Thus at once I slay  
 Two victims and refine upon revenge.

To whom with clouded brow and nothing cheer'd  
 By this discourse hell's gloomy power replied.

MAMMON, you well describe the rueful change  
 Wrought in us by our overthrow from heav'n,  
 And for such solace as in thought you find  
 Pondering the sad eternity of pain,  
 My argument shall never be employ'd



BOOK THE FOURTH. 123

To make that little less ; but when you vaunt 695  
 ISCARIOT'S treason and th' impending fall  
 Of that just Person, now before the bar  
 Of envious judges, who shall doom his death,  
 You vaunt a deed, which, though the' elect of hell  
 Jointly with me advis'd, brings on us all 700  
 Ruin with loss of empire, and all hope  
 So quenches, nought can stand us now in stead  
 But patience and your reconciling rules  
 To wout our natures to eternal pain.  
 My potency you know, and can you think 705  
 Less than the hand of God could hurl me down  
 To misery like this? It must be God,  
 Who speaks in CHRIST, the Father in the Son:  
 Though meek, Almighty he controuls the world  
 And me the world's late master ; he destroys 710  
 Sin my begotten and Sin's offspring Death.  
 Oh ! that I never had approach'd him more,  
 Foil'd in my first temptation. Now, ev'n now,  
 I feel a nature in me, not mine own,  
 That is my master and against my will 715  
 Enforces truths prophetic from my tongue,  
 Making me rev'rence whom in heart I hate:  
 I feel that now, though lifted from the ground,  
 I stand or move or speak but as he wills,  
 By influence not by freedom : I perceive 720  
 These exhalations, that the night breathes on me,  
 Are loaded with the vaporous steams of hell ;  
 I scent them in the air, and well I know  
 The angel of destruction is abroad.

I cannot fly from fate ; the man foredoom'd 715  
 To bruise my head is CHRIST, the time is come,  
 The prophecy is full ; exil'd from hence,  
 As first from heav'n, my reign on earth is o'er,  
 And my last care is for those hapless friends,  
 The partners of my fall, when I am gone 730  
 Left like a headless trunk. Warn them to fly  
 Impending ruin ; sure I am, when CHRIST  
 Breathes forth his sacred spi'rit into the air,  
 His dying gasp shall blow them like a spell  
 To the four winds of heav'n : Let them be gone  
 In time and ply the wing ; there's shelter yet  
 In this wide world for them : Though I must hence,  
 They may abide, and though their names be lost,  
 Their altars levell'd and their idols maim'd,  
 Yet shall their arts and offices endure, 740  
 Their influences still shall draw the hearts  
 Of many ; sin shall not at once secede  
 From earth, nor darkness wholly yield to light.  
 To thee, auspicious spi'rit, whose potent arm  
 Hath rais'd me from the ground, I can assure 745  
 A longer term of residence and power :  
 Thy empire in earth's inmost centre roots,  
 Thy influence circulates through all her veins ;  
 Nor earth alone, but ocean wafts to thee  
 Continual tribute ; commerce hails thy name ; 750  
 In thee war triumphs, thee fair peace adores  
 And gilds the feathers of her dove with gold  
 To dedicate to thee her worldly god, [earth.  
 Thee, the last foe whom CHRIST shall chase from  
 So

So spake the parting fiend in his last hour 755  
 Prophetic, father though he were of lyes :  
 To him the inferior dæmon answer none  
 Attempted, but in ghastly silence stood  
 Gazing with horror on his chieftain's face,  
 That chang'd all hues by fits, as when the north,  
 With nitrous vapors charg'd, convulsive shoots  
 It's fiery darts athwart the trembling pole,  
 Making heav'n's vault a canopy of blood ;  
 So o'er the visage of the exorcis'd fiend  
 Alternate gleams like meteors came and went ; 765  
 And ever and anon he beat his breast,  
 That quick and short with lab'ring pulses heav'd.  
 One piteous look he upward turn'd, one sigh  
 From his sad heart he fain had sent to heav'n,  
 But ere the hopeless messenger could leave 770  
 His quiv'ring lips, by sudden impulse seiz'd  
 He finds himself uplifted from the earth ;  
 His azure wings, to sooty black now chang'd,  
 In wide expanse from either shoulder stretch  
 For flight involuntary : Up he springs 775  
 Whirl'd in a fiery vortex round and round ;  
 As when the Lybian wilderness caught up  
 In sandy pillar by the eddying winds  
 Moves horrible, the grave of man and beast ;  
 Him thus ascending the fork'd light'ning smites  
 With sidelong volley, whilst loud thunders rock  
 Heav'n's echoing vault, when all at once, behold !  
 Caught in the stream of an impetuous gust  
 High in mid-air, swift on the level wing



Northward he shoots and like a comet leaves 785  
Long fiery track behind, speeding his course  
Strait to the realms of Chaos and old Night,  
Hell-bound and to Tartarean darkness doom'd.

His sad associate, left on earth, look'd up  
And with like conscious terror ey'd his flight, 790  
As when the merchant trembling for his freight  
Looks seaward from some promontory's top,  
And thence descries his gallant bark a wreck  
Driving at mercy of the winds and waves  
Full on the rocky shoal, her certain grave ; 795  
Then having bid farewell to all his hope  
In this one bottom stor'd, now lost to fight,  
Turns with a sigh aside, and o'er the strand  
With heavy heart takes homeward his slow way.

So sigh'd the fiend, and for his own sad fate  
Trembling yet fearful to attempt the wing,  
Slunk cowering off veil'd in the shades of night.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

CALVARY;

OR THE

DEATH OF CHRIST.

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BOOK V.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

*This Book, proposing to treat of the trial and condemnation of Christ, opens with an invocation to the Evangelists, the sacred historians of that event.—Christ, brought before the priests and elders in council, accused by the witnesses, interrogated by Caiaphas, persists in keeping silence, till being solemnly called upon to declare himself, he answers by an affirmation of the truth. Instantly all voices are let loose upon him, accusing him of blasphemy and pronouncing him worthy of death: He is delivered over to mockery and insult. The Jews resolve to arraign him before Pilate on the following morning. He turns and looks upon Peter, who according to prediction had three several times denied him. The sorrow and contrition of that Disciple is described; he retires apart to bewail his crime and supplicate forgiveness. His prayer and confession in the temple-porch. The council of the Jews resort to Pilate next morning and appeal against Christ. He informs them that by the Roman law no judgment can be given till the accused is confronted with his accusers, and heard in his defence. Now commences the trial of Christ before Pilate, who, finding nothing worthy of death in that just person, refers him to Herod as belonging to his jurisdiction. Herod, after mocking him, arrays him in a gorgeous robe, and in that apparel sends him back to Pilate. He again appears in the judgment hall before Pilate, who after many fruitless efforts to save him, the Jews still urging him by their clamorous importunity to crucify him, finding no other way to prevent a tumult of the people, after declaring himself innocent of the blood of Jesus by the ceremony of washing his hands before the multitude, delivers him to be crucified.*



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# C A L V A R Y.

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## B O O K V.

### THE CONDEMNATION OF CHRIST.

Y E sacred Guides, whose plain unvarnish'd page,  
Penn'd by the hand of Truth, records the scene,  
Where CHRIST before the bar of impious men,  
Patient of all their scorn, arraign'd, betray'd  
And of his own abandon'd, silent stands, 5  
You I invoke ; so from the same pure source,  
Whence my faith flows, shall also flow my song,  
Not idly babbling, like that shallow rill  
Trickling at foot of the Parnassian Mount,  
But deep, serene, to hallow'd airs attun'd: 10  
Aid me from Heav'n, where now before God's throne  
In evangelic attributes ye stand  
Six-wing'd and thick bespangled o'er with eyes,  
Ranging all points before you and behind,  
Seraphic minstrels, chanting day and night. 15

Your ceaseless hallelujahs to the name  
 Of Him, who was and is and is to come.  
 Led by your hand with trembling step I press  
 The sacred ground, which my Redeemer trode,  
 Now like a lamb to slaughter led, and now 20  
 Pendent, Oh horror ! on the bloody tree ;  
 And whilst to tell his sacrifice of love,  
 His soul-dissolving agonies I strive,  
 My heart melts into sorrows deep as those,  
 When the sad daughters of Jerusalem  
 Water'd his passage to the cross with tears.

Musing my pious theme, as fits a bard  
 Far onward in the wint'ry track of age,  
 I shun the Muses haunts, nor dalliance hold  
 With fancy by the way, but travel on 30  
 My mournful road, a pilgrim grey with years ;  
 One that finds little favor with the world,  
 Yet thankful for it's least benevolence  
 And patient of it's taunts ; for never yet  
 Lur'd I the popu'lar ear with glibing tales, 35  
 Or sacrific'd the modesty of song,  
 Harping lewd madrigals at drunken feasts  
 To make the vulgar sport and win their shout.  
 Me rather the still voice delights, the praise  
 Whisper'd, not publish'd by fame's braying trump :  
 Be thou my herald, Nature ! Let me please  
 The sacred few, let my remembrance live  
 Embosom'd by the virtuous and the wise ;  
 Make me, O Heav'n ! by those, who love thee, lov'd :  
 So when the widow's and the children's tears 45  
 Shall

Shall sprinkle the cold dust, in which I sleep  
 Pomplefs and from a scornful world withdrawn,  
 The laurel, which it's malice rent, shall shoot  
 So water'd into life, and mantling throw  
 It's verdant honors o'er my grassy tomb. 50

Here in mid-way of my unfinish'd course,  
 Doubtful of future time whilst now I pause  
 To fetch new breath and trim my waining lamp,  
 Fountain of Life, if I have still ador'd  
 Thy mercy and remember'd Thee with awe 55  
 Even in my mirth, in the gay prime of youth—  
 So conscience witnesses, the mental scribe,  
 That registers my error, quits me here—  
 Propitious pow'r, support me! and if death,  
 Near at the farthest, meditates the blow 60  
 To cut me short in my prevented task,  
 Spare me a little, and put by the stroke,  
 Till I recount his overthrow and hail  
 Thy Son victorious rising from the grave.

Now to that dismal scene return, my thoughts!  
 Where CHRIST in midst of an irreverent crew,  
 Usher'd by torches through the darkling streets,  
 And now at summit of the holy Mount  
 Arriv'd, before the pontiff's lofty gate,  
 Waiting the call of impious pride, attends. 70  
 The halls and lobbies vomit forth a swarm  
 Of saucy servitors with idiot stare  
 Gazing the wond'rous Man, and venting loud  
 Their coward mockeries: He stands unmov'd.  
 Great is the stir within, and on the post 75  
 Through



Through all the palace runs the buzzing news  
 Of this great Prophet's capture, circling round  
 With ever new enlargement of strange sights  
 And fearful doings in the garden seen  
 Of those who took him. CAIAPHAS meanwhile 80  
 Summons the Temple-chiefs, elders and scribes,  
 A hasty Sanhedrim: No longer now  
 With stately step in measur'd pace they march;  
 Huddled together by their fears they flock,  
 They cluster in a throng, safest so deem'd, 85  
 And fill the council seats. In speech abrupt  
 And brief their hierarch the cause expounds  
 Of their so sudden meeting—CHRIST is seiz'd,  
 The Prophet, whom they dreaded, is in hold,  
 Th' Enchanter, who by league with Beelzebub 90  
 Scar'd them with magic spells, is at their door;  
 Now is the time to put his art to proof,  
 Now is the moment to decide if thus  
 Their unreveal'd Messias shall appear  
 After long promise in this abject state 95  
 A shackled pris'ner, or a conquering king.  
 Admit him! with faint voice some two or three  
 Of the least timorous cry.—Behold, he comes!  
 The rabble throng rush in, and at the bar  
 Of the immur'd divan present him bound 100  
 With cords, his raiment soil'd with hands profane,  
 His head uncover'd and his sacred locks  
 By the rude winds and ruder men despoil'd  
 Of their propriety, dishevell'd, spread

Like

Like shatter'd fragments on the branching top 105  
Of piny Lebanon after a storm.

Silence now reign'd, the roar of tongues was hush'd,  
And expectation with suspended breath  
Sate watchful when some sign or word of power  
Should in a miracle break forth upon them. 110

None such that patient Sufferer vouchsaf'd,  
Nor menace nor complaint his eye bespake,  
But meek serene composure. Noting this,  
As cowards out of danger loudest vaunt,  
The council now took heart: Then soon were heard  
The lying tongues of witnesses suborn'd  
Various and loud; but these no order kept;  
Falshood with falshood clash'd, and each to each  
Irreconcilable, as all to truth:

Shame held the council mute, for vilest hearts, 120  
Cloak'd in the robes of judgment, will affect  
Some outward shew of what they ought to be,  
Then most malicious when most seeming just.

Confusion now ensu'd and perjury  
In it's own labyrinth had lost itself, 125

When some of graver note within the pale  
Of justice seated, but far thence remov'd  
In conscience and in heart, started new charge,  
Averting they had heard the Pris'ner say—

I will destroy this temple made with hands, 130  
And within three days will another build [urg'd,  
Made without hands.—The charge was gravely  
And, colour'd to the semblance of a plot,  
Breath'd sacrilegious menace to God's house,

Fit matter for descant pontifical: 135

When CAIAPHAS, as foremost in degree

So first to sound forth danger and affix

Solemnity to malice, from his state

With magisterial dignity arose,

And sternly fixing on the face divine 140

His eye inquisitorial, thus began. [charge

Hear'st thou what these alledge? The words in

Stand witness'd by these present: Face to face

Th' accusers they and thou th' accused meet:

Justice is open. What is thy defence? 145

Answerest thou nothing?—Nothing answer'd he,

But as a lamb before it's shearers mute

He open'd not his mouth; the mystery couch'd

Under those words, prophetic of his death

And following resurrection, to expound 150

To their perverted minds beseem'd not him,

Searcher of hearts and Savior of mankind:

Silent not pertinacious he endur'd

Their scorn, nor did his meek demeanour shew

More than the dignity of conscious truth, 155

Which knows itself prejudg'd and scorns a plea.

But CAIAPHAS, who brook'd not this repulse,

And still occasion sought from his own lips

By subtlety to' ensnare him, thus re-urg'd

Question with solemn adjuration back'd. 160

Hear me, thou man accus'd, and answer make

I do adjure thee by the living God

To what I now demand. Art thou the CHRIST,

The



The very CHRIST, Son of th' eternal God,  
Or art thou not? Resolve us who thou art! 165

Then JESUS by this solemn adjuration urg'd,  
Lifting his eyes to heav'n in mute appeal,  
Whilst all his Father's virtue in his face  
Effulgent beam'd, these glorious words pronounc'd;  
Hear them, O heav'n, and Oh! record them, earth,  
Write them, ye mortals, on your hearts—I am,  
I am the CHRIST; all that you ask I am;  
And ye shall see me coming in the clouds  
Of heav'n, enthron'd at the right hand of Power.

As when on rapine bent a savage horde 175  
Arab or Indian, in some sandy dell  
Or by the sedgy lake in ambush lodg'd,  
Upon the watch-word by their leader giv'n  
Leap from their treach'rous lair, with sudden yell  
And bloody weapons waving to surprize 180  
And overpower th' unguarded traveller,  
Fatally trapp'd into their murderous snare;  
So at the signal of their priestly chief  
Uprose the dire divan with rushing sound,  
Like roar of distant waters. Terror-struck, 185  
Frantic as Bromius, with furious hands  
Th' enthusiastic hierarch seiz'd his robes,  
And into tatters like a cancell'd scroll  
Tore them, exclaiming vehement and loud  
That all might hear—What need of further proof?  
Ye' have heard his blasphemy. How think ye, sirs?  
What may such crime deserve?—Th' infuriate priests  
Seiz'd by like phrensy with one voice pronounce—  
Death

Death be his sentence!—Death through all the hall  
 Rebounding echoes back th' accurs'd decree. 195  
 Horrible sentence! Murder hatch'd in hell;  
 Libation for the fiends! Dæmons, on you  
 And on your generations to all time  
 His righteous blood shall rest. Now uproar wild  
 And horrid din succeeds: The scoffing crowd 200  
 Rush to the bar, so privileg'd, and there  
 With scurril taunts and blasphemies revile  
 The patient Son of God. Oh thought of horror!  
 The Savior of mankind revil'd by man,  
 The just by th' unjust! Others more profane 205  
 Vent their vile rheum upon his sacred face,  
 Or smite him with their palms, then gibing cry—  
 Tell us who smote thee; prophesy, thou CHRIST!

Monsters, that CHRIST hath prophesied, your doom  
 Already by that Prophet is pronounc'd, 210  
 The lips you strike have utter'd it: Behold!  
 Jerusalem is fall'n, her towers are dust,  
 Your city smokes in ruin: Lo! what piles  
 Of mangled carcases: what horrid scenes  
 Of violated matrons: Hark! what screams 215  
 Of infants butcher'd in their mothers arms;  
 And look! your temple blazes to the sky;  
 It's beams of cedar overlaid with gold,  
 It's fretted roof with carvings rich emboss'd,  
 And all it's glorious splendor feeds the flames 220  
 Infatiate; mark how high their serpent spires  
 Hissing ascend: God fans them in his ire:  
 Thither the wild beasts of the desert hie,

There

There carrion owls by midnight haunt, there dwells  
 The dragon, and the satyrs dance: 'Tis done! 225  
 That prophecy is seal'd. There yet remains  
 An awful consummation unreveal'd,  
 Till God shall gather up your scatter'd race  
 Still vagrant o'er th' inhospitable earth.  
 Ah! wretched people, broken and dispers'd, 230  
 Did ye preserve the oracles of God  
 But to convict your own obduracy?  
 Sad nation, on whose neck the iron yoke  
 Of persecution hard, too hard, hath lain,  
 And yet lies heavy, will ye not accept. 235  
 A High Priest, holy, harmless, undefil'd,  
 From sinners sep'rate and exalted high  
 Above the heavens? And do ye not perceive  
 The word of JESUS in yourselves fulfill'd?  
 Rue then the prophecy, which you provok'd, 240  
 Of faithless fathers ye still faithless sons!  
 Whilst shuddering I recount the impious taunts  
 Of that blaspheming rout: But neither taunts  
 Nor violence could shake the Savior's peace;  
 He in his own pure spi'rit collected stood,  
 Nor of their base revilings took account.

'Twas now that CHRIST, knowing himself denied  
 Three times of PETER, turn'd and look'd upon him.  
 He from the garden, where his Lord was seiz'd,  
 Following at distance JUDAS and his band, 250  
 Had kept his eye upon their moving fires,  
 And up the sacred mount pursued their track,  
 Till at the palace-door he stood and fought.

Admission



Admission with the crowd ; when there behold !  
 A damsel at the portal scans him o'er 255  
 With scrutinizing eye and strait exclaims—  
 Thou too wert in this Galilean's train ;  
 Thou art of JESUS.—Sudden to his heart  
 The coward tremor runs and there suggests  
 The fear-conceived lye ; before them all 260  
 With confidence to falsehood ill applied --  
 I know not what thou say'st—he strait avers,  
 And to the porch goes forth : There in his ear  
 The cock his first shrill warning gives and sings  
 The knell of constancy's predicted breach, 265  
 Of constancy, alas ! too strongly vouch'd  
 By him in rash and over-weening zeal,  
 Boasting like martyrdom with CHRIST himself,  
 Sole sacrifice appointed for mankind.  
 But he, though of presumption warn'd, by fear  
 Still haunted and the guilty dread of death,  
 Strait to a second questioner replies—  
 I do not know the man—and to engage  
 Belief, binds down the falsehood with an oath,  
 Fatal appeal to Heav'n ! insult to God 275  
 And His all-righteous ears ! Is this the man,  
 Who with such glowing ardor self-assur'd—  
 Though all shall be offended, I will not—  
 Proudly averr'd, and for that pride reprov'd—  
 Though I should die with thee, dauntless rejoin'd,  
 Yet will I not deny thee—? Man, weak man,  
 Pride was not made for thee. If PETER fell  
 Presuming, who shall say, Behold ! I stand

In my own strength nor ask support of God?  
 And now, as if devoted to his shame, 285  
 Curious to pry, yet fearful to be seen,  
 He mixes with the throng that crowd the hall;  
 And there once more is challeng'd for his speech,  
 As favo'ring of the Galilean phrase;  
 Then with reiterated oaths abjures 290  
 His Master the third time; when hark! again  
 The cock's loud signal echoes back the lye  
 In his convicted ear; the prophet bird  
 Strains his recording throat, and up to heav'n  
 Trumpets the trebled perjury and claps 295  
 His wings in triumph o'er presumption's fall.

Oh! fall'n how low, is this thy promis'd faith,  
 Favor'd of CHRIST so highly? Know'st thou not,  
 Disciple, thine own Lord? or know'st him only  
 In safety, in prosperity, in power,  
 For thine own selfish ends, a summer guest,  
 Prone to desert him in the wint'ry hour  
 Of tribulation, poverty and woe?  
 Is thy frail memory of that slippery stuff,  
 That a friend's sorrow washes out all trace 305  
 Of a friend's features? Look upon his eyes!  
 Behold, they turn on thee: Them dost thou know?  
 Their language canst thou read and from them draw  
 The conscious reminiscence thou disown'st?  
 Mark, is their sweetness lost? Ah! no; they beam  
 Celestial grace, a sanctity of soul  
 So melting soft with pity, such a gleam  
 Of love divine attemp'ring mild reproof,

Where

Where is the man, that to obtain that eye  
 Of mercy on his sins would not forego 315  
 Life's dearest comforts to embrace such hope?  
 O death, death! where would be thy sting, or where  
 These awful tremblings, which thy coming stirs  
 In my too conscious breast, might I aspire  
 To hope my Judge would greet me with that look?  
 Vaunt not yourselves, ye scorers, nor exult  
 In this recital of a good man's fall,  
 Faithful historian of his own offence :  
 But rather let it physic your proud spleen  
 To mark how mean, prevaricating, false 325  
 And despicable a vain-glorious man.  
 PETER's denial, David's heinous sin,  
 And all the guilty lapses of man's heart,  
 Though summ'd together into one account,  
 Each spot and blemish malice can search out 330  
 To tarnish the fair lustre of a name,  
 Stand but as lessons of humility,  
 Warnings of frailty to o'er-weening man ;  
 And if our mournful page hath now set forth  
 The fall of virtue, let it next record 335  
 It's glorious resurrection : We have shewn  
 The' offender in his shame, what now remains  
 But to display the penitent? Behold !  
 Abash'd he stands bath'd in remorseful tears :  
 One glance from his beloved Master's eye, 340  
 Like Nathan's parable, hath rous'd from sleep  
 His drowsy conscience. Mark, where he retires  
 To weep in solitude and purge his heart

By



By sorrowful repentance of it's guilt.

Ô PETER, could my verse fit offering make, 345  
That verse should be bestow'd upon thy tears.

Now the assembled elders and their chief,  
After short consultation had, resolve  
With the next dawn of morning to arraign  
Their Prisoner at the prætorian bar 350  
Of PILATE, procurator for the state  
Imperial of Rome and Cæsar; he  
Held judgment sovereign of life and death  
In tributary Jewry, judge corrupt,  
And like Rome's venal emissaries prone 355  
To every sordid purpose; train'd in blood  
And for tribunal bloody therefore fit.

Meanwhile forth issuing from the fatal hall,  
Scene of his shame, the sad Disciple took  
His pensive way across the temple-court 360  
Silent and solitary, seeking where  
To' unbosom his full sorrows and give up  
His soul to pray'r, and pardon seek of God  
For his revolt. Pale through night's curtain gleam'd  
By fits the lunar intermittent ray, 365  
That quiv'ring serv'd to light his lonely steps  
To the fair gate call'd Beautiful, whose porch  
High over-arch'd, on writhed columns propp'd  
Of spiral brass convolv'd, was for it's shade  
Of CHRIST and his Disciples much in quest. 370

Hither he came, and falling on his knees,  
Like the' humble publican smote on his breast,  
And this confession self-accusing made.

Here

Here let me fall and in repentant tears  
 Weep out my soul upon these piti'less stones, 37;  
 Made sacred by His steps, whose awful name  
 Thrice blasphem'd, thrice abjur'd, I dare not speak,  
 Though in my supplication. Can I say,  
 Spare me, O God of mercy ? Can I ask  
 Pardon of God, unpardon'd of myself ? 38<sup>a</sup>  
 Oh ! wretched recreant creature as I am,  
 What shall redeem me from this misery,  
 And reconcile my conscience to itself,  
 A perjur'd conscience ? Never more can peace  
 Dwell in this bosom ; never can my soul 38;  
 Ascend out of the dust, or lift a thought  
 In hope tow'ards heav'n. With JUDAS let me dwell,  
 Colleague in treason ; with his sin my sin  
 In the' execration of all time be link'd.  
 Or shall I venture to look up and say ; 39<sup>a</sup>  
 O God, behold a wretch, who dares not sue  
 For mercy but for mitigated wrath,  
 For punishment proportion'd to my bearing,  
 Protracted, not too sudden, lest it take  
 My senses from me and with them all power 39;  
 Of meditation, penance and atonement ?  
 Spare me a little to abhor myself ;  
 And if the arrow, which my conscience drives  
 Into this guilty heart, draws not enough  
 Of it's vile blood to purify what's left, 40<sup>a</sup>  
 Let the strong hand of justice force it home  
 And finish me at once. Was I not warn'd  
 Of my presumption, and a signal set

To

To number my denials, when I swore  
Never to swerve but follow him to death? 405  
Mine, like ISCARIOT'S, was predicted sin:  
I spar'd not him, I call'd his wilful guilt,  
Obstinate malice; and can I now urge  
Necessity my plea? All things are known  
To CHRIST; the evil motions of my will 410  
He saw, not over-rul'd: I might have pray'd  
For grace, support, prevention; I pray'd not,  
But heedless of the prophécy and blind  
Rush'd into sin prepen'se, self-will'd, self-lost.  
What fascination seiz'd me to draw forth 415  
The sword in rash defence of Him, whose word  
Legions of Angels could have call'd from heav'n?  
And what prevaricating dæmon breath'd  
The lye into my lips, when the same night,  
Nay, the same hour, that saw me prompt to' oppose  
My life to danger, saw me meanly shrink  
From what I courted, and behind a lye  
Three times repeated like a coward sculk?  
And did I not know CHRIST whom I denied?  
Did I not know the Master whom I serv'd, 425  
Who call'd me to him, pour'd into my heart  
His heav'nly doctrines, rais'd my lowly thoughts  
From the mean drudgery of a fisher's trade,  
And taught me in the energy of faith  
To walk upon that sea, in which ere-while 430  
I dragg'd the net and toil'd for daily bread?  
O memory, once my glory, now my curse,  
To what sad purpose do I call thee home,

Absent



Absent in danger, present in despair ?  
 Is there a wonder done of CHRIST on earth 435  
 I have not witness'd ? Did I not behold  
 Dead Lazarus revive at his command ?  
 What shall I say to him, whom I saw die,  
 When living he arraigns me face to face ?  
 What answer make to those, whom I have serv'd  
 From one small wallet with the bread of thousands ?  
 The very blind, ere they receiv'd their sight,  
 Saw more than I, and hail'd him LORD and CHRIST.  
 Who shall believe when I renounce belief ?  
 The very dev'ls own Him whom I denied. 445  
 Can I call these accurst, whose impious cry  
 Dooms him to death ; who smite him with their palms  
 Blaspheming ? Harder than their hands my heart.  
 Wretch, 'twas my false tongue train'd them on to  
 murder ;

On me, me only all their sin rebounds : 450  
 I stand condemn'd, they free. Can I forget  
 How oft my lips confess'd him Son of God ?  
 Perish that tongue, which could revoke it's faith,  
 Disown confession and belie my heart.  
 Denied of me on earth, when in the clouds 455  
 Of heav'n he comes at the right hand of Pow'r,  
 And sends his Angels with the trumpet's sound  
 To gather his elect from the four winds,  
 When, as a shepherd culling out his flock,  
 To separate all nations and divide 460  
 The good from evil he proceeds, Ah ! then,  
 Then will he not retort the fatal words  
 First us'd of me, I know thee not ! Depart,

Thou

Thou wicked servant, into outer darkness,  
There weep and gnash thy teeth in fires prepar'd  
For SATAN and his outcast crew accurst?

Thus he all night with deep remorse o'erwhelm'd,  
Mournfully kneeling at God's temple-gate,  
Bewail'd his crime and supplication made  
For pardon; and let after-times attest 470  
How full a portion of God's spi'rit abode  
In this blest Penitent, when with the sound  
Of rushing mighty winds it was pour'd down  
On him and on his fellows, thence install'd  
Apostles, and with gifted tongues inspir'd 475  
To speak all languages and preach the Word  
Of CHRIST throughout the whole converted world.  
Here in this very spot, where now he kneels  
Repentant, fill'd ere long with pow'r divine,  
He bade the cripple in the name of CHRIST 480  
Rise up and walk: He at the word in sight  
Of all the people rose and stood and walk'd  
And in the temple gave loud praise to God.  
Then let not his offence, pardon'd of God,  
By man but for example's sake be nam'd, 485  
And once more, hail, thou renovated Saint!  
Made brighter by repentance: Enter thou  
Into thy Master's joy once more; resume  
Thine apostolic primacy, and feed,  
Shepherd of CHRIST deputed, feed his flock. 490  
Nor shall thy faith once falter, nor thy zeal  
Shrink from the test of martyrdom, reserv'd  
To glorify thy Master on the cross.

Now morning from her cloudy barrier forth  
 Advancing crimson'd all the flecker'd East, 495  
 As blushing to lead on the guilty day.  
 With the first dawn the wakeful elders meet,  
 Short council hold, for little time suffic'd  
 To take their voices, whose relentless minds  
 In the same bloody league were banded all; 500  
 And now unanimous with their high priest  
 In stately grave procession forth they march  
 To find their heathen judge, and at his bar  
 Arraign the Holy One.—But check, my heart,  
 Thine indignation; let the verse proceed!— 505  
 Him in his seat of judgment high enthron'd,  
 With axes and with listors round embay'd  
 In martial state, with reverence they salute,  
 And lowly stoop their tributary heads  
 To his vice-gerent majesty: With smile 510  
 Of condescending favor he accepts  
 Their abject greeting, and to his right hand  
 Their chief advances; others in their ranks  
 And orders he disposes; then with feign'd  
 Solitude, as if to seek the cause 515  
 Of this concerted meeting, he begins.

What cause so weighty brings JEHOVAH's priest  
 With these wise elders and time-honor'd scribes  
 Thus early to seek justice at my bar?  
 Appeal so reverend, with such leader grac'd 520  
 And by such followers witness'd, well demands  
 Of Cæsar's servant his most equal ear.

Whereto the' high priest, second to none in craft,  
 With



With solemn accent and demeanor grave  
Masking his base collusion, thus replies. 525

When he, whose hand the sword of justice sways,  
Her balance also holds in equal poise  
Over this realm provincial, we have cause  
To thank the master of our liberties,  
Who by such delegation of his power 530  
Makes light that yoke, which else would gall our  
necks,

Though Cæsar lays it on us: Then let praise  
Be giv'n to Cæsar for the love we bear  
To PONTIUS PILATE. Have I leave to say,  
That we your servants, a peculiar race, 535

Pay worship to one God and hold at heart  
As sacred that commandment handed down  
From our forefathers, which for ever makes  
His undivided Unity the creed

Of all our nation; and whoe'er blasphemes 540  
His name and controverts our holy faith,  
Dies by our law? This sentence we have pass'd,  
But execution staid, so bound in duty,

Upon a certain Nazarite, by name  
JESUS, obscure of birth, but of our peace 545

No slight disturber; for the common herd,  
A monster as you know with many heads,  
And every head with twice as many ears  
Itching for novelties, have rais'd this man

To dang'rous eminence; and for he cheats 550  
Their gross credulity with juggling sleights,  
Which they call miracles, have blown his pride

To such a monstrous bulk, he now scales heaven,  
 There seats himself—Oh! where shall I find words  
 To speak his blasphemy?—at God's right hand,  
 His Son, his equal, sharer of his throne,  
 Judge of the world. If this be not a crime  
 For death to expiate we are slaves indeed,  
 And every statute, ordinance and law  
 Rome leaves inviolate, JESUS shall break 560  
 Unpunish'd: Nor is this, dread sir, the whole  
 Of his presumption; mark, I pray, the height  
 To which his phrensy rages, mark his threat!  
 He will put down this temple in three days  
 And in like time with hands invisible 565  
 Erect another.—Patron of our laws,  
 Fountain of justice! ought this man to live?  
 Such madness breath'd into our peoples minds  
 Will spur them to the deed, break every band  
 That ties them down to order, and turn loose 570  
 Their fury not on us alone but Rome,  
 Not on our temple only but perhaps  
 On this tribunal, which Heav'n guard! And now  
 Take the whole matter of our charge at once:  
 This JESUS hath pronounc'd himself a king, 575  
 Our king, your master's rival: You best know  
 If your great empe'ror abdicates his right  
 To our allegiance, which we fain would hold,  
 Where we have vow'd it, to imperial Cæsar,  
 Not to this mean mechanic, Joseph's son. 580  
 This is our plea, O PONTIUS, why we claim  
 Justice against the pris'ner, who now waits

Your

Your sentence under guard and bound, as fits  
Delinquent so atrocious : I have said.

To him the Roman—Be it known to all, 585  
The sentence, which you urge against the life  
Of your now absent pris'ner, cannot pass  
By practice of our law, till face to face  
With his accusers he shall stand at bar,  
And licence have to answer for himself 590  
Touching the crime in charge; therefore these words,  
Which you have largely spent, are spent in air,  
Else might the ear of justice be forestall'd  
By the empleader's charge, and so perchance  
Let fall the axe upon the guiltless head. 595  
Much knowledge of your laws I cannot boast,  
Nor with these learned scribes hold argument;  
For so much therefore as to them pertains  
I on the part of Cæsar am no judge;  
His tributes, his supremacy and rights 600  
Disputed or oppos'd I shall uphold  
'Gainst all offenders. Let th' accus'd appear!

This said, behold the blessed Son of God  
Dragg'd to a pagan bar! There whilst he stood  
A spectacle of pity, patient, meek, 605  
Submitted to his fate, PILATE, who knew  
Him innocent and his accusers false,  
Envious and cruel, ey'd him o'er and o'er,  
And as he ponder'd in his mind how base  
The sentence he was now requir'd to give, 610  
Some sparks of Roman virtue, not quite dead  
Though faintly felt in his degene'rate breast,



Revolted from the deed : Soft was the touch,  
 Though ineffectual, which sweet pity gave  
 To his stern heart : He wish'd, yet knew not how,  
 To' unfold the gates of mercy, and through them  
 Let pass the rescued Innocent to life ;  
 The son of Epicurus could no more.  
 Upon the Sufferer's brow serene he saw  
 Where innocence and sanctity enthron'd 620  
 Sate visible and claim'd his just award :  
 He turn'd him to th' accusers and beheld  
 Such malice, as brought up to view a groupe  
 Of his own furies from their fabled hell ;  
 Then with a frown he cries—What law is your's,  
 Which makes this man a culprit ere he's tried ?  
 Unmanacle his limbs ! A Roman judge  
 Hears no man plead in shackles ; he, who speaks  
 In life's defence hath call for every aid  
 That Nature can bestow, free use of limbs, 630  
 Action and utterance to grace his cause,  
 And hold him up against the world's contempt :  
 I will not hear a man that pleads in bonds.  
 Cut those vile cords asunder : Set him loose !

And now our blessed Lord, his arms releas'd 635  
 From the harsh thongs, which the malignant Jews  
 Had bound about them, 'gan to re-compose  
 His decent vesture and with calm survey  
 To note his persecutors, those dire priests  
 And cruel hypocrites that bay'd him round. 640  
 In every breast transparent to his eye  
 Malice and craft and envy he discern'd :

In

In PILATE's face the shifting hues bespoke  
 Internal strife of passions all in arms,  
 Combat 'twixt good and evil : In his hand 645  
 He held a scroll, which with intente eye  
 And thoughtful brow deep pondering he perus'd :  
 The writing well he knew, but the contents,  
 Thus worded, much perplex'd his wav'ring thoughts.

“ O Pilate, if thy wife was ever held 650  
 “ In honor, love or trust, I do adjure thee  
 “ This once take warning from her voice inspir'd  
 “ To snatch thee from destruction. Oh ! withhold .  
 “ Thine hand from that just person, harm not him,  
 “ That holy JESUS, who now stands before thee ;  
 “ Touch not his sacred life, or on thine head  
 “ A fearful judgment thou shalt else pull down :  
 “ A mighty Pow'r protects him, what I know not,  
 “ But mightier sure than all the Gods of Rome ;  
 “ For I have seen his glory in a dream, 660  
 “ And dreams descend from heav'n. Pilate, be-  
 ware !”

Such was the warning scroll he now perus'd,  
 Ev'n on the judgment seat, by timely hand  
 Sent for his rescue : Happy ! had he turn'd  
 His heart so warn'd to justice, and obey'd 665  
 The visitation of the spirit vouchsaf'd :  
 But he, like Cæsar, deem'd his manhood pledg'd  
 To make flight 'count of a weak woman's dream :  
 Yet much confus'd, uncertain and perplex'd  
 He look'd around, and saw all eyes upon him : 670  
 The Jews impatient, JESUS at the bar

Prepar'd

Prepar'd for trial: What shall he resolve?  
 Break up the court and judgment put aside  
 For a mere vapor, for no better plea  
 Than to indulge a woman's fond caprice, 675  
 And bid the law stand still and wait the time  
 "Till PILATE's wife shall meet with better dreams?"  
 Such scorn he dar'd not to provoke, and now  
 Loud murmurs fill'd his ear: Compell'd to rise,  
 Though uncollected and in mind disturb'd, 680  
 He thus address'd the LORD.—Art thou a king,  
 And of this nation, who accuse thee to me,  
 King of the Jews?—Thou say'st it, JESUS cried:  
 But say'st thou of thyself this thing, or taught  
 Of others art thou prompted so to speak?— 685  
 Am I a Jew? the fault'ring judge replied;  
 No I, but these, who if thou wert a king  
 Were thine own subjects, elders, priests and scribes,  
 These have accus'd thee. Not of them am I;  
 Nor in this business covet further share, 690  
 Than on the part of justice to demand, [charge?  
 What hast thou done? How answer'st thou their  
 Of this world were my kingdom, said our LORD,  
 My servants would defend their King, and fight  
 To save me from my' oppressors: But I reign 695  
 Not on this earth, nor is my pow'r from hence.  
 Art thou a king then?—interpos'd the judge:—  
 Thou say'st, cried JESUS, that I am a king;  
 And truly to this purpose was I born,  
 And for this cause came I into the world, 700  
 That I should witness bear unto the Truth;  
 And



And all, that to the Truth belong, hear me.—  
 What is the Truth? said PILATE, but his voice  
 Now falter'd and his thoughts unsettled, wild  
 And driv'n at random like a wreck, could grasp  
 No helm of reason; only this he knew  
 There was no fault before him: This aloud  
 To all he publish'd and pronounc'd him clear.

Whereat with rage and disappointment stung,  
 Furious as wolves defrauded of their prey, 710  
 Uprose the priests appellant, and afresh  
 Urge o'er and o'er their aggravating charge,  
 Forging new falsehoods and re-forging old:  
 The Preacher of forbearance, peace and love  
 Perverter of the nation now they call, 715  
 Fomenter of sedition, spreading wide  
 From Galilee, the cradle of his birth,  
 Throughout all Jewry to the capital;  
 Where now assuming to himself the name,  
 Prerogative and state of King and CHRIST, 720  
 He stirreth up the people to revolt,  
 Forbidding them to pay their rightful dues  
 Of tribute to Rome's emperor, himself  
 Exalting above Cæsar. This and more  
 In the like strain of virulence, with lips 725  
 In aspic venom steep'd they now depose;  
 Nor had they brought their malice to a pause,  
 When PILATE, hoping he had now found plea  
 To shift the dreaded sentence from himself,  
 Thus interposing check'd their clam'rous spleen.

Break off, and let your tongues take rest awhile:  
 It is not at this bar you must emplead  
 This man, a Galilean as it seems;  
 Whom, being such, it is not mine to hear  
 But HEROD'S: Let his special tetrarch judge 735  
 'Twixt him and you: Thither remit your suit.

This said, he rose preventing all reply,  
 Whilst they, though by procrastination gall'd,  
 Yet of their tetrarch confident, submit:  
 But nor with HEROD could their malice speed 740  
 To it's main purpose: Little care had he  
 For all their priestly clamor; in his thoughts  
 Religion had no interest, truth no weight:  
 For prophets and for prophecies no ear  
 Had he, alike regardless how CHRIST preach'd, 745  
 Or they complain'd; yet much he wish'd to see  
 Some splendid miracle of him perform'd,  
 Something to strike his senses with surprize  
 And satisfy a wanton curiosity,  
 Made eager by the fame of those great works, 750  
 Whereof he much had heard and nothing seen.  
 But when our LORD to all his questions mute  
 Nor word nor sign vouchsaf'd, to wrath impell'd,  
 What by enticements he had fail'd to gain  
 By taunts he hop'd to' extort; and now his spleen  
 To impious scorn and mockery gave the rein:  
 Forthwith his Pris'ner in a gorgeous robe  
 Apparel'd as a king, to all his court  
 Held up for sport and laughter, he expos'd.  
 Loud was the roar of blasphemy the whilst, 760  
 And

And wild the revels of the scoffing throng  
As the lewd orgies of the frantic god,  
Or clamor of that sacrilegious rout,  
When their mad rage the Thracian minstrel tore,  
Whose wonder-working harp could charm the ear  
Of hell and call dead nature into life.

The priests look'd on and grinn'd malicious joy;  
Yet would not HEROD execution doom;  
Or willing to appease the jealousy  
Of PILATE, or content to mark his scorn 770  
Of JESUS by this arrogant display  
Of mercy, as not dreading whom he spar'd.

Now once again at PILATE's bar he stands,  
Not as before like malefactor tied  
And round begirt with cords, but overlaid 775  
With a rich load of sumptuous mockery;  
A lamb compell'd to carry the proud spoils  
And guilty trappings of the ty'rannous wolf.  
Again the judge with slow unwilling step  
To his tribunal mounts and thus he speaks. 780

You still persist to bring this man to me  
As a perverter of your nation's faith  
And loyalty: Your witnesses I've heard,  
Ponder'd their depositions and throughout  
Examin'd ev'ry tittle of your charge: 785  
Him too I've question'd in the ears of all  
Here present, and no shadow of offence  
Can I discern to warrant your appeal  
For execution, and pass judgment on him:  
No, nor yet HEROD, for to him I sent 790  
You



You and your pris'ner, and behold him freed,  
 Nothing is done unto him worthy death :  
 I will chastise him therefore and release ;  
 Yet this chastisement rather to allay  
 Your anger, than so merited of him, 795  
 I shall inflict. Remember this your feast  
 Hath the long plea of custom to be mark'd  
 With pardon and forbearance : To reprieve  
 One culprit from his sentence I am bound  
 No less by inclination than by rule 800  
 And usage immemorial : Make your choice !  
 But let it fall on innocence not guilt.

Instant all voices echo'd forth a cry—  
 Hence with this man ! away with him to death !  
 Give us the muid'rer, set Barabbas free : 805  
 Let JESUS perish !—Wherefore ; for what crime ?  
 PILATE exclaim'd : What evil hath he done ?  
 No cause of death in JESUS can I find,  
 Be witness for me, justice, none in him ;  
 But for that wretch, on whom ye would bestow 810  
 Pardon misplac'd, so various are his crimes,  
 So black their quality, ye cannot name  
 A death more terrible than he deserves.  
 Take of the guiltless blood what stripes can draw  
 To satisfy your longing, but forbear 815  
 To take the life, if not for pity's sake,  
 In honor of yourselves, that ye may say,  
 There was one prophet, whom ye did not kill.

Loud as the winds that lash the raging seas  
 And all as deaf, redoubling now the roar, 820  
 Th'

Th' infuriate Jews rend their blaspheming throats,  
 Howling for blood ; 'till deafen'd with the din  
 Of, Crucify him ! crucify him ! dreadful cry,  
 PILATE, who 'twixt their tumult and the death  
 Of that just Person saw no middle course, 825  
 By which t' escape, one solemn act prepar'd,  
 By expiatory washing of his hands  
 In presence of the multitude, to purge  
 His soul, and therefore God alone is judge,  
 From the pure blood of that devoted Lamb. 830

Behold ! he cries, I pour this water forth,  
 And therein make ablution of my soul  
 From all participation in your crime,  
 By washing of my hands from every stain  
 Of this inhuman sacrifice, each spot 835  
 And sprinkling of this guiltless Victim's blood.  
 Rest on your heads the murder ! I am clean.

This said, he turn'd and fix'd a pitying look  
 Upon the LORD ; then sigh'd and gave the word :  
 Eager as hounds, when slipp'd upon their prey, 840  
 In rush the throng, and soon the hissing scourge  
 Whirl'd with impetuous swing aloud resounds  
 Gashing that sacred flesh, whose bleeding stripes  
 Heal'd our sin-wounded souls ; upon his brow  
 A thorny crown they fix, whose tortu'ring spikes,  
 Thrust rudely in by sacrilegious hands,  
 Furrow his temples and with crimson streams  
 Cover his face divine : Him thus abus'd,  
 Mangled with stripes and all o'er bath'd in blood,  
 In purple robe they scornfully array 850

And

And drag to public view.—Behold the man !—

PILATE proclaim'd with horror in his voice  
And out-stretch'd arm, that pointed to a sight,  
Which had to pity mov'd their steely hearts,  
Had they not been of metal forg'd by fiends 855  
And temper'd in the sternest fires of hell.

Dry-ey'd, as rock of adamant unmov'd,  
Obdurate to his sorrows they look'd on,  
Nor from their crucifying clamor ceas'd,  
Till PILATE, now all hope for JESUS lost, 860  
Yielding to their tumultuous fury, cried.

Take him and do your bloody work yourselves :  
Impose it not on me ; I find no cause  
Of death, no fault in JESUS. Take ye him  
And crucify him ! Of his guiltless blood 865  
Lo ! I am innocent ; see ye to that !

On us and on our children be his blood !—  
Then answer'd all the Jews. Tremendous words,  
Tremendously fulfill'd ! And now afresh  
They clamor for the cross ; when thus the judge—  
Would you that I should crucify your king ?—  
We have no king but Cæsar, they rejoin,  
Nor art thou Cæsar's friend to spare this man.—  
'Twas past ; to that dread name the Roman bow'd  
Obedient, and from his sad heart sigh'd forth 875  
Th' extorted doom—Death to the LORD OF LIFE !



CALVARY;

OR THE

DEATH OF CHRIST.

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BOOK VI.

## THE ARGUMENT of the SIXTH BOOK.

*Judas Iscariot seized with remorse returns the thirty pieces of silver to the priests and departs: Mammon reassumes the habit of a Levite, and meeting Judas after he had returned the money to the priests, instigates him to destroy himself. That evil spirit now takes wing and repairs to the wilderness, convenes the demons from all parts of Palestine, and informing them of Satan's expulsion from earth, warns them by his command to betake themselves to flight before the hour of Christ's crucifixion: This is no sooner announced than the whole infernal host breaks up in disorder and disperses to various parts of the world therein described.—The subject of the Crucifixion is now brought forward: The procession sets out for Mount Calvary; Christ bearing his cross is bewailed by the spectators as he passes: He is seen by Gabriel and the angels with him from the mount, on which they were stationed: He addresses himself to the daughters of Jerusalem: The executioners nail his hands and feet to the cross; the priests revile him and call upon him to come down; one of the malefactors crucified with him casts the same in his teeth; he is reproved by the other, whose penitence is rewarded by the promise of immediate salvation and glory: Christ from the cross recommends his mother to John the beloved disciple: Christ dies: The sun is darkened, the earth quakes, the rocks are rent, and the bodies of the saints and prophets are raised from the dead and appear upon earth: The priests and elders, alarmed by these prodigies, resort to Pilate and demand a guard of Romans to defend the sepulchre, lest the disciples should take away the body of Christ and pretend that he was risen: Pilate replies, that they have a watch; bids them see to it themselves and dismisses them.*

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# C A L V A R Y.

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## B O O K VI.

### T H E C R U C I F I X O N.

“ O N us and on our children be his blood !”—  
Such was your imprecation, O ye Jews,  
When in your sight the world's Redeemer stood  
Gash'd o'er with wounds, and emptying ev'ry vein  
For man's redemption ; and behold ! it flows, 5  
It whelms upon you in a flood-gate tide ;  
Steep'd to the lips ye are in all the blood  
Of all the righteous shed upon the earth,  
From blood of righteous Abel to the blood  
Of Zechariah, whom your fathers ston'd 10  
Betwixt the altar and the house of God.  
Ye have enough ; the mark is on your race ;  
Ye have drawn down the judgment ye provok'd,  
It rests upon you : Yet for you no rest,  
No station, no abiding-place is found ; 15  
Strangers



Strangers and weary wand'ers upon earth,  
 If in the dust of your Jerusalem  
 With foot proscrib'd ye dare to tread, ye die ;  
 A savage race usurps your sacred mount,  
 And Jordan echoes an unhallow'd name ; 20  
 Should ye but stop to shed a filial tear  
 Upon the soil where your forefathers sleep,  
 Woe to the circumcis'd that so is found !  
 Oh ! slow of heart, when will ye understand,  
 That thus afflicted, scatter'd and dispers'd 25  
 Through every clime and kingdom of the world  
 Ye are sent forth to publish, as ye pass,  
 How truly CHRIST predicted of your fate ;  
 And though your lips deny, your sufferings prove  
 That prophet JESUS, whom your fathers slew, 30  
 Was Savior, Christ, Messias, Son of God.

Amidst the throng that fill'd the judgment-hall  
 Stood JUDAS ; he upon the watch to' avoid  
 The Master's eye with caution took his post ;  
 Yet was his ear to all that JESUS spake 35  
 Still present, and, though few the words, yet strong  
 And potent of those few the' impressive truth.  
 There was a magic sweetness in his voice,  
 A note that seem'd to shiver every nerve  
 Entwin'd about his heart, though now corrupt, 40  
 Debas'd and harden'd. Ill could he abide,  
 Murderer although he were, the dying tones  
 Of him, whom he had murder'd : 'Twas the voice  
 As of a spirit in the air by night  
 Heard in the meditation of some crime, 45  
 Or

Or sleep-created in the troubled ear  
 Of conscience, crying out, Beware ! It smote  
 Upon the soul, for it was CHRIST who spake,  
 Well then might JUDAS tremble : 'twas the traitor  
 Lifting the plea of innocence betray'd, 50  
 Well might that plea awaken his remorse.  
 When the perverting witnesses depos'd  
 To crimes, of which he knew his Master free,  
 The refutation quiver'd on his lips,  
 And hard he struggled to bring forth the words, 55  
 Yet could not, tongue-ty'd with despair and shame.  
 But if his hearing so alarm'd his heart,  
 What were his feelings, when at times his eye  
 Glanc'd on the sacred person of his Lord,  
 Bound like a felon, his defenceless hands 60  
 In manacles confin'd behind his back,  
 His cheeks with blows sufflated, and his face,  
 Oh, piteous ! with blaspheming slaver stain'd ;  
 Then stripp'd, transform'd, in purple stole array'd,  
 Saluted with the insolent All-hail, 65  
 King of the Jews ! a spectacle of sport  
 And merriment to all the scoffing crowd ?  
 Could heart of man bear this, who had beheld  
 His miracles, his mercies ; prov'd his love,  
 His patience, his forbearance ; shar'd his cares, 70  
 His labors and his watchings ; heard his voice,  
 When tempest-tost, rebuke the elements,  
 Though silent now amidst the roar of tongues ?  
 'Twas all that priestly malice could inflict,  
 But more than MAMMON's convert could support.

Yet

Yet worse had these tormentors in reserve  
 To agonize his soul, another scene  
 To shift new horrors on that bloody stage :  
 The torturing scourge now sounded in his ears,  
 The mangled flesh flew off in tatter'd stripes 80  
 The crimson stream ran down, the pavement drank  
 Libation of his immolated blood :  
 The hall rebellow'd with the echoing cry  
 Of monsters, who applauded every stroke,  
 Wolves, vultures, Oh, for words to speak them  
 worse ! 85

Men turn'd to dæmons. Traitor though he were,  
 Son of perdition, this was all too much.

Take hence, he cried, take back your bribe accurst,  
 Damn'd price of damning deed ! Tell o'er your coin ;  
 Count out your thirty pieces, for each piece 90  
 Is thirty thousand daggers to my heart :  
 Burthen'd too much already with my sins,  
 I should but into worse damnation sink  
 Under this mercenary load oppress'd.  
 I have betray'd the innocent ; too late 95  
 For pardon, I am past redemption lost ;  
 Ye may redeem the time, if ye recall  
 Your fatal condemnation and atone  
 To that just person ye have doom'd to death ;  
 If not, ye crucify the Lord of Life. 100

This said, he threw the thirty pieces down  
 And strait departed ; they to his retort  
 Short answer made remorseless and malign.  
 And now disburthen'd of his filthy bribe,

It



It seem'd as though his conscience would permit  
 A momentary pause for one short gleam  
 Of hope to visit his benighted soul :  
 'Twas something like atonement, 'twas one step  
 Turn'd backward from the precipice of sin  
 And pointed tow'ards repentance; 'twas the last 110  
 Faint effort that reluctant nature made  
 To struggle 'gainst self-murder ; but how vain !  
 For MAMMON, once the tyrant of man's heart,  
 Ill brooks expulsion thence, from youth to age,  
 From age to life's extremest hour he holds 115  
 Absolute empire, nor does hell contain  
 Spirit so jealous of usurp'd command.  
 He in the bosoms of those impious priests  
 Held high pre-eminence, and them amidst,  
 Himself unseen, had noted all that pass'd ; 120  
 And much indignant to be now abjur'd  
 Of that compunctious traitor, swift as thought,  
 Such was his power of motion, took the form  
 And habit of that Levite first assum'd,  
 And him close following to the outward hall, 125  
 There with these taunting words assail'd his ear.

A losing game, friend JUDAS, thou hast play'd  
 To set thy soul upon a desperate cast,  
 And after pay the stake on either side.  
 What folly is it to be knave by halves! 130  
 Who would strike virtue in the face, and then  
 Ask pardon for the blow ; fall off from truth,  
 Enlist with falsehood and take pay for treason,  
 Then by a paltry plea of restitution

Think

Think to compound one trespass by another, 135  
 Desertion by desertion? Get thee hence,  
 Thou shame to manhood! wring out the sad dregs  
 Of thy detested life in hopeless tears,  
 For thou hast thrown away both worlds at once;  
 All gain in this, all glory in the next. 140

And what art thou, cried JUDAS, so to gall  
 A wounded spirit, wounded by thy arts,  
 Tempter accurst? Human thou canst not be,  
 Else thou wouldst find some pity in thy heart  
 For wretch like me. Who but thyself seduc'd 145  
 My loyalty from CHRIST? Who sapp'd my faith?  
 Who fix'd this adder to my breast but thou?  
 Thou, dæmon as thou art, hast hurl'd me down  
 From my high hope to fathomless abyss  
 Of misery and despair, from heav'n to hell. 150

Rail not on me, quoth MAMMON, but thyself  
 And thine own folly; there the charge were just.  
 Didst thou not sell thy Master for a bribe?  
 My part was faithfully perform'd; the price  
 Condition'd for was paid. What wouldst thou more?  
 I needed treason, and I sought out thee  
 As fittest for my purpose: Envious, proud,  
 Lustful of pelf, a villain ready-made  
 And ripe for mischief, such I mark'd thee down;  
 Nay, and yet better; for I thought thee whole 160  
 And perfect villain with no rotten part  
 Of penitence to mar thee; but, behold,  
 Thou hast deceiv'd me vilely, and hast got  
 A blinking vice about thee, a perverse

And

And retrograde depravity of soul, 165  
 That makes thee hateful to my sight: Begone!  
 That thou art wicked put not me to blame;  
 Hadst thou been constant I had made thee rich,  
 And riches would have sav'd thee from contempt;  
 Now thou art poor and loathsome. Hence; avaunt!  
 One remedy I'll give thee for despair,  
 This cord, a remnant of thy Master's bonds;  
 A legacy most opportunely left  
 To heal thy cares and recompence thy love:  
 Take, and apply it to it's proper use; 175  
 It tied his limbs: Let it encase thy throat.

He said, and stooping, from the pavement took  
 The cord there left, and hurling it with scorn  
 To the desponding traitor disappear'd:  
 Nor did that wretch the fatal gift reject, 180  
 But eager seiz'd the instrument of death,  
 And soon within a darksome vault beneath  
 The judgment-hall fit solitude he found  
 And beam appropriate to his desperate use;  
 Whereto appendent he breath'd out his soul, 185  
 Not daring to put up one prayer for peace  
 At his dark journey's end; but trembling, wild,  
 Confus'd, of reason as of hope bereft,  
 With heaving breast and ghastly staring eyes  
 There betwixt heav'n and earth, of both renounc'd,  
 Hung terrible to sight, a bloated corpse.

Oh! how shall rash and ignorant man presume  
 To judge for God, and on his narrow scale  
 Think to mete out by limits and degrees

Immeasurable



Immeasurable mercy ? Who can tell 195  
 How high the sorrows of man's suffering heart  
 Ascend tow'rds heaven, how swift contrition flies,  
 What words find passage to the throne of grace,  
 What in mid-way are lost, dispers'd in air,  
 And scatter'd to the winds ? Oh ! that my harp 200  
 Could sound that happy note, which stirs the string  
 Responsive, that kind Nature hath entwin'd  
 About the human heart, and by whose clue  
 Repentance, heav'nly monitress, reclaims  
 The youthful wanderer from his dang'rous maze  
 To tread her peaceful paths and seek his God :  
 So could my fervent my effectual verse  
 Avail, posterity should then engrave  
 That verse upon my tomb to tell the world  
 I did not live in vain. But heedless man, 210  
 Deaf to the music of the moral song,  
 By Mammon or by Belial led from sin  
 To sin, runs onward in his mad career,  
 Nor once takes warning of his better guide,  
 Till at the barrier of life's little span 215  
 Arriv'd, he stops : Death opens to his view  
 A hideous gulph ; in vain he looks around  
 For the lost seraph Hope ; beside him stands  
 The tyrant fiend and urges to the brink ;  
 Behind him black despair with threat'ning frown 220  
 And gorgon shield, whose interposed orb  
 Bars all retreat, and with it's shade involves  
 Life's brighter prospects in one hideous night.

So

So JUDAS fell; so like him every wretch,  
 By the same filthy Mammon lur'd, shall fall. 225  
 Meanwhile the vengeful dæmon unappeas'd,  
 Pond'ring the warning of his Stygian Lord  
 Late driv'n from earth, and mindful that the charge  
 And conduct of hell's host on him devolv'd  
 Now claim'd his wariest thought, upon the wing  
 Sets forth full sail to summon his compeers,  
 As many' as in that quarter might be found,  
 And them apprize of their foul loss incurr'd  
 By their great captain's fall, and what dispatch  
 Behoves them now put forth timely to 'scape 235  
 Impending danger of their chief foreseen,  
 If CHRIST's death-hour should unawares surprize  
 Them idly station'd, or with curious gaze  
 Hovering about his cross. So forth he goes:  
 But first to spy the land he wheels his flight 240  
 Athwart Mount Calvary, and there on guard  
 A file of heav'nly warriors he descries  
 Covering the sacred hill, and at their head  
 GABRIEL in golden panoply array'd,  
 Arm'd at all points, commander of the band. 245  
 The fate of SATAN and the recent fight  
 Of CHEMOS' ghastly wound, with guilty fears  
 Haunting his coward fancy, warn'd him fly  
 Beyond the range of that strong spear, from which  
 Spirit more warlike than himself had fled. 250  
 As when a pirate galley on the scout,  
 Roving the seas of some strong-guarded coast,  
 In bay or inlet moor'd under the lea

Of headland promontory' at anchor spies  
 A warlike fleet, whose tow'ring masts and sails 255  
 Unbent for sea bespeak their ready trim,  
 Down goes the helm at once, the felon crew  
 Bestir all hands and veer the vessel round  
 To seaward, then ply oars and sails for life :  
 So at the sight of that angelic band 260  
 The Stygian scout wheel'd round and sped his flight  
 Sheer to the wilderness on swiftest wing.  
 There on the watch AZAZEL haply found  
 He bade sound forth the loud Satanic trump,  
 Heard through all Palestine, at call whereof 265  
 Spi'rits, to whatever element affix'd,  
 In troops swift-posting on the charmed winds,  
 Came from all parts ; from Sidon and from Tyre  
 New ris'n amidst the waves ; from Gaza's coast,  
 Meridian limit, to the snow-capt mounts 270  
 Hermon and Libanus, and them beyond  
 From Epidaphne on Orontes' stream,  
 Fam'd for it's grove prophetic ; from the banks  
 Of Pharphar and Abana, Rimmon's haunts ;  
 From Byblus, where Astarte's wanton train 275  
 Howl for the death of Thammuz, yearly lost  
 And found as oft by the love-frantic dames.  
 These on the desert heath alighting stand  
 Obedient to the signal ; all around  
 Expectant of their arch-angelic chief 280  
 They cast an anxious look, but look in vain :  
 Him in far other region they shall find  
 In chains fast bound amidst eternal fires,

His



His dismal dwelling, for them also' reserv'd  
In God's appointed time. To whom the fiend. 285

I muse not, warriors, that ye stand amaz'd  
To see yourselves in absence of our chief  
Here summon'd by his arch-angelic trump,  
Which other breath than his before ne'er fill'd;  
But public danger urges this bold step, 290

In me presumptuous, had I not to plead  
Your safety for my warrant, and withal  
His last sad mandate earnestly bequeath'd  
At parting, when sole witness I beheld  
His utter loss, discomfiture and flight. 295

Ah, friends! how sympathetic with my soul  
Is that deep general groan, which now I hear!  
Full cause, immortal mourners, have we all  
To groan and beat our breasts, nor I the least,  
Whose melancholy task it is to pour 300  
These heavy tidings in your grieved ears.

But let us yet remember what we are,  
And be not therefore heartless, though bereft  
Of him, who was the head and brain of all.  
Many and mighty are the chiefs yet left, 305

Though he prime chief no longer shall review  
This widow'd host. Of SATAN the return  
Is desp'rate, such a whirlwind caught him up,  
So strong a southern blast at CHRIST's command  
Blew him beyond the stretch of angel ken 310

Right onward to the realm of antient Night  
Impetuous through the empyrean void  
Sheer on the level wing. Of him the fate

Is worse than doubtful ; of his Victor's power  
 And Godhead irresistible what proof 315  
 Greater than this sad downfall can we need,  
 Or after such example what provoke ?  
 Behoves us now prepare for instant flight ;  
 This our late chief, prophetic in his fall,  
 With his last words enjoin'd me to propound 320  
 To these our legions scatter'd o'er the coasts  
 Of Palestine, whom else the coming hour  
 Of CHRIST's mysterious passion shall involve  
 In like disgrace and ruin with your prince,  
 Who to his latest moment upon earth 325  
 Was studious of your safety. I have now  
 In words unworthy of my charge, yet such  
 As heart o'erwhelm'd with sorrow can supply,  
 Surrender'd to your ears my painful trust.  
 But whither to repair, whom to elect 330  
 As captain and conductor of this host,  
 Now headless, conscious that such high command  
 With none but with the worthiest should be lodg'd,  
 I, as becomes me, to your wiser thoughts  
 Submit, and with the general choice shall close. 335  
 No more, for now with sudden panic seiz'd,  
 The Stygian host, no voice imperial heard  
 Nor rule nor order kept, uprose at once  
 Disbanded, lawless ; dreadful was the yell  
 Of that infernal rout, a swarm as thick 340  
 As locusts, making horrid night beneath  
 Their wings, that with like clangor beat the air,  
 As of a flock of cormorants disturb'd

From

From some lone island on the rocky coast  
 Of Chili, where they haunt ; so they with cry 345  
 More hideous mount, there hover for a while,  
 Then to all points disperse, as chance falls out,  
 Or short consult prescribes. Some to the South  
 With Isis and Osiris at their head  
 To Memphis, Thin and Tamis take their flight ;  
 There with the bestial deities to herd,  
 Birds, serpents, reptiles, monsters of the Nile,  
 Gods that would half unfurnish Noah's ark :  
 Some with Melcartus, demi-god of Tyre,  
 Light short, and in his temple refuge take, 355  
 Where arm'd with massy club and lion hide  
 His huge athletic idol frowning stands :  
 Others with Rimmon eastward wing their way  
 To fam'd Damascus ; there in bow'ring shades  
 By rilling fountains on the flowery turf 360  
 To doze away the soft oblivious hours,  
 A slumb'ring synod : Some the golden spires  
 Of Nineveh attract and Nisroc's fane,  
 Stain'd with Sennacherib's imperial blood,  
 There by the parricidal princes shed : 365  
 To Byblus and Belitus others speed,  
 Light feathery wantons by Astarte led  
 With loose love-ditties and soft smiles lur'd on  
 To page her pride and deck her amorous sports :  
 But of the rest far greater part repair 370  
 To high Olympus, where presides the power  
 Of thundering Baäl ; he that station keeps  
 Pre-eminent o'er all the idol gods,



And in his festive hall rich nectar quaffs  
 With purple lips, and midnight revels holds 375  
 Luxurious, sensual, lewd, in vice immers'd :  
 Yet some there were and of no vulgar note,  
 Who, grief to tell ! to the biforked mount  
 Flew off, and there with the Parnassian maids  
 Held shameful dalliance, from whose lewd embrace  
 Descended a whole family of bards  
 Corruptive, illegitimate and base ;  
 A spurious breed of wickedness and wit ;  
 A Muse's genius with a Dæmon's heart :  
 MAMMON meanwhile, a solitary sprite, 385  
 Selfish, morose and ev'n by dev'ls abhorr'd,  
 Hied him alone, on sordid thoughts intent,  
 To rummage in Pactolus' sands for gold ;  
 None join'd, nor sought he partner in his flight,  
 His sole ambition to engross and hoard. 390

Now came the awful consummation on,  
 The hour of promise, dimly shadow'd out  
 By types and prophecies, when from the womb  
 Of mystery, long travailing in pains  
 And groanings, now in ripe time should spring forth  
 Her full form'd revelation to dispel  
 Th' Obscure of antient days and usher in  
 Twin birth of Immortality and Life.  
 Now God by the' off'ring of his only Son  
 The type of Abraham's sacrifice fulfill'd, 400  
 Who, though unconscious of that type, by faith  
 Righteous, was of the promises made heir.  
 And now, as Moses in the wilderness

Lifted the serpent, so the Son of man  
 Exalted on the cross shall heal the world 405  
 Of sin, and expiate the wide-wasting plague.  
 Now the peace-offering of the spotless Lamb  
 By one conclusive Passover shall rend  
 The law's symbolic veil, and all absolve,  
 Whose consciences are sprinkled with his blood, 410  
 From punishment entail'd upon the world  
 By man's first disobedience. Forth He comes  
 From condemnation: Ye too from your tombs  
 Come forth, ye prophets!—Son of Amoz, thou  
 Prepare for resurrection: Come and see, 415  
 Not darkly' as in a glass, but face to face,  
 The object of thy vision; Him, the man  
 Of sorrows; Him, who like a lamb is brought  
 To slaughter: Mark the travail of his soul;  
 Witness how he is stricken for our sins, 420  
 Witness how we are healed by his stripes,  
 And by the note and comment of his death  
 Construe thine own predictions. Forth he comes  
 From condemnation under Roman guard,  
 Bearing his cross: Upon his bleeding brow, 425  
 Ensign alike of royalty and woe,  
 A thorny crown; no friendly hand is found  
 To wipe away the tear mingled with blood,  
 That hangs upon his cheek: The soldiers cry,  
 Room for the criminal! and rest their pikes 430  
 To keep the crowd aloof; staggering beneath  
 The ponderous burthen of his cross he faints  
 And sinks to earth o'erspent, till one is found,  
 A sturdy

A sturdy stranger of Cyrenean birth,  
 On whom to lay the venerable load. 435  
 Hail, SIMON! blessed above men wert thou,  
 If faith in Him that suffer'd on that cross  
 Glow'd in thy heart and furnish'd thee with zeal  
 To render this last service to thy Lord.

Without the city walls there was a mount 440  
 Call'd CALVARY: The common grave it was  
 Of malefactors; there to plant his cross  
 It was decreed: Long was the way to death,  
 And like th' ascent to glory hard to climb.  
 Upon the summit stood the Angel troop 445  
 Of MAMMON seen, though to man's filmed eye  
 Invisible: Here GABRIEL from the heighth  
 Noting the sad procession, had espied  
 The suffering Son of God amidst the throng  
 Dragg'd slowly on by rude and ruffian hands 450  
 To shameful execution: Horror-struck,  
 Pierc'd to the heart th' indignant Seraph shook  
 His threat'ning spear, and with the other hand  
 Smote on his thigh in agony of soul  
 For man's ingratitude; glist'ning with tears 455  
 His eyes, whence late celestial sweetness beam'd,  
 Now shot a fiery glance on them below,  
 Then, raising them to heav'n, he thus exclaim'd.

Oh! that the Everlasting would permit  
 His angels to chastise these impious men, 460  
 And from their hands his holy Son redeem,  
 Whom in the heav'n of heav'ns we have beheld  
 Beloved of the Father, ever blest,

At



At the right hand of Pow'r in glory thron'd!  
 But this for purposes beyond our reach 465  
 God ever wise forbids, and who against  
 God's interdict shall stir? Therefore retire,  
 Stand off and wait the time! If CHRIST commands,  
 We are his ministers to do his will,  
 Be it to lift this mountain from it's base 470  
 And whelm it on his murderers; if not,  
 Patient spectators we must here abide  
 And let the sacrilegious work proceed;  
 Knowing that God hath said, I will revenge:  
 Vengeance belongeth to the Lord alone. 475

Now on the news of their great Prophet's fate  
 Each heart with fearfulness and trembling seiz'd,  
 Through all Jerusalem the tumult ran;  
 Native or stranger, aged or infirm,  
 None in the Holy City now kept house: 480  
 Where'er the Savior pass'd his presence drew  
 Thousands to gaze; and many' an aching heart  
 Heav'd silent the last tributary sigh  
 In memory of his mercies; zealous some  
 Rush'd in the grateful blessing to bestow 485  
 For health or limbs or life itself restor'd:  
 But these the soldiers rudely thrust aside,  
 And some with brutal violence they smote,  
 Thick'ning their files to hem their Pris'ner close,  
 As fearful of a rescue. Loud the cry 490  
 Of women, whose soft sex to pity prone  
 Melts at those scenes, which flinty-hearted man  
 Dry-ey'd contemplates: Mothers in their arms

Held up their infants, and with shrill acclaim  
 Begg'd a last blessing for those innocents, 495  
 Whose sweet simplicity so well he lov'd,  
 And ever as he met them laid his hands  
 Upon their harmless heads with gentle love  
 And gracious benediction, breathing heav'n  
 Into their hearts. Oh ! happy babes, so blest ! 500

Fenc'd in with shields and spears and compass'd  
 With Roman guards the persecuting priests, [round  
 Elders and scribes follow'd their Victim's steps  
 Amidst the scoffs and hissings of the crowd ;  
 And still as CHRIST approach'd the fatal spot 505  
 Loud and more loud the sad lamentings grew,  
 Till at the foot of the funereal mount  
 Arriv'd he stopt, and turning to the group  
 Of mourners, these prophetic words address'd.

Daughters of Solyma, weep not for me, 510  
 Weep rather for yourselves and for your babes ;  
 For lo ! the dawn of sorrows is at hand ;  
 The dread prediction presses to the birth,  
 When through Jerusalem a voice shall cry—  
 Give thanks, ye childless matrons, and confess 515  
 A barren bed, your worst misfortune deem'd,  
 Now your best blessing : Break forth into joy,  
 Ye, at whose breasts no infant ever hung,  
 For ye have none to mourn. Now to the clefts  
 And caverns of the mountains they shall say 520  
 Fall on us, cover us, ye rocky vaults,  
 And hide us from this wrath ! For if with us  
 Already it begins, what shall the end

Of the ungodly and the sinner be ?

If the green tree cannot abide the storm, 525

How shall the dry escape ?—And now no more :

Upon the summit of Mount CALVARY

They rear his cross ; conspicuous there it stands

An ensign of salvation to the world.

Kneel, all ye Christian nations ! bow your hearts

And worship your Redeemer, in whose death

Ye live, and from whose issuing wounds flows life,

By his blood purchas'd ; hope's best promise flows

Of joys immortal for the just reserv'd.

The soldiers, now, by their centurion form'd 535

In hollow orb around the cross, begin

Their horrid prelude to the murd'rous scene ;

And first his vesture, their accustom'd spoil

And perquisite, they part ; but for his coat

From top to bottom woven without seam, 540

That they rend not, but on it cast their lots

Whose it shall be entire. Upon his cross

In Hebrew, Greek and Latin they inscribe,

So PILATE will'd though by the priests oppos'd,

" JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS !" 545

This title, in three several tongues display'd,

Read all those crucifiers of their King

And murmur'd as they read ; hard to the last,

Obdurate, unbelieving. Now began

The executioners to spread his arms 550

Upon the beam transverse, and through his palms,

Monsters of cruelty ! and through his feet

They drove their spiked nails ; whilst at the clang

Of



Of those dire engines every feeling heart  
 Utter'd a groan, that with the mingled shrieks 555  
 Of mothers and of children pierc'd the air.  
 The priests and elders gnash'd their teeth for rage  
 And rancorous spite to hear him so bewail'd :  
 Women dropt down convuls'd and on the spot  
 Let fall their burthens immature for birth. 560  
 Words fail to paint the horrors of that scene :  
 The very soldiers paus'd and stood aghast,  
 Musing what these lamentings might portend ;  
 Scarce dar'd they to pursue the dreadful work  
 Awe-struck and gazing on the face divine 565  
 Of the suspended Savior. He, though stretch'd  
 Upon the rack of agony, to heav'n  
 Raising his eyes—Father of mercy, cried,  
 Forgive them, for they know not what they do !  
 O ruthless murderers ! could ye hear these words  
 And yet persist ? Blasphemers ! can ye read  
 And not adore ? The people stand at gaze :  
 The rulers eager to provoke anew  
 Their quailing resolution with one voice  
 Cry out amain—Ah ! thou, that on the cross 575  
 Now hankest, thou, that boastedst to destroy  
 Our temple and rebuild it in three days,  
 Where art thou ? If thou be the very CHRIST,  
 The King of Israel, now come down, descend  
 And save thyself ; this seeing, we will then 580  
 Confess thee and believe. But 'tis in vain ;  
 He hears not, he replies not, he expires :  
 Others he sav'd ; himself he cannot save.

Peace,

Peace, peace, revilers! nor expect reply:  
 Think not that CHRIST, thus dying for mankind,  
 Will from his great commission turn aside  
 And stop the sacrifice and quit the cross,  
 On which his body offer'd up for sin  
 As on an altar lies. Your taunts he hears;  
 Yet will he not descend call'd down by you, 590  
 Nor at the door of death shrink back and leave  
 Short of perfection his all-glorious work.  
 But wait the time and greater sign than this  
 Ye shall behold, when rising from the dead  
 And incorruptible he shall return - 595  
 On earth triumphant o'er the cross and death.  
 Yet, such is the perverseness of your hearts,  
 Him nor descending would ye now believe,  
 Nor re-ascending will ye then confess.

And now behold! on either side the cross 600  
 Of CHRIST a wretched malefactor hung  
 Groaning and writhing in the pangs of death:  
 When one of these, encourag'd by the taunts  
 Of the reviling priests, scornful exclaims—  
 Hear'st thou not what they say? If thou be CHRIST,  
 Why art thou in this torture? Save thyself,  
 And us thy fellows from this cross redeem—  
 This when his penitent companion heard,  
 New horrors smote his heart, his fault'ring voice  
 He rais'd, and thus the blasphemy rebuk'd. 610

Hast thou no fear of God, expiring wretch?  
 Stretch'd as thou art upon the tree of death,  
 Hast thou no terror for the wrath to come?

And

And truly we the merited reward  
Of our ill deeds receive, but this just Man, 615  
What hath he done? In him no fault is found.

This said, the penitent with faith inspir'd  
Upon the Savior turn'd his dying eyes,  
And—Lord! he cried with supplicating voice,  
When to thy heav'nly kingdom thou shalt come,  
Oh then remember me!—To him the Lord—  
I tell thee of a truth this very day  
Thou shalt be found in Paradise with me.

Oh! words of joy, that breathe into the ear  
Of the expiring penitent the pledge 625  
Of pardon and acceptance: Words, that waft  
The soul yet hovering on the lips of faith  
Into the heav'n of heav'ns, with grateful heart  
We hail the glorious promise, which unfolds  
The gates of bliss and present entrance gives 630  
To the repentant sinner. Now no more  
Conjecture ponders on the life to come;  
Our dying Savior draws aside the veil,  
Thro' which dim reason caught a doubtful glimpse  
Of shadowy realms, that stretch'd beyond the grave,  
Elysian scenes in clouds and mist involv'd.  
Yet with this comfort take the caution too;  
For who shall say what penitence was his,  
That earn'd this promise? Fatally he errs,  
Whose hope fore-runs repentance, who presumes  
That God will pardon when he's tir'd of sin  
And like a stale companion casts it off.  
Oh! arrogant, delusive, impious thought,



To meditate commodious truce with Heaven,  
 When death's swift arrow smites him unprepar'd,  
 And that protracted moment never comes,  
 Or comes too late : Turn then, presumptuous man,  
 Turn to the other sinner on the cross,  
 Who died reviling, there behold thy doom !

Thou too, the Virgin Mother of our Lord, 650  
 By the angelic salutation hail'd  
 Blest above women, thou amidst the group  
 Of sympathising mourners at that hour  
 Wast present, when th' incarnate Virtue, born  
 Of thine immac'ulate womb, impregn'd of Heav'n,  
 Hung on the cross expiring : He from thence  
 On thee disconsolate a dying look  
 Of tenderest pity cast, and at thy side  
 Noting the meek disciple whom he lov'd,  
 Thus both address'd—Woman, behold thy son ; 660  
 Son, look upon thy mother !—Sacred charge,  
 And piously fulfill'd—Now darkness fell  
 On all the region round ; the shrowded sun  
 From the impen'itent earth withdrew his light :  
 I thirst !—the Savior cried, and lifting up 665  
 His eyes in agony—My God, my God !  
 Ah ! why hast thou forsaken me ?—exclaim'd.

Yet deem him not forsaken of his God :  
 Beware that error : 'Twas the mortal part  
 Of his compounded nature breathing forth 670  
 It's last sad agony, that so complain'd :  
 Doubt not that veil of sorrow was withdrawn,  
 And heav'nly comfort to his soul vouchsaf'd,

Ere

Ere thus he cried—Father ! into thy hands  
 My spirit I commend :—Then bow'd his head 675  
 And died. Now GABRIEL and his heav'nly choir  
 Of ministr'ring angels hov'ring o'er the cross  
 Receiv'd his spi'rit, at length from mortal pangs  
 And fleshly pris'on set free, and bore it thence  
 Upon their wings rejoicing. Then behold 680  
 A prodigy, that to the world announc'd  
 A new religion and dissolv'd the old :  
 The temple's sacred vail was rent in twain  
 From top to bottom 'midst th' attesting shocks  
 Of earthquake and the rending up of graves : 685  
 Now those mysterious symbols, heretofore  
 Curtain'd from vulgar eyes and holiest deem'd  
 Of holies, were display'd to public view :  
 The mercy-seat with its cherubic wings  
 O'ershadow'd and the golden ark beneath 690  
 Covering the testimony now through the rent  
 Of that dissever'd vail first saw the light.  
 A world redeem'd had now no further need  
 Of types and emblems, dimly shadowing forth  
 An angry Deity withdrawn from sight 695  
 And canopied in clouds : Him face to face  
 Now in full light reveal'd the dying breath  
 Of his dear Son appeas'd, and purchas'd peace  
 And reconciliation for offending man.  
 Thus the partition wall, by Moses built, 700  
 By CHRIST was level'd, and the Gentile world  
 Enter'd the breach by their great Captain led  
 Up to the throne of grace, opening himself  
 Through

Through his own flesh a new and living way.  
 Then were the oracles of God made known 705  
 To all the nations, sprinkled by the blood  
 Of JESUS and baptiz'd into his death ;  
 So was the birth-right of the elder-born,  
 Heirs of the promise, forfeited ; whilst they,  
 Whom sin had erst in bondage held, made free 710  
 From sin and servants of the living God,  
 Now gain'd the gift of God, eternal life.

Soon as these signs and prodigies were seen  
 Of those who watch'd the cross, conviction smote  
 Their fear-struck hearts : The sun at noon-day dark,  
 The earth convulsive underneath their feet,  
 And the firm rocks in shiver'd fragments rent  
 Rous'd them at once to tremble and believe.  
 Then was our Lord by heathen lips confess'd,  
 When the centurion cried—In very truth 720  
 This righteous person was the Son of God—  
 The rest in heart assenting stood abash'd,  
 Watching in silence the tremendous scene :  
 The recollection of his gracious acts,  
 His dying pray'rs and their own impious taunts 725  
 Now rose in sad review ; too late they wish'd  
 The deed undone and sighing smote their breasts.

Strait from God's presence went that Angel forth,  
 Whose trumpet shall call up the sleeping dead  
 At the last day, and bade the Saints arise 730  
 And come on earth to hail this promis'd hour,  
 The day-spring of Salvation. Forth they came  
 From their dark tenements, their shadowy forms

Made



Made visible as in their fleshly state,  
 And through the Holy City here and there 735  
 Frequent they gleam'd, by night, by day with fear  
 And wonder seen of many : Holy seers,  
 Prophets and martyrs from the grave set free,  
 And the first-fruits of the redeemed dead.  
 They, who with CHRIST transfigur'd on the mount  
 Were seen of his disciples in a cloud  
 Of dazzling glory, now in form distinct  
 Mingling amidst the public haunts of men,  
 Struck terror to all hearts : Ezekiel there,  
 The captive seer, to whom on Chebar's banks 745  
 The heav'ns were open'd and the fatal roll  
 Held forth with dire denunciations fill'd  
 Of lamentation, mourning and of woe,  
 Now fallen fast on Israel's wretched race :  
 He too was there, Hilkiah's holy son, 750  
 With loins close girt and glowing lips of fire  
 By God's own finger touch'd : There might be seen  
 The youthful prophet, Belteshazzar nam'd  
 Of the Chaldees, interpreter of dreams,  
 Knowledge of God bestow'd, in visions skill'd 755  
 And fair and learn'd and wise : The Baptist here  
 Girt in his hairy mantle frowning stalk'd,  
 And, pointing to his ghastly wound, exclaim'd—  
 Ye vipers ! whom my warning could not move  
 Timely to flee from the impending wrath, 760  
 Now fallen on your heads ; whom I indeed  
 With water, CHRIST hath now with fire baptiz'd :  
 Barren ye were of fruits, which I prescrib'd

Meet

Meet for repentance, and behold ! the axe  
 Is laid to the unprofitable root 765  
 Of every sapless tree, hewn down, condemn'd  
 And cast into the fire. Lo ! these are they,  
 These shadowy forms now floating in your sight,  
 These are the harbingers of antient days,  
 Who witness'd the Messias and announc'd 770  
 His coming upon earth. Mark with what scorn  
 Silent they pass you by : Them had ye heard,  
 Them had ye noted with a patient mind,  
 Ye had not crucified the LORD OF LIFE :  
 He of these stones to Abraham shall raise up 775  
 Children, than you more worthy of his stock ;  
 And now his winnowing fan is in his hand,  
 With which he'll purge his floor, and having stor'd  
 The precious grain in garners, will consume  
 With fire unquenchable the refuse chaff. 780

Thus the terrific Vision in the ears  
 Of the astonish'd multitude declaim'd [hearts ;  
 With threat'ning voice, and wrung their conscious  
 Whilst the blaspheming priests, who in their scorn  
 Triumphant saw the Savior of the world 785  
 Expiring on the cross and deem'd him lost,  
 Now by the resurrection of the saints,  
 Usher'd on earth with prodigies and signs,  
 Confounded and amaz'd, began to doubt  
 If yet the sepulchre had power to keep 790  
 It's crucified Possessor safe in hold, [fears  
 And with these thoughts perplex'd, masking their  
 Under pretence of caution, they repair

To

To PILATE and demand a Roman guard  
To watch the tomb of CHRIST, and then they add—  
For we remember that Deceiver said,  
Whilst he was yet alive, after three days  
I will again arise ; therefore we pray  
Command the sepulchre to be made sure  
Till the third day, lest his disciples come 800  
By night and craftily remove him thence ;  
So the last error shall outgo the first.

But PILATE, whose unrighteous judgment still  
Sate heavy on his heart, had little care  
For what might them befall, and to their suit 805  
Briefly reply'd—Why do ye ask of me  
That custody, which in yourselves ye have ?  
Take your own watch and to their charge commit  
The safeguard of that body, which, though dead,  
Keeps yet alive your fears : 'Tis your own cause,  
As such I leave it with you ; so begone !

He said and turn'd aside, nor did they tempt  
Further discourse, but murm'ring went their way.



CALVARY;

OR THE

DEATH OF CHRIST.

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BOOK VII.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

*This Book opens with the scene of Mount Calvary at the coming on of evening ; Christ still hanging dead upon the cross, the disciples standing apart and the holy women watching, amongst whom is the Blessed Virgin supported by St. John, Christ having bequeathed her to his care : His address to her on this subject, and her reply. The soldiers come and break the legs of the two malefactors, but finding Christ already dead, they pierce his heart with a spear and blood and water issues from the wound : They take him down from the cross and lay him in the sepulchre. His spirit in the meanwhile is conveyed by the angels into the region of Death ; that region described, and the distant prospect of the bottomless pit, where the souls of the wicked are in torment : Christ points out these scenes to Gabriel and instructs him as to the future objects of his descent into this gloomy region. Satan expelled from earth falls prostrate at the foot of the throne of Death : He makes suit to that power for protection : Death rejects his intercessions : The person and palace of the King of Terrors described : The triumphant entry of Christ : Satan is hurled into the bottomless pit and there bound by the strong angel ; the horrors of that dreadful abode are represented : Death humbles himself before the Redeemer of mankind, and conscious that his power is overthrown, tenders his crown to Christ as to his conqueror : He lays the key at his feet, which sets free the souls of the Saints, who are destined to be partakers of the first resurrection : This key is given to Gabriel with instructions for their release : Christ in his reply to Death forewarns him of his doom, but signifies to him that the dissolution of his power will not be immediate. The approach of the Saints concludes the Book.*

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# C A L V A R Y.

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## B O O K VII.

### THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

NOW Hesperus renew'd his evening lamp  
And hung it forth amid the turbid sky  
To mark the close of this portentous day :  
The lab'ring sun, in his mid-course eclips'd,  
Darkling at length had reach'd his western goal ; 5  
And now it seem'd as if all Nature slept  
O'erspent and wearied with convulsive throes.  
Upon his cross the martyr'd Savior hung ;  
Pale thro' the twilight gleam'd his breathless corpse  
And silvery white, as when the moon-beam plays  
On the smooth surface of the glassy lake ;  
His thorn-crown'd head upon his breast reclin'd ;  
His arms were wide out-spread, as if in act  
To' embrace and welcome the converted world :  
So were they late expanded, when he cried— 15  
Come



Come all ye heavy laden, come to me,  
 And I will give you rest ! Death had not dar'd  
 To rob those features of one heav'nly grace,  
 Nor had the worm authority to taint  
 That incorruptible and hallow'd shrine, 20  
 Wherein his purity had deign'd to dwell.  
 The living saints here mingling with the dead  
 Stood round in pensive meditation rapt,  
 Silent spectators of the awful scene :  
 There his disciples in a group apart, 25  
 Like frightened sheep that cluster in a storm,  
 Throng'd each on other interchanging looks  
 Of sorrow and despair : no voice was heard,  
 No utterance but of sighs ; though all had need  
 Of comfort, none had comfort to bestow. 30  
 But PETER, in whose self-accusing breast  
 Grief roll'd in tempests, had the whilst chos'n out  
 A solitary spot, where at his length  
 Outstretch'd with face incumbent on the ground  
 He lay like one, whom fortune had cast off, 35  
 Of all hope 'rest, most wretched and forlorn.  
 There too the holy Mother might be seen,  
 Like Rizpah, watching o'er her murder'd son,  
 Rooted in earth, a monument of woe.  
 Beside her, bath'd in sympathizing tears, 40  
 First in his Master's love, as meek of soul,  
 Stood JOHN, adopted by his dying Lord  
 Son and supporter of that mournful Saint.  
 At length with reverend love he turn'd his eyes  
 Upon the Virgin Mother and thus spake. 45  
 Oh

Oh thou! participant with God himself  
 In his incarnate Offspring, if I claim  
 The glorious title, which my dying Lord  
 On me, thy servant ever, now thy son,  
 Gracious bequeath'd, let not my words offend. 50  
 High honor and a trust than life more dear  
 Hath CHRIST by this adoption deign'd to cast  
 On me unmeriting; yet well I heard  
 Those sacred words—Mother, behold thy son;  
 Son, look upon thy mother!—Yes, I heard, 55  
 And treasuring in my heart the rich bequest,  
 Bow'd and obey'd: Ev'n then my zeal had spoke  
 The dictates of devotion, had I dar'd  
 To break the awful silence of that hour,  
 Or sacrilegiously divert the ear 60  
 Of mute attention, whilst those lips divine,  
 Those living oracles, had breath to move;  
 Now mute, alas! for He is now no more,  
 Who had the words of life: Our hope is quench'd,  
 Our glory vanish'd. See! the deed is done: 65  
 Those murderers have kill'd the Prince of Peace,  
 Cold on the cross and stiff'ning in the wind  
 To the rude elements his corpse is left;  
 Nor is there found, who shall provide a grave  
 For the sad reliques of the Son of God. 70  
 But lo! the heav'ns, that three long hours have  
 mourn'd

In darkness, now throw off their fable shroud:  
 The earth no longer quakes beneath our feet,  
 The shatter'd rocks subside; Nature is calm,

The sun unmarks and through disparted clouds 75  
With ruddy twilight streaks the western sky.

And may not we, since God hath now withdrawn  
His terrors and asswag'd the wrathful sky,  
May not we hope, that as his light revives  
At the third hour, so of his blessed Son 80

The promis'd resurrection to new life  
At the third day shall also come to pass?  
When, as the sun emerging from eclipse  
Darkness dispells, so CHRIST from out the grave  
Arising shall dispell our dark despair? 85

To him the holy Mother thus replied:  
Thou meek Disciple, in thy Master's love  
Pre-eminently blest, since He, whose will  
Should govern, so decrees it, from this hour  
Henceforth I lodge thee in a mother's heart 90

And hold thee as my son; for I perceive  
CHRIST from his human nature is withdrawn,  
And to mortality hath render'd back  
All that from me a mortal he receiv'd:  
His Incorruptible now lives with God, 95

And in that glory I no part must claim;  
Flesh cannot share with spirit. Henceforth thou,  
Thou art my son adopted in the place  
Of that incarnate Virtue, of whose birth  
Miraculous the eastern star gave sign, 100

And Angels witness'd him the Son of God.  
And now behold! what wonders mark his death:  
Whence are these prodigies? What but the hand  
Of God can shake the pillars of the earth,



Seal up the sun and rend these rocks in twain, 105  
 Turn day to night, tear down the temple vail,  
 Break up the graves and bid the saints come forth?  
 Lo, where they pass as sensible to fight  
 As in broad day substantial man to man.  
 And can we ask if He be very CHRIST, 110  
 Whom stars and Angels usher'd into birth?  
 Can we doubt Him on whom the Spi'rit of God  
 Dove-like descended? Can we stop our ears  
 Against a voice from heav'n? Are we so blind,  
 Dull and insensible not to behold 115  
 That sun emergent and these moving shapes,  
 That to revisit earth have left their graves,  
 Awaken'd as from sleep? If these can rise,  
 If these, whose bones are moulder'd into dust,  
 On whom the worm hath fed for ages, men 120  
 As mortal as ourselves can re-ascend  
 Out of the pit, do not these signs bespeak  
 His second coming, who is LORD and CHRIST?  
 He shall, He shall return upon the earth  
 Victorious over death, and we, though now 125  
 Humbled in heart and for a season sad,  
 Yet wavering not in faith and holding fast  
 The anchor of our hope, shall yet again  
 Behold his glory, and as now his death  
 Turns day to night, his resurrection then 130  
 Shall into joy convert our present gloom.  
 But see, where PETER prostrate on the earth  
 Is lost in sorrow: Haste and bid him rise;  
 Tell him the day's at hand when he must work.

Hath he not heard the servant shall not sleep 135  
In his Lord's absence? Strengthen thou his heart!

So spake these Saints, and each to other gave  
Alternate solace; faith inspiring hope,  
And hope asswaging woe. At PETER's side  
Behold the meek disciple—Up! he cries, 140  
Awake and put on strength: The Virgin Saint,  
The Mother of our Lord, bids thee awake.  
Unprofitable grief availeth nought,  
But godly sorrow is approv'd in works  
Meet for repentance. Up! for CHRIST, tho' dead,  
Yet speaketh, and shall come again on earth:  
Woe to that servant therefore, whom his Lord  
Shall find thus sleeping; great shall be his wrath.

This said, he reach'd his hand and rais'd him up:  
He stood and spake—Servant, of CHRIST approv'd,  
Thee and thy blessed Sender I obey:  
Yet doth my heart, by deep remorse subdued,  
Press downward to the dust. A wretch I am,  
Who hath denied his Lord: What can I do,  
A miserable man? O righteous JOHN, 155  
When thou shalt spread abroad, as sure thou wilt,  
The direful doings of this fatal day,  
And publish to mankind the wond'rous love  
Of CHRIST thus dying for them, I conjure thee  
Be faithful to the truth, screen not my crime, 160  
Foul though it be, but let the nations know  
PETER, who vaunted of himself, was false,  
So shall they reap instruction from my shame,  
And by despising me correct themselves.

Thus

BOOK THE SEVENTH. 197

Thus spake the contrite Saint, when now the priests,  
 Whose custom was upon this solemn eve  
 To purge their Golgotha from human blood,  
 Send forth their guard official to remove  
 CHRIST and the slaves convict before the dawn  
 Of that great day, too hallow'd to permit 170  
 Their bodies fest'ring on th' ill-omen'd cross.  
 And lo ! the soldiers so encharg'd arrive,  
 Survey the victims and begin the work :  
 But first the pond'rous sledge with horrid crash  
 Descending breaks the knees and ankle joints 175  
 Of these two criminals ; for stubborn life  
 Still hover'd on their lips, and now and then  
 Their heaving bosoms fetch'd a deep-drawn sigh,  
 Like the slow swell of seas without a wind.  
 But when the Savior's body they approach'd 180  
 And saw there needed not a second blow  
 To make his death secure, the word of God  
 Prophetic mov'd their else obdurate hearts  
 To break no limb ; yet one, so destin'd, thrust  
 His spear into his side and forthwith flow'd 185  
 Water and blood from the heart-piercing wound :  
 So deep the stab, that to life's citadel,  
 Had life remain'd, the mortal point had reach'd  
 And there had finish'd it. Meanwhile behold !  
 JOSEPH arrives ; a counsellor was he, 190  
 But not for death, and rich and just withal ;  
 In Ramoth born, where Samuel first drew breath,  
 And as his heart in righteousness and faith  
 Stood firm with CHRIST whilst living, so his zeal



An honour'able interment to bestow 195  
 On his dead Master prompted him to make  
 Bold suit to PILATE for the lifeless corpse,  
 Nor fail'd he of his suit; therefore he came,  
 So favor'd, to receive the precious charge  
 Of those dear reliques and with decent rites 200  
 Commit them to the grave: Spear'd to the heart,  
 And death with double diligence ensur'd,  
 The body they take down; the hands and feet  
 Pierc'd thro' with nails and all besmear'd with blood,  
 O piteous spectacle! which to behold 205  
 Bathes every angel face in heav'n with tears!  
 Accursed Deicides! the time comes on,  
 When every mark your sacrilegious hands  
 Have printed on that corpse shall be a seal  
 To testify against you, every gash 210  
 Unclos'd shall with it's living lips proclaim  
 CHRIST in his human attributes renew'd,  
 Corporeal yet immortal: Then the hand  
 Of him who doubts shall probe those gaping wounds,  
 And by the evidence of sense compel 215  
 The faithless and reluctant to believe.  
 And now they place the body on the bier,  
 Cleans'd of the blood and wrapt in seemly cloths:  
 Then under guard convey it to the vault  
 Hewn in the rock, where never corpse was laid, 220  
 And there consign it to it's dark abode,  
 Rolling a massy fragment to the door,  
 Unwieldy, vast; and having seal'd the stone,  
 They post their centinels, and so depart.

Meanwhile

BOOK THE SEVENTH. 199

Meanwhile the' unhouſed ſpirit of CHRIST, ſet free  
 From groſs communion with his earthly clay,  
 Borne with the meteor's ſpeed upon the wings  
 Of mightieſt Cherubim had now approach'd  
 The dark confines of Death's engulph'd domain :  
 Here at the barrier of that vaſt profound 230  
 On the firm adamant, from whence uproſe  
 The tow'ring ſtructure of hell's ebon gate,  
 The heav'nly Viſitant deſcending bade  
 His cherub bearers ſtoop their wings, on which  
 As in a plumey chariot he rode ; 235  
 And now alighted on the dreadful brink  
 The Savior paus'd and downward caſt his eye  
 O'er that immeaſurable blank, the grave  
 Of univerſal Nature, founded then  
 And charter'd to the gloomy powers of Sin 240  
 And Death Sin-born, when the primæval pair  
 Loſt immortality and fell from God.  
 The ſtarry lamps of heav'n here loſt their light,  
 No ſun-beam ever reach'd this diſmal realm :  
 Yet in CHRIST's ſpi'rit divine that living light, 245  
 Which from the Father of creation flow'd  
 Before all time, inherently ſupplied  
 Self-furniſh'd viſion to explore the bounds  
 Of that oblivious pit, in whoſe dark womb  
 Myriads of unredeemed ſouls were plung'd ; 250  
 All who of human birth had paſs'd that gate  
 From righteous Abel, the firſt-fruit of death,  
 To him, whoſe heart had newly ceas'd to beat,  
 Were in that gulph immers'd. At fartheſt end

Of

Of that Obscure a pillary cloud arose 255  
 Of sulph'rous smoke, that from hell's crater steam'd;  
 Whence here and there by intermittent gleams  
 Blue flashing fires burst forth, that sparkling blaz'd  
 Up to the iron roof, whose echoing vault  
 Resounded ever with the dolorous groans 260  
 Of the sad crew beneath : Thence might be heard  
 The wailing suicide's remorseful plaint ;  
 The murd'rer's yelling scream, and the loud cry  
 Of tyrants in that fiery furnace hurl'd,  
 Vain cry ! th' unmitigated furies urge 265  
 Their ruthless task and to the cauldron's edge  
 With ceaseless toil huge blocks of sulphur roll,  
 Pil'd mountains high to feed the greedy flames :  
 All these, th' accursed brood of Sin, were once  
 The guilty pleasures, the false joys, that lur'd 270  
 Their sensual vota'rists to th' infernal pit :  
 Them their fell mother, watchful o'er the work,  
 With eye that sleep ne'er clos'd and snaky scourge  
 Still waving o'er their heads, for ever plies  
 To keep the fiery deluge at it's height ; 275  
 And stops her ears against the clam'rous din  
 Of those tormented, who for mercy call  
 Age after age implor'd and still denied. [descried  
 These when th' all-present Spirit of CHRIST  
 At distance tossing in the sulph'rous lake, 280  
 And heard their dismal groans, the conscious sense  
 Of human weakness by experience earn'd  
 In his own mortal body now put off,  
 And recollection that Himself of late

In



In his sublunar pilgrimage had prov'd 285  
 Temptations like to their's, drew from his soul  
 A sigh of nat'ral pity, as from man  
 To man although in merited distress :  
 But when his human sympathy gave place  
 To judgment better weigh'd and riper thoughts  
 Congenial with the Godhead reassum'd,  
 The justice of their doom, th' abhorrence due  
 To their vile deeds by voluntary act  
 Of will, left free, committed in despight  
 Of conscience moving them to better thoughts, 295  
 Turn'd him indignant from the loathed sight  
 Of these impenitents ; when, after pause,  
 To GABRIEL, chief of the cherubic host  
 And late his strength'ning angel, thus he spake.

GABRIEL, or e'er from this high steep we launch  
 With prone descent into this gloomy vast,  
 This shadowy dark inane, the realm of Death,  
 After so swift a race through all the spheres  
 From earth to this hell's portal, it behoves  
 Thee and thy plumed cohort to recruit 305  
 The vigor of your wings ; for sure I am  
 That in this subterranean we shall find  
 No breeze from heav'n's pure æther to give aid  
 To motion, or uphold in steady poise  
 Your feath'ry vans outstretch'd ; nor may we look  
 For star or planet or one straggling ray  
 From circumlucient sun to guide our course  
 Through this obscure domain of Night and Death.  
 Nor less behoves thee, gentle as thou art,  
 Friendliest to man of all heav'n's angel host 315

And for each task of mercy and of love  
 First in the choice of God, to arm thy heart  
 For the sad spectacles, the dismal scenes,  
 Which we must needs encounter in this gulph  
 Of human misery, this world of woes, 320  
 Fit residence for SATAN and his crew  
 Of outcast angels; sad reverse to thee  
 Inhabitant of heav'n: And now, behold!  
 Where hell's infernal pit with horrid glare [God  
 Flames through the dismal gloom, there, but that  
 In mercy films thine arch-angelic eye,  
 Such myriads in that ever-burning lake  
 Of souls tormented thou wouldst else discern,  
 As would appal thy nature; but these scenes  
 From thee, a spi'rit so loving to mankind, 330  
 So melting soft to pity, are with-held:  
 No mercy can I meditate for them  
 Impenitent, no embassy of peace  
 Have I in charge, no respite, till the trump  
 Of general resurrection calls them up 335  
 At the last day of judgment, then to hear  
 Their crimes rehears'd, their blasphemies expos'd,  
 Their envyings, frauds, revilings, treach'ries, plots  
 And ev'ry secret of their hearts unmask'd  
 By an all-righteous Judge, who shall pronounce 340  
 Their final condemnation and decree  
 Their present pains perpetual. We meanwhile  
 To other regions shall divert our course  
 From them and from their torments far apart,  
 Regions of night and silence, where the souls 345  
 Of righteous men in their oblivious caves

Sleep

Sleep out the time till their Deliverer comes  
 To wake them from their trance, dissolve the spell  
 Of their enchanter Death and set them free  
 To range the fields of Paradise, where flows, 350  
 As from a fountain by God's presence fed,  
 Beatitude surpassing human thought,  
 Pleasures unseen, unnumber'd, unconceiv'd.

This said, from those high battlements the Dove  
 Of Peace upon Redemption's errand sent, 355  
 Borne on the wings of his cherubic choir,  
 Descended swift, and through the drowsy void  
 To Death's terrific palace steer'd his flight.

Here the Arch-foe of man, from earth expell'd  
 By man's Redeemer, newly had arriv'd, 360  
 But fear-struck and in like disastrous trim  
 With war-worn Sisera, when in his flight  
 From the victorious Naphthalite he came  
 To ask protection at false Jael's tent,  
 And ruin found instead. The whirlwind's blast 365  
 Had shatter'd his proud form; now scorch'd by fires,  
 Now driv'n to regions of perpetual frost  
 Beyond extremest Saturn's wint'ry sphere,  
 No middle course kept he, nor had his feet  
 From their aërial journey once found rest, 370  
 Till at the threshold of Death's gloomy throne  
 Down on the solid adamant he fell  
 Precipitate at once, and lay entranc'd  
 Of arch-angelic majesty the wreck.

Scar'd at the hideous crash and all aghast 375  
 Death scream'd amain, then wrapt himself in clouds,  
 And



And in his dark pavilion trembling fate  
 Mantled in night. And now the prostrate fiend  
 Rear'd his terrific head with lightnings scorch'd  
 And furrow'd deep with scars of livid hue; 380  
 Then stood erect and roll'd his blood-shot eyes  
 To find the ghastly vision of grim Death,  
 Who at the sudden downfall of his fire  
 Startled, and of his own destruction warn'd,  
 Had shrunk from sight, and to a misty cloud 385  
 Dissolv'd hung lowring o'er his shrouded throne.  
 When SATAN, whose last hope was now at stake,  
 Impatient for the interview exclaim'd. [him

Where art thou, Death? Why hide thyself from  
 Of whom thou art? Come forth, thou grisly king;  
 And though to suitor of immortal mould  
 Thy refuge be denied, yet at my call,  
 Thy father's call, come forth and comfort me,  
 Thou gaunt anatomy, with one short glimpse  
 Of those dry bones, in which alone is peace 395  
 And that oblivious sleep, for which I sigh.

He said, and now a deep and hollow groan,  
 Like roar of distant thunders, shook the hall,  
 And from before the cloud-envelop'd throne  
 The adamant pavement burst in twain 400  
 With hideous crash self-open'd, and display'd  
 A subterranean chasm, whose yawning vault,  
 Deep as the pit of Acheron, forbade  
 All nearer access to the shado'wy king.  
 Whereat the imprison'd winds, that in it's womb  
 Were cavern'd, 'gan to heave their yeasty waves

In

In bubbling exhalations, till at once  
 Their eddying vapors working upwards burst  
 From the broad vent enfranchis'd, when, behold!  
 The cloud that late around the throne had pour'd  
 More than Egyptian darkness, now began  
 To lift it's fleecy skirts, till through the mist  
 The' imperial Phantom gleam'd; monster deform'd,  
 Enormous, terrible, from heel to scalp  
 One dire anatomy; his giant bones 415  
 Star'd through the shrivell'd skin, that loosely hung  
 On his sepulchral carcase; round his brows  
 A cypress wreath tiara-like he wore  
 With nightshade and cold hemlock intertwin'd;  
 Behind him hung his quiver'd store of darts 420  
 Wing'd with the raven's plume; his fatal bow  
 Of deadly yew, tall as Goliath's spear,  
 Propp'd his unerring arm; about his throne,  
 If throne it might be call'd, which was compos'd  
 Of human bones, as in a charnel pil'd, 425  
 A hideous group of dire diseases stood,  
 Sorrows and pains and agonizing plagues,  
 His ghastly fatellites, and, ev'n than these  
 More terrible, ambition's slaught'ring sons,  
 Heroes and conquerors stil'd on earth, but here  
 Doom'd to ignoble drudgery, employ'd  
 To do his errands in the loathsome vault,  
 And tend corruption's never-dying worm,  
 To haunt the catacombs and ransack graves,  
 Where some late popu'lous city is laid waste 435  
 By the destroying pestilence, or storm'd

By

By murdering Rufs or Tartar blood-befmear'd  
 And furious in the desp'rate breach to plant  
 His eagle or his crescent on the piles  
 Of mangled multitudes and flout the sky 440  
 With his victorious banners. Now a troop  
 Of shrouded ghosts upon a signal given  
 By their terrific Monarch start to fight,  
 Each with a torch funereal in his grasp,  
 That o'er the hall diffus'd a dying light, 445  
 Than darkness' self more horrible : The walls  
 Of that vast cenotaph, hung round with spears,  
 Falchions and pole-axes and plumed helms,  
 Shew'd like the arm'ory of some warlike state :  
 There every mortal weapon might be seen, 450  
 Each implement of old or new device,  
 Which savage nature or inventive art  
 Furnish'd to arm the ruffian hand of war  
 And deal to man the life-destroying stroke :  
 And them betwixt at intervals were plac'd 455  
 The crowned skeletons of mighty kings,  
 Cæsars and Caliphs and barbarian Chiefs,  
 Monsters, whose swords had made creation shrink  
 And frighted peace and science from the earth.

Pondering the scene in mute amazement rapt 460  
 The lost Arch-angel stood, when soon the voice  
 Of Death as from the tombs low-murmuring thus  
 Bespoke attention—What uncivil cause,  
 Prince of the air, provokes thee to offend  
 Against the peaceful charter of these realms 465  
 By voice thus rude and clamo'rous? Know'st thou not  
 I reign



I reign by privilege, though son not slave  
 Of thee heav'n-exil'd? Here no place hast thou,  
 For here is peace; no part in this domain  
 To thee and to thy rebel host belongs: 470  
 They in the flames of Tartarus, but we  
 Dwell with the silent worm: The pow'r we have  
 O'er man's corruptible and mortal part  
 Ends with the body; here the bones may sleep,  
 For these anatomies disturb us not:  
 But for the spark unquenchable, the soul  
 Immortal, which survives the fleeting breath,  
 Of that we take no charge; that must abide  
 In other regions it's appointed lot  
 Of misery or bliss. What then hath Death 480  
 To do with SATAN? Can the son, who drew  
 Existence from the father, quench that spi'rit,  
 Which God decreed eternal? Will those fires  
 Cease at my word? Hell will not hear my voice,  
 Nor can the howlings of the infernal pit 485  
 Enter my ears. Ask not repose of me,  
 Tormented fiend: There is no grave for sin,  
 No sleep for SATAN? fall'n from heav'n thou art,  
 There thou hast no abode; fall'n now from earth,  
 Where is thy lodging? Where, but in those flames?  
 Pass on then in thy course, nor loiter here,  
 For hell expects thee: Wert thou here to stay,  
 Death in destroying thee himself destroys.

Whereto th' unwelcome visitant replied—  
 Inhospitable Pow'r! and is it thus 495  
 Thou greet'st a father in his extreme need

Suppliant

Suppliant for leave to draw a moment's breath  
 In thy pale presence, till this furious blast,  
 That follow'd me from earth, shall spend it's rage  
 And cease to howl through the profound of hell?  
 If in thy heartless trunk no mem'ory dwells  
 Of what I was, Oh! teach me to forget  
 What now I am and make my senses dull  
 To pain, as thine to gratitude are lost:  
 But if thy mind be present to record 505  
 My fall from blifs, will it not also serve  
 To put thee in remembrance how that fall  
 Bestow'd on thee a station and a name?  
 Had I not fall'n from heav'n man had not lost  
 The joys of Paradise, immortal joys 510  
 Till I destroy'd them; who then but myself,  
 Exil'd from God, brought death into the world,  
 Gave thee the sepulchre for thy domain,  
 And every mortal body for thy prey?  
 Whose hand but SATAN's, thankless as thou art, 515  
 Plac'd that victorious wreath upon thy brow,  
 Arm'd thee for war and bade thee be a king?  
 And what doth now demand of Death?  
 What, but a moment's respite, the small boon  
 Of hospitable shelter, where to lay 520  
 My aching head and rest my weary wing?  
 This to the father can the son refuse?  
 I ask no more. If CHRIST, from whom I fly,  
 Pursues me to this pit, and into hell  
 Descending shall repass her gloomy gates 525  
 Guarded by Sin, that barrier lost, farewell  
 To all thy greatness! Where shall be thy sting,  
 O Death,

O Death, and where thy victory, O Grave?  
 Then to have harbor'd SATAN shall not add  
 One feather to the balance of thy fate:  
 All must be lost together; I to flames  
 Consign'd, thou, Phantom, into air dissolv'd.

No more of this vain arguing, Death replied;  
 My peace and my repose I can but deal  
 As God decrees, and as he wills withhold: 535  
 Thus wrangling to the latest hour of time  
 Nothing, O SATAN, could'st thou wring from me  
 But the same answer and the same despair:  
 I with mortality alone confer,  
 Thou art a deathless spirit: If my pow'r 540  
 Cannot annihilate the soul of man,  
 How then of angel? Guilty thou hast been,  
 Conscious must ever be, and therefore curst.  
 Of me complaining thou condemn'st thyself,  
 The righteous ever are at peace with Death;  
 Thou art not of their number. Spi'rit unblest,  
 Author of man's revolt and all things ill,  
 The hell which thou hast peopled, is thine own.  
 Earth thou hast made a ruin, men by thee  
 Perverted turn to monsters, Heav'n itself, 550  
 Disturb'd by thy rebellion, for a while  
 Suffer'd convulsion, and her thrones besieg'd  
 Echo'd the din of battle; the fair bloom  
 Of Paradise was blasted by thy spells,  
 And man driv'n forth to till th' unthankful earth  
 And toil and sweat for a precarious meal,  
 Degraded from his origin, at length



To me and to corruption was consign'd.  
 These were thy doings, this was my descent,  
 And my inheritance the loathsome worm, 560  
 The throne funereal and this yawning gulph  
 Impassable, which I am yet to thank  
 For that it holds thee at a distance from me :  
 This is thy bounty. Look upon these bones,  
 Survey this dread anatomy, and say 565  
 If son so fashion'd owes his father thanks :  
 Proportion'd to thy goodness I accord  
 My gratitude by bidding thee avaunt ;  
 Hence from my sight, intruder ! Thrust from earth  
 As heretofore from heav'n, and tempest-torn 570  
 With bruised head and shatter'd flagging wing  
 Hither thou com'st a fugitive from Him,  
 Whom in the wilderness for forty days  
 Tempting thou didst annoy : Dull, doating spirit !  
 Blind to thine own destruction, not to see 575  
 God's pow'r in CHRIST, nor understand that He,  
 Who foil'd thy cunning, might defy thy strength :  
 But neither strength nor cunning shall prevail  
 To draw me forth upon a losing side,  
 And set this empire on a desp'rate cast : 580  
 I lack presumption to oppose that Power,  
 Which puts hell's monarch to inglorious flight.  
 What shelter can'st thou find behind a shade,  
 An airy phantom ? Such thou say'st I am,  
 Such let me be ! That phantom will not tempt 585  
 The furious blast of God's avenging breath,  
 Nor mov'd to pity by thy treacherous plaints

Tender

Tender oblivion's boon to foul accurst :  
 Such favor when thou wouldst extort from Death,  
 That phantom will be adamant to thee. 590  
 Now learn a truth : CHRIST in the flesh is dead ;  
 Yet long I cannot hold him in the grave ;  
 His body interdicted to the worm  
 For some mysterious purpose is reserv'd  
 From all corruption free, and sure I am 595  
 He will not leave his enemy at large  
 In this obscure domain, where sleep the souls  
 Of righteous men ; fly then, whilst yet the hour  
 Serves thee for flight—And hark ! the angel trump  
 Sounds his approach. Now tremble, thou accurst !

No more ; encanopied beneath the wings  
 Of mighty Cherubim with sounding trump  
 And joyful chaunt the LORD OF LIFE came on—  
 Lift up your heads, the heav'nly chorus sung,  
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, 605  
 And CHRIST the King of Glory shall come in—  
 Bright as the sun his presence ; darkness fled  
 Down to the centre ; SATAN on the earth  
 Fell motionless ; Death trembled on his throne,  
 And call'd his shadowy guards, they with loud  
 shrieks 610  
 Vanish'd in air, whilst from the gulph profound  
 Blue lightnings flash'd and deep-mouth'd thunders  
 roar'd ;

When CHRIST with eye severe on SATAN turn'd  
 Bade the storm cease and thus address'd the fiend.

Well art thou found, thou serpent, on the brink  
 Of

Of thy last home, this horrible abyfs,  
 For thee and for thine impious crew prepar'd.  
 Man from his God by thy corruption turn'd  
 Is by my death receiv'd into the peace  
 Of his offended Maker, and if faith 620  
 Opens his way to heav'n in righteousness  
 And true conversion, Death cannot retain  
 His soul in darkness, nor thy crafty wiles  
 Puzzle his path and damp his glowing zeal;  
 But thou presumptuous, who hast had the world  
 To range at will, and from God's altars pluck'd  
 Their consecrated honors, falsely view'd  
 Those spoils, by sufferance yielded, as the prize  
 Of thine own proper victory. Behold!  
 These are thy triumphs; in this pit receive 630  
 Thy folly's confutation and the doom  
 Of woe eternal on thy sin denounc'd.

He said, nor other answer SATAN gave  
 Than one deep groan rent from his lab'ring breast.  
 The strong vindictive Angel, to whose charge 635  
 The key of that infernal pit belong'd,  
 Now seiz'd him in his grasp and from the ground  
 Lifting his pond'rous bulk, such vigor dwelt  
 In arm celestial, headlong down at once  
 Down hurl'd him to the bottom of the gulph, 640  
 Then follow'd on the wing: His yelling cries  
 Death heard, whilst terror shiver'd every bone:  
 Not so the choir cherubic; they with joy  
 Beheld Redemption's triumph in the fall

Of



Of that Great Dragon, enemy of man, 645  
 That antient Serpent, now with bruised head  
 And sting-bereft hurl'd down into the pit :  
 Whereat in heav'nly concert they begin  
 To raise their tuneful voices and sing forth  
 Praise to the Lamb of God, and joyful strain 650  
 Of gratulation to the Saints redeem'd—

Now is salvation come and strength and power,  
 The kingdom of our God and of his CHRIST :  
 Now is that railing and malignant foe  
 Cast down into the pit, which day and night 655  
 Accus'd our righteous brethren to their God :  
 Now are they made victorious by the blood  
 Of the Redeeming Lamb, and in the word  
 Of Truth, their fearless witnesses, through the world  
 Go forth against the anarchy of Sin 660  
 A host of martyrs faithful unto death ;  
 Therefore rejoice, ye heav'n's, and ye of earth  
 Inhabitants, awake to joy and hail  
 The day-spring of Salvation from on high.

SATAN meanwhile ten thousand fathoms deep 665  
 At bottom of the pit, a mangled mass  
 With shatter'd brain and broken limbs outspread,  
 Lay groaning on the adamantine rock :  
 Him the strong Angel with ethereal touch  
 Made whole in form, but not to strength restor'd,  
 Rather to pain and the acuter sense  
 Of shame and torment ; hideous was the glare  
 Of his blood-streaming eyes and loud he yell'd

For

For very agony, whilst on his limbs  
 The massy fetters, such as hell alone 675  
 Could forge in hottest sulphur, were infix'd  
 And rivetted in the perpetual stone :  
 Upon his back he lay extended, huge,  
 A hideous ruin ; not a word vouchsaf'd  
 That vengeful Angel, but with quick dispatch 680  
 Plied his commission'd task, then stretch'd the wing  
 And upward flew ; for now th' infernal cave  
 Through all it's vast circumference had giv'n  
 The dreadful warning, and began to close  
 It's rocky ribs upon th' imprison'd fiend : 685  
 Fierce and more fierce as it approach'd became  
 The flaming concave ; thus compress'd, the vault  
 Red as metallic furnace glow'd intense  
 With heat, that had the hideous den been less  
 Than adamant it had become a flood, 690  
 Or SATAN other than he was in sin  
 And arch-angelic strength pre-eminent,  
 He neither could have suffer'd nor deserv'd :  
 Panting he roll'd in streams of scalding sweat,  
 Parch'd with intolerable thirst, one drop 695  
 Of water then to cool his raging tongue  
 Had been a boon worth all his golden shrines :  
 Vain wish ! for now the pit had clos'd it's mouth,  
 Nor other light remain'd than what the glare  
 Of those reverberating fires bestow'd : 700  
 Then all the dungeon round was thick beset  
 With horrid faces, threat'ning as they glar'd  
 Their

Their haggard eyes upon him ; from hell's lake  
 Flocking they came, whole legions of the damn'd,  
 His worshippers on earth, sensual, profane, 705  
 Abominable in their lives, monsters of vice,  
 Blood-stained murderers, apostate kings,  
 And crowned tyrants some, tormented now  
 For their past crimes and into furies turn'd,  
 Accusing their betrayer : Curses dire, 710  
 Hissings and tauntings now from every side  
 Assail'd his ear, on him, on him alone,  
 From Cain first murderer to ISCARIOT all,  
 All with loud voices charg'd on him their sins,  
 Their agonies, with imprecations urg'd 715  
 For treble vengeance on his head accurst,  
 Founder of hell, sole author of their woe,  
 And enemy avow'd of all mankind.

Now when the King of Terrors had perceiv'd  
 The pow'r of his new Visitant and saw 720  
 SATAN engulph'd and the devouring pit,  
 Best barrier of his throne, for ever clos'd,  
 Descending from his state with heart abash'd,  
 Conscious that pride would ill befriend him now  
 In presence of his Conqueror, at the feet 725  
 Of CHRIST with low obeisance he put off  
 The trophies of his brow, and on the knee,  
 Stooping his vassal head, low homage paid,  
 And suppliant thus his humble suit preferr'd.

Immortal King ! all glorious and all good, 730  
 At whose great name befits that every knee

In



In heav'n or earth or in these realms beneath  
 Should bend adoring, let thy will prevail  
 Here, as wherever else ! And fure I am  
 'Tis not my power but thine own wond'rous love,  
 Consenting to the deed, hath brought thee here  
 In pity to mankind to taste the cup  
 Of agony and visit these sad shades,  
 Though deathless ; thence to re-ascend, as soon  
 Thou shalt, victorious to the realms of light. 740  
 I know thee for the CHRIST the Son of God,  
 Messias of the prophets long foreseen,  
 Yet of the unbelieving Jews despis'd,  
 Rejected, for thou cam'st not in the pomp  
 Of tempo'ral majesty and only great 745  
 In patience, in humility, in love  
 And miracles of mercy. At thy feet  
 This head uncrown'd thus stooping, I resign  
 All empire ; not on me let fall thy wrath  
 As on that bruised Serpent. What am I ? 750  
 What is the sword, what is the pestilence,  
 And all my host of mortal ministers,  
 But servants of thy providence, a scourge  
 And rod of vengeance, wherewith to chastise  
 Presumptuous, guilty pride ? Whose hand but mine  
 Strikes terror to the atheist's harden'd heart ?  
 Who plucks the tyrant from his bloody car  
 And rolls him in the dust ? or at a blow  
 Strangles the curse in the blasphemer's throat ?  
 If on the martyr's head my axe descends, 760  
 The

The same hand plants a crown of glory there;  
 And if in my dark caves the righteous sleep,  
 Peaceful they sleep; I break not their repose,  
 For silence dwells with me and night and rest.  
 Behold the key inviolate that guards 765  
 Their hallow'd slumbers; never did I yield,  
 Though oft solicited, this sacred pledge  
 To SATAN or his sin-defiled crew;  
 Faithful I've kept it ever, faithful now  
 To thee their Savior I resign my charge. 770

This said, the golden badge of his command,  
 Rich and of heav'nly workmanship with gems  
 Of azure, green and purple thick emboss'd,  
 Humbly he laid at the REDEEMER'S feet:  
 He to the zeal of GABRIEL strait consign'd 775  
 Th' enlargement of those spi'rits to bliss preferr'd,  
 Fit minister for office so benign:  
 Whereat he bade sound forth the signal trump  
 Of the First Resurrection, heard of none  
 Save of those holy Saints elect of God, 780  
 Martyrs and prophets, call'd to live with CHRIST  
 In antecedent glory till the day  
 Of general Resurrection shall awaken  
 And summon into judgment all mankind.  
 Swift hied that friendly Angel on the wing, 785  
 Swifter, for that, on gracious errand sent,  
 Joy urg'd him to put forth his utmost speed;  
 Meanwhile the heav'nly Visitant of Death  
 Upon that ghastly Vision turn'd his eyes,  
 And thus in accent mild address'd the Shade. 790

K

That

That I came down from heav'n and am the  
CHRIST,

Rightly, O Death, thou hast pronounc'd; yet here  
I come not to destroy thy power at once,  
But to set free the Saints thou hold'st in thrall,  
And call them to my peace; but ev'n of these 795  
Part till my second coming must abide:  
Of thee and all things of corruption bred  
The term is fix'd; God must be all in all:  
But time, as man computes, hath yet to roll  
Through numerous ages ere the final trump 800  
Shall sound thy knell. I brought not upon earth  
Peace, but the sword; the gospel I have preach'd  
Man will corrupt, misconstrue and pervert;  
Nor shall my Church be only drench'd with blood  
Of it's own martyrs, zealots shall arise 805  
Aliens to my humility and peace,  
With more than pagan enmity inflam'd  
Each against other; then shall ruthless war  
And persecution and fierce civil rage  
Ravage the Christian world; intol'erant pride, 810  
Usurping pow'r infallible, shall send  
It's heralds forth with cursing in their mouths  
And fetters for man's conscience in their hands;  
They in the battle's front shall plant the Cross  
And bid the unconverted nations kneel 815  
Under their conqu'ring standard and adopt  
The creed of murderers, who, in the place  
Of the pure bond of charity, present

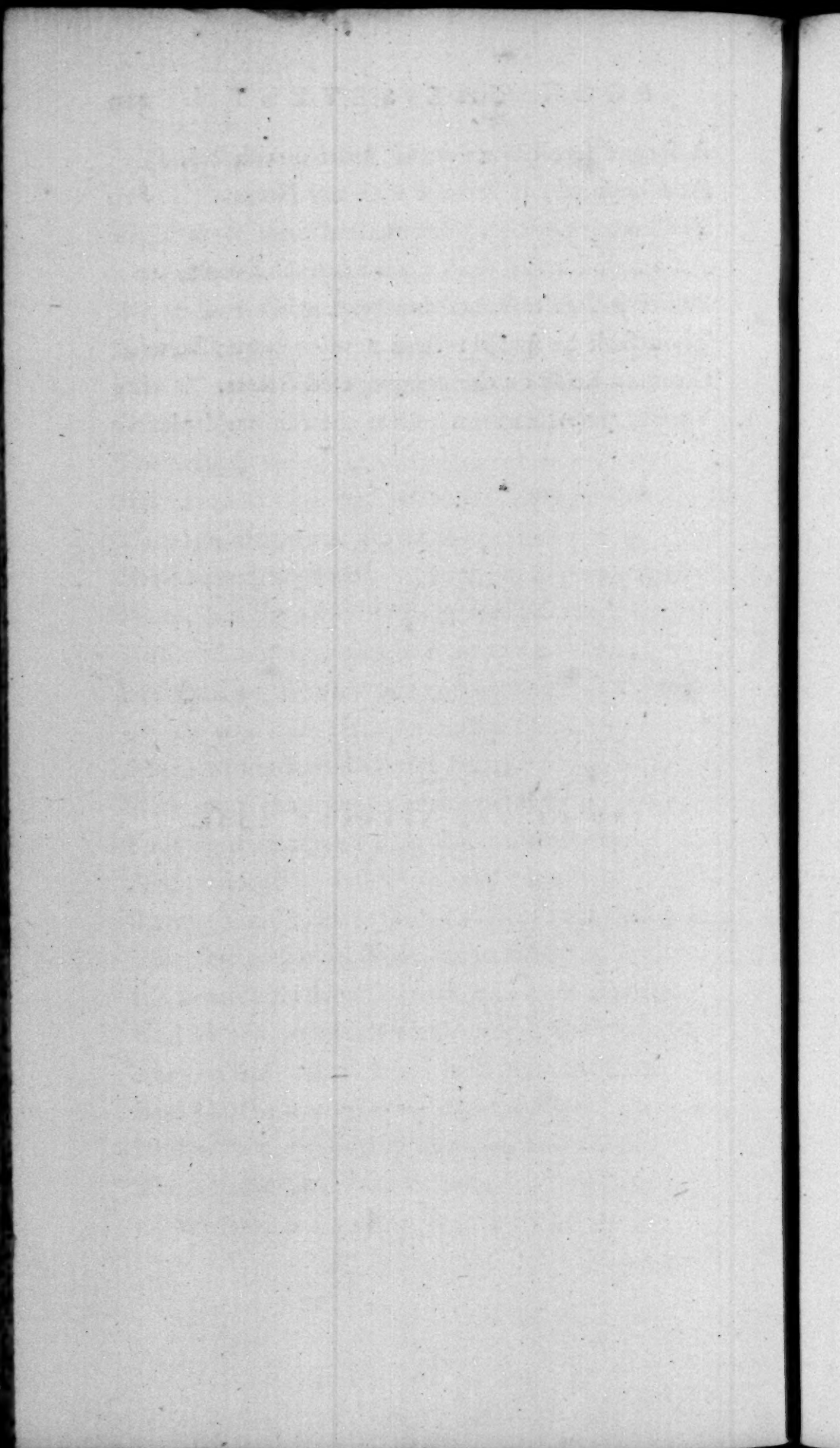
A forged



BOOK THE SEVENTH. 219

A forged scroll blurr'd and defac'd with lies,  
And impiously inscribe it with my Name. 820  
These are religion's traitors, and from them  
An ample harvest shalt thou reap, O Death;  
Suffice it thee to know that for a while  
Thou shalt be spar'd: And now no more; Behold!  
GABRIEL leads on the congregated Saints. 825  
Vanish, pale Phantom! Give the ransom'd place.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.



CALVARY;

OR THE

DEATH OF CHRIST.

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BOOK VIII.



## THE ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

*Christ, having closed his interview with Death, prepares to receive the Saints of the First Resurrection now approaching under the conduct of the angel Gabriel, and having ascended a mount in the midst of the congregation appears to them in glory: They pay homage to their Redeemer in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving: He addresses them in reply, and assures them of the blessings of immortal life bestowed upon them by the Father as the reward of righteousness: The patriarch Abraham enters into conference with Christ, in the conclusion of which the Savior of the world shews him the glorious vision of the heavenly Jerusalem, the holy city, as described in the Apocalypse: When this beatific vision is passed away, Christ reascends to earth in view of the whole assembly of Saints: The angel Gabriel, who is left behind, addresses them from the mount and expounds the purposes of the Savior's resurrection from the dead and return to earth: Moses recapitulates the events of his life, instances the frequent rebellions of the Lord's unfaithful people, and laments their future impenitence and incredulity: Gabriel replies, and from the nature of man's free will explains the origin and necessity of evil, from which he deduces the benefits of Christ's death and redemption: And now the Spirit of God descending on the hearts of the righteous, inspires them with all understanding and knowledge, fitted to their happy condition: A Paradise arises within the regions of Death; Gabriel addresses them for the last time, and upon his departure the Poem concludes.*

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# C A L V A R Y.

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## B O O K    V I I I.

### THE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD.

NOW had the Savior by the word of power  
Wafted the magic Phantom into air,  
And all the horrors of the scene dispell'd :  
Swift as the stroke of his own winged dart,  
Or flitting shadows by the moon-beam chas'd,    5  
Death on the instant vanish'd : What had seem'd  
A citadel of proud and martial port  
With bastions fenc'd and tow'rs impregnable  
Of adamant compos'd and lofty dome,  
Covering the throne imperial, now was air ;    10  
And, far as eye could reach, a level plain,  
In the intermin'able horizon lost,  
Unfolded it's vast champain to the view.  
Darkness Twin-born with Death had fled ; the rays,  
That from the Savior's sun-crown'd temples beam'd,  
With

With dazzling lustre brighten'd all the scene.  
 There just emerging to the distant view,  
 And glitt'ring white, a multitude appear'd,  
 Stretch'd east and west in orderly array,  
 Swift marching underneath the mighty wings 20  
 Of the protecting Angel, who in air  
 Soar'd imminent, and with the broad expanse  
 From flank to flank envelop'd all the host :  
 He with the blast of the awak'ning trump  
 Gave note of their advance. In the mid-plain 25  
 There was a mount ; thither the Savior hied  
 With his cherubic guard, and there in view  
 Of the assembled myriads stood sublime.  
 The Saints in order form'd themselves around,  
 Orb within orb, each in his proper sphere 30  
 Instinctively arrang'd ; then all at once,  
 As by one soul inspir'd, with bended knee  
 And forehead prostrate on the earth they paid  
 Joint homage and ador'd. Oh ! who shall dare  
 With bold conjecture to compute the list 35  
 Of that blest multitude, or say, who first,  
 Who last, receiv'd the glorious All-hail,  
 Ye blessed of my Father ? Yet perchance,  
 So warranted by scripture and so taught  
 By moral sage experience, we may doubt 40  
 If many rich, if many great or learn'd  
 Were of that righteous company ; be sure  
 The lover of this world had there no place,  
 He barter'd it for gold, he pass'd it off  
 To Belial for a perishable toy, 45

He



He fold it to a wanton : There the proud  
 Were brought down, and the meek and lowly rais'd :  
 The conqu'ror not of others but himself  
 There found pre-eminence : All joy to him,  
 Who rear'd the orphan, dried the widow's tears,  
 And fought affliction in her secret haunts,  
 Not for the praise of men ; and may not we,  
 Born in an age when mild philanthropy  
 Hath taught a better lesson to the heart,  
 May not we foster a kind hope that some 55  
 Of pagan name were call'd, who through the maze  
 Of dark idolatry took Reason's clue,  
 And found a mental avenue to God ?  
 Here with the Father of the Faithful stood  
 A host of patriarchs, prophets, judges, saints : 60  
 Noah, who perfect in the time of wrath  
 And righteous found, was left unto the earth  
 A remnant, when the waters fell from heav'n,  
 And was in covenant with the Most High  
 That man no more should perish by the flood :  
 Moses, the faithful servant of the Lord,  
 meekest, though mightiest, of the sons of men  
 And glorious in the sight of dreadful kings :  
 Joshua, th' avenger of th' Elect of God,  
 Whose voice upon mount Gibeon staid the sun 70  
 In the mid-heav'n, and bade the moon stand still  
 In Ajalon's dark vale, till Israel ceas'd [sheath'd :  
 From slaughter and the conqu'ring sword was—  
 Here Samuel in his linen ephod girt,  
 Thrice call'd of God, amid the foremost stood :

He, who with Baäl's priests contending rear'd  
 His rival altars and brought fire from heav'n  
 To vindicate his God : The Psalmist King,  
 And he, at whose sick pray'r the sun went back,  
 And he, furnam'd the Good : Daniel the seer, 80  
 And they, who in the furnace walk'd unhurt ;  
 All in the sacred page recorded just  
 And faithful servants of the living God :  
 For who can doubt the holy word of truth  
 Attesting their salvation ? Yet there is 85  
**One**, who, by promise sacredly assur'd  
 Of bliss immediate, heard the glorious call,  
 Whilst hanging on the cross, by penitence  
 And faith obtain'd from the all-gracious lips  
 Of God's own Son expiring at his side. 90

Hail, holy congregation, elder-born  
 Of righteousness and first-fruits of the grave,  
 Elect unto salvation ! Hail, blest Saints,  
 Now cloathed in white robes, as in your lives  
 With purity, sound forth your praise to God 95  
 And to the Lamb, in whose blood ye are wash'd ;  
 Wave high your branches of victorious palm,  
 Hymning the strain, which He in Patmos heard,  
 What time the glorious vision was reveal'd.

Hail, First and Last ! th' immortal chorus sung,  
 Of all things the beginning and the end ;  
 For thou art he, who liveth and wast dead,  
 And lo ! thou art alive for evermore,  
 And hold'st in hand of hell and death the keys.  
 Salvation to our God and to the Lamb 105

At

At his right hand, who sitteth on the throne ;  
 Blessing and glory, wisdom, honor, power,  
 Might and thanksgiving evermore to God  
 And to his CHRIST ! Father, we give thee thanks,  
 Lord God, which wast and art and art to come,  
 For this thy mighty pow'r in us fulfill'd.

Now are the kingdoms of this world become  
 The kingdoms of our Lord and of his CHRIST,  
 And he shall reign for ever ; now thy wrath  
 On the rebellious nations is let loose ; 115

Now is the first call of the sleeping faints,  
 And all thy servants faithful unto death  
 Thou hast rewarded with eternal bliss.  
 Henceforth for ever blessed are the dead,  
 Thus dying in the Lord, for they shall rest 120  
 From labor, and their good works are not lost !

Their hymn perform'd, the whole redeemed host,  
 With hands uplifted and all eyes direct  
 Upon the glorious Presence, bent the knee  
 Silent, whilst thus the LORD OF MERCY spake. 125

Ye blessed of my Father, prophets, faints  
 And martyrs ; ye of Abraham's faithful stock,  
 And ye, though wild by nature, grafted in  
 Upon the parent tree and bearing fruits  
 To life eternal, welcome to my peace ! 130

Now are your watchings and your labors past,  
 Your tribulations, self-denials, pains  
 And mournings recompens'd ; never again  
 Shall ye know thirst or hunger, nor the sun  
 Scorch you by day, nor yet by night the moon ;

For



For ye shall dwell before the throne of God,  
 And I will feed you ; I will lead you forth  
 To living founts and wipe away all tears.  
 Come, enter ye into your Master's joy,  
 Come, for the throne awaits you, take the crown  
 Of glory, take the kingdom from all time  
 For you prepar'd, possess your happy rights,  
 The earnings of your charity and love :  
 For I was hungred and ye gave me meat,  
 Thirsty I was and ye asswag'd my thirst,  
 I was a stranger and ye took me in,  
 Naked ye cloath'd me, sick ye visited,  
 I was in prison and ye came unto me.

When Lord, the righteous humbly interpos'd,  
 When were these charities by us perform'd ? 150  
 How have we merited this praise of thee,  
 Whom in the flesh we knew not ? Tell us, Lord,  
 When saw we thee an-hungred and gave food ?  
 When thirsty and gave drink ? a stranger when  
 And took thee in, naked and cloathed thee ; 155  
 When saw we thee in sickness or in prison  
 And came unto thee ? When didst thou endure  
 These hard necessities, or we relieve ?

Whereto the Lord replied : Truly ye say  
 Me in the flesh ye knew not, yet in spi'rit 160  
 Ye knew me, for my law was in your hearts ;  
 And what to these my brethren ye have done,  
 Or to the least of these, ye did to me,  
 Patron of mercy and the friend of man.  
 To every one, but not to all alike,

165  
 Some

Some talent is in trust, the loan of Heav'n,  
 To husband as he may, and he who spares  
 From his imparted fund wherewith to help  
 His neighbor's scantier dole, improves the loan  
 And makes his Lord his debtor. First and last,  
 Ere Abraham was I am. Open your ears!  
 Hear, mark and understand: The world by sin  
 Original had fallen off from God;  
 Man was become corrupt, idolatrous,  
 Abominable; SATAN reign'd on earth. 175  
 Ye are of various ages; all have slept,  
 And some from earliest times or e'er the flood  
 Swallow'd the nations, yet with one accord  
 All in your several periods have bewail'd  
 Degenerated man: Noah can tell 180  
 How all the earth with violence was fill'd,  
 Or e'er the fountains of the vasty deep  
 Were broken up: Moses can well declare  
 How hard and to rebellion prone the hearts  
 Of those, whom he led forth: Samuel beheld 185  
 A stiff-neck'd generation spurn the yoke  
 And kick against their God; but vain his voice,  
 Vain all the prophets voices, which foretold  
 My coming, without whom the world were lost.  
 Now is salvation come; I've drank the cup 190  
 Of bitterness and died the death for man:  
 My peace I've left on earth; the living world,  
 They have the word of truth and by that word  
 Through faith they shall be sav'd; from them I came  
 To visit these dark regions and redeem 195  
 The

The saints who slept ; behold ! ye are alive :  
 Death hath no more dominion ; SATAN, chain'd  
 For ages, shall abide his time to come :  
 Meanwhile in glory ye shall dwell with me ;  
 By resurrection purchas'd with my blood 200  
 Ye are the first-fruits of immortal life.

Now ABRAHAM, father of the faithful band  
 And first in station nearest to the mount,  
 His eyes uplifted to the face divine  
 Of the effulgent Virtue, and thus spake. 205

Yet once more, as aforetime in the days  
 Of Sodom, suffer me to plead for man,  
 And ask of thee his Savior if these few,  
 Few not in numbers, yet for heav'n too few  
 And for heav'n's mercy, seeing there are past 210  
 So many many ages of the world,  
 Are all that shall be fav'd : Alas, for man !  
 If this be the whole remnant, all the stock  
 Cull'd from so many myriads for God's fold.  
 Where are the nations vanish'd ? Where the hosts,  
 That sea, earth, flood and fire have swallow'd up ?  
 Can hell contain them ? Can devouring Death  
 Find stomach for them all ? Did God make man  
 For death and hell, or thou endure the cross  
 Only for us ? Are all the righteous shrunk 220  
 To this small measure ? And, if these be all,  
 Are they not yet enough to save the rest,  
 If heav'nly mercy listen to our prayer ?  
 May not our righteousness so save a world  
 From wrath, as once the righteousness of five 225  
 Had sav'd a guilty city from it's fate ?

To



To him the LORD OF MERCY : I have said  
 Ye are the first fruits by my blood obtain'd,  
 The earnest of redemption : I have bruis'd,  
 Not crush'd, the Serpent's head ; he shall arise 230  
 Out of the pit once more to vex the earth.  
 Death the last enemy is not destroy'd,  
 Yet is his sceptre shorten'd, and the key,  
 That opens into life, now in those hands,  
 Where mercy best can place it for man's good :  
 Thus of all pow'r though Death is not bereft,  
 Yet I have shook his throne, with inroad deep  
 Pierc'd his dark realm, and, you redeeming thence,  
 Made tenantless your graves, his strongest holds.  
 With you when from this depth I reascend, 240  
 And through heav'n's golden portal lead my host  
 Of Saints high-waving these victorious palms,  
 Your white robes glitt'ring in God's starry courts,  
 Great sure will be the triumph, loud th' acclaim,  
 When all my Father's Angels shall sound forth  
 Their joyful hallelujahs round his throne.  
 Enough for victory hath been achiev'd,  
 Destruction is reserv'd to that great day,  
 When the compelling Angel shall go forth  
 To gather every atom of man's dust, 250  
 Which the seas cover or the earth contains :  
 Then shall all souls be judg'd ; if Abraham then,  
 When of all hearts the secrets shall be known,  
 Then if the Friend of God hath aught to urge  
 In mitigation of man's guilt, be sure, 255  
 Ere

Ere justice strike, mercy will hear the plea.  
 Of this no more: The seasons and the times  
 Are with the Father; the dread hour draws on:  
 But I must first revisit those on earth,  
 Whom I have left in sorrow; for their sakes 260  
 I must again submit me to the flesh,  
 And by the evidence of sense confirm  
 My promis'd resurrection; this perform'd.  
 And immortality reveal'd to man,  
 By faith made sure, my gospel shall go forth: 265  
 My office then the Comforter will take;  
 The weak he shall make strong, the foolish wise,  
 And by the mouths of sucklings and of babes  
 He shall confound the wisdom of the world,  
 And o'er the gates of hell erect my Church. 270

When thus the Patriarch, glowing still with zeal  
 For man's salvation, further question urg'd.

Lord, will not then the faithless world believe,  
 When thou return'st with glory? From the dead  
 When they behold thee visible on earth 275  
 And thence to heav'n ascending, can they doubt?  
 Such revelation can their eyes resist,  
 Their ears such truth recorded? Shall there then  
 Be left a Gentile idol upon earth  
 To rival Israel's God? Shall there not be 280  
 One Shepherd and one fold for all mankind,  
 One faith, one baptism, one LORD and CHRIST?  
 But I perhaps too bold offend thine ear  
 With my rude converse; Lord, if so, command  
 My tongue to silence; yet not in thy wrath, 285  
 Not in thy wrath, O Lord, reprove my zeal.

Whcreto

Whereto the Savior mildly thus replied.

O Abraham, in whose soul compassion glows  
And love, that burns with zeal for all thy sons,  
Nor for thy sons alone, but the whole world, 290  
Whose advocate thou art, think not the tongue,  
That speaks for mercy, can offend my ear :

Yet what thy zeal anticipates in time  
Is distant far ; ages must roll betwixt  
Thy hope and its completion ; threat'ning clouds  
Lour on the glorious prospect ; seas of blood  
Must first be pass'd ; long pilgrimage and sad  
My martyrs have to make through valleys dark,  
Where ign'rance shades the sun, through frightful  
haunts,

Where superstition pictures out the scene 300  
In monstrous forms, and worships what it dreads :  
Painful their march and round beset with snares ;  
Here treach'ry lurks, there persecution flames,  
Before them infidelity, behind  
Reproach and slander and the roar of tongues 305  
Contentious, urging them to turn from God  
And waste their nobler zeal in vain dispute.  
Thus step by step in righteousness and faith  
Arm'd at all points my servants militant  
Shall win their way, and what they earn enjoy. 310  
Lowly and meek I came into the world,  
And meek and lowly I shall now return,  
Not with that glory rising from the grave,  
Which for my second coming is reserv'd,

But



But in that mortal body, which they pierc'd, 315  
Shewing my wounds, not with the proud display  
Of one, who courts the voice of public fame,  
But communing apart with those I left  
To be my witnesses, that so through them  
Men may be taught by reason to discern 320  
Not what they must, but what they should, believe;  
Not by the evidence of sense to feel,  
But by the mind's conviction to perceive  
Truth in it's argument, not act, and build  
On reason, not necessity, their faith, 325  
And on their faith and their good works their hope.  
God will not always struggle with mankind,  
Heap proof on proof till incredulity [hear;  
Though blind must see, though deaf of force must  
He will not bring his heav'n upon the earth, 330  
Rather will lead man's heart from earthly things  
To reach at heavenly; the railing Jews,  
Who fix'd me to the cross, bade me come down  
And with the sign of pow'r dispel their doubts:  
So had I-frustrated all faith at once, 335  
And with all faith all virtue: I was dumb,  
I open'd not my mouth to their reproach,  
I stirr'd not from the cross, I died the death,  
Nor to my rescue brought one Angel down,  
Though legions waited to obey my call:  
And now none other sign will I vouchsafe  
But of the prophet Jonas, for as he  
From out the belly of the whale emerg'd  
On the third day, so I from out the tomb

BOOK THE EIGHTH. 235

In the same body will come forth on earth 345  
 With the third morning's dawn ; thus shall the word  
 Of prophecy by my disciples heard,  
 Not understood, be perfected in me,  
 And I will breathe my spi'rit into their hearts  
 To comprehend all scriptures, and to preach 350  
 Me crucified ; nor shall there be a dearth  
 Of witnesses to publish and attest  
 My resurrection ; hundreds shall behold  
 My substance in the flesh, and he that doubts  
 Shall touch me and believe. More to expound  
 There needs not ; this in all your ears aloud  
 I now promulgate, that when I am gone  
 Ye may abide the interim in peace,  
 By terror or impatience undisturb'd :  
 And now not many are the days to pass, 360  
 Ere to the heav'n of heav'ns I shall ascend,  
 And there in blest communion with my Saints,  
 Made perfect after death, for ever dwell  
 At the right hand of Pow'r ; meanwhile the seed,  
 Which I have sown, though of all grains the least,  
 Yet water'd by the Comforter shall grow  
 Of herbs the greatest, and become a tree,  
 Within whose branches all the birds of air  
 Shall come and lodge, so shall my kingdom rise  
 From mean beginning into mighty growth, 370  
 A still small current, spreading as it goes ;  
 For in the arm of man I place no strength,  
 Nor in the battle's thunder can be heard  
 His voice that preacheth peace ; to storm the ear,  
 Like

Like those loud heathen orators, who shake 375

The forum with their eloquence, ill suits

The servants of a Master little vers'd

In this world's wisdom and not vain of speech ::

In love, in calm persuasion and in peace.

My gospel I have planted : Woe to them, 380

Who in the place of these sweet fruits provoke

The baneful growth of persecution, strife

And discord in my Church, op'ning my wounds.

Unheal'd and crucifying me afresh.

To him the Patriarch : Lord, we give thee thanks

For that thou hast imparted to thy saints

These tidings of great joy, though distant far

And through such clouds of sorrow dimly seen ;

And sure we are thy gospel shall prevail,

Yet much do we lament for what thy saints 390

And martyrs have to suffer upon earth,

Foil'd by that first Deceiver of mankind,

Who, though now bruise'd and for awhile enchain'd,

Shall yet come forth to vex thy holy Church,

To conjure up false prophets and pervert 395

Thy follo'wers, who are taught to live in peace.

And charity with all men : But we know

God did not build this goodly frame of things

For SATAN to destroy, and he and Death

Shall have an end : Heav'n is man's natural home

And righteousness the impulse of his heart ;

Nor will God fail his promise, that in me

And in my seed the whole world shall be blest :

Ah ! when shall I behold that promis'd day ?

When



When shall I see the warring world at peace? 405  
 When shall my Israel, scatter'd o'er the earth  
 And straggling wide, hear their good Shepherd's  
 call

And come into his fold? Sure that blest voice,  
 That glorious vision would be heav'n itself.

That vision thou shalt see, the LORD replied 410  
 And smil'd all-gracious on th' enraptur'd Saint,  
 From this prospective mount with purged eye,  
 That through the length'ning tract of time discerns  
 Futurity remote, thou shalt behold  
 Th' Apocalypse, which to no living eye, 415  
 Save of my servant John, I shall disclose:  
 But know ere this blest period shall arrive  
 The elements must melt with fervent heat,  
 And earth and sea and heav'n must pass away,  
 Darkness and sin and death shall be no more, 420  
 And a new world shine forth. Ascend the mount,  
 And eastward turning tell me what thou see'st.

I see, the Patriarch cried, an heaven and earth,  
 Earth without sea and heav'n without a cloud,  
 All bright and glist'ning from the Maker's hands:  
 I see descending from the throne of God  
 Jerusalem the Holy City, new,  
 Deck'd like a bride for her celestial spouse:  
 Order and grace and symmetry conspire  
 In all her parts, and with the rich display 430  
 Of vivid gems make glorious her attire:  
 To the four points of heav'n in equal span  
 She stretches out her many-colour'd walls,

Celestial

Celestial masonry, whose meanest stone,  
 More rare and precious than the brightest gem 435  
 Of earthly diadems, transparent flames,  
 From the foundations to the topmost cope  
 Of mural battlement one dazzling blaze  
 Of glorious jewelry, and them amidst  
 On every flank quadrangular three gates, 440  
 Each of an orient pearl, to our twelve tribes  
 By number and by name appropriate,  
 Stand open, guarded by Cherubic watch;  
 Through whose unfolded portals I descry  
 A city all of purest gold and clear 445  
 As the unclouded crystal, on whose towers  
 God's all-sufficient glory sheds a flood  
 Of radiance brighter than the borrow'd beam  
 Of shadowy moon or sun oft wrapt in clouds,  
 Making alternate night and day on earth: 450  
 But night is here unknown; day needeth not  
 To rest in darkness, nor the eye in sleep;  
 Nor temple here for worship may be found,  
 The ever-present Deity demands  
 No house of pray'r; in ev'ry heart is built 455  
 His altar, every voice records his praise,  
 And every saint his minister and priest.  
 Through the mid-street a crystal river flows  
 Pellucid, welling from the throne of God,  
 It's living source, upon whose border springs 460  
 The tree of life, bearing ambrosial fruits  
 Monthly renew'd and varied through the year,  
 Food for immortals, in whose balmy gum  
 And

And leaves medicinal a virtue dwells  
 So general and potential, that no pain 465  
 Or ailment but here finds it's ready cure :  
 No tear shall wet this consecrated soil,  
 Nor feud nor clamor nor unholy curse  
 Disturb these peaceful echoes, here the faints  
 In sweet harmonious brotherhood shall dwell 470  
 Serene and perfect in the sight of God.  
 And hark ! I hear seraphic voices chaunt  
 To their melodious harps the bridal hymn—  
 Now is our God espoused to his Church,  
 And from their heav'nly union are gone forth 475  
 Blessing and peace and joy to all mankind :  
 Now shall his faints eternal Sabbath keep  
 From death and pain and wailing and complaint :  
 All is made new, the old is pass'd away,  
 Time draws aside the faded scene of things 480  
 And Nature in immortal freshness blooms :  
 Now to the waters of the fount of life,  
 Perpetual waters, every soul may come,  
 And he that is athirst may freely drink :  
 But fire and brimstone in the burning lake 485  
 Shall be their portion, who revolt from God ;  
 There with the Beast in torments they shall dwell,  
 Seal'd in their foreheads with his mark and drink  
 The cup of indignation to the dregs  
 Wrung out in anger, whilst their ceaseless cry 490  
 Shall with the smoke of the infernal pit  
 Day after day for evermore ascend.



No more ; for now the heav'nly vision clos'd ;  
 Awaken'd from his trance the Patriarch turn'd  
 With grateful reverence to address the LORD 495  
 And giver of these new-discover'd joys,  
 When lo ! ascending from the mount he saw  
 CHRIST in a cloud of glory on the wings  
 Of mighty Cherubim upborne in air,  
 High-soaring, to this orb terraqueous bound, 500  
 Seen over-head diminish'd to a point  
 Dim and opaque amid the blue serene :  
 His raiment, whiter than the new-born light  
 Struck out of chaos by the Maker's hand  
 In earnest of creation, sparkling blaz'd 505  
 In it's swift motion and with fiery track  
 Mark'd his ascent to earth ; the host of Saints  
 With joyful loud hosannas fill'd the air :  
 Glory to God on high, was all their strain,  
 On the earth peace, good-will to all mankind ! 510  
 Meanwhile th' Arch-angel GABRIEL, who yet kept  
 His tutelary station on the mount,  
 So bidd'n of CHRIST, with arm outstretch'd and voice  
 Commanding silence, thus the Saints bespake.  
 Now is your resurrection sure, your joy, 515  
 Your glory and your triumph over Death  
 And hell made perfect ; for behold where CHRIST  
 Your first-fruit is aris'n, and waves on high  
 The ensign of redemption : now he soars  
 Up to yon pendent world, that darkling speck, 520  
 Which in the boundless empyrean floats  
 Pois'd on it's whirling axle ; there he liv'd

And

And took your mortal body, there he died  
 And for your sakes endur'd the painful cross,  
 Giving his blood a ransom for your sins; 525  
 Thither he goes to re-assume his flesh;  
 There, when his angel ministers have op'd  
 The sealed sepulchre, he shall come forth  
 And shew himself resurgent from the grave  
 To those whom he hath sanctified and call'd 530  
 To be his witnesses in all the world,  
 And of his resurrection after death  
 Their faithful evidence to seal with blood  
 Of martyrs and apostles, warning men  
 With their last breath to be baptiz'd and live; 535  
 So shall the seed be water'd and increase,  
 Till all the Gentile nations shall come in  
 And dwell beneath it's branches evermore.  
 Now are the gates of everlasting life  
 Set open to mankind, and when the Lord, 540  
 Captain of their salvation, shall have liv'd  
 His promis'd term on earth, and thence to heav'n  
 Ascending seat himself at God's right hand,  
 Then shall the Holy Ghost the Comforter  
 Rush like a mighty wind upon the hearts 545  
 Of his inspir'd apostles; tongues of fire  
 And languages untaught they shall receive  
 To speak with boldness the revealed Word,  
 Enduring all things for the gospel's sake;  
 Troubled on ev'ry side yet not distress'd, 550  
 Perplex'd but not surrender'd to despair,  
 Afflicted not forsaken they shall be,

Cast down but not destroy'd, knowing that God,  
 Who rais'd the LORD JESUS from the dead,  
 Them also into life through him will raise, 555  
 And that the light affliction of this world,  
 Which is but for a moment, soon shall be  
 O'erpaid by a far more exceeding weight  
 Of glory' eternal in the life to come.

He ceas'd, and all were silent, wrapt in awe 560  
 Of the late glorious vision, yet in heart  
 Troubled for what the Angel had reveal'd  
 Of sorrows still to come and pains and deaths  
 To be encounter'd by the Saints on earth;  
 When now that Shepherd, who on Sinai's mount  
 Commun'd with God and heard creation's plan  
 Expounded by it's Architect, thus spake.

Oh thou, whom through the fiery cloud I saw  
 On Horeb's hill, when tending Jethro's flock,  
 What time I heard my name twice call'd of God  
 In thunder from amidst the flaming bush,  
 Bidding me strait go forth to loose his sheep  
 From Egypt's captive fold, I do perceive  
 That I have penn'd the Word of God aright,  
 And now in CHRIST behold the woman's seed 575  
 Bruising that Serpent's head, who wrought the fall  
 Of our first parents. Forty days and nights  
 On Sinai's top 'midst thund'rings, clouds and fire  
 Fasting I stood, and whilst the hallow'd ground  
 Trembled beneath my bare unsandal'd feet, 580  
 I heard an awful voice, that bade me write  
 The glorious record of his six days work.

Aghast,



Aghast, confounded, dazzled with the blaze  
 Of glory, still my faithful pen obey'd  
 The sacred dictates of an unseen God : 585  
 I wrote, and to an unbelieving world  
 Publish'd the wond'rous Code ; age after age  
 Libell'd the transcript : With the rod of pow'r  
 I smote the seas asunder ; Israel pass'd  
 Through wat'ry battlements ; forty long years 590  
 In the waste howling wilderness I fed  
 Their murmuring tribes with food miraculous ;  
 They fed but murmur'd still : I brought them laws  
 With God's own finger graven ; I came down  
 Bearing Jehovah's statutes in my hand 595  
 On both sides written ; impious noisy shouts,  
 Lewd triumphs and vile revels smote mine ear ;  
 The people danc'd around a molten calf,  
 Monstrous idolatry ! Raging with shame  
 I dash'd the stony tablets on the ground, 600  
 And shiver'd them to fragments ; God was mock'd ;  
 A stiff-neck'd and a stubborn race they were,  
 Who from the rock of their salvation turn'd  
 And sacrific'd to devils ; and behold !  
 Their sons have crucified the LORD OF LIFE ; 605  
 Therefore his resurrection, which shall be  
 Light and redemption to the Gentile world,  
 To them is darkness and the shadow' of death ;  
 For they have slain the very Paschal Lamb ;  
 That bloody symbol of their antient law, 610  
 Which I made sacred, they have now made void,  
 And cancell'd my legation : I perceive

A new commandment is gone forth ; I see  
 The temple's vail is rent ; for the old law,  
 A carnal shadow of things spiritual, 615  
 Suffic'd not for perfection and the pow'r  
 Of an eternal life : CHRIST is become  
 That King of Salem, that immortal Priest  
 Of God most high, whose ministry supreme,  
 Before all time from heav'n itself deriv'd 620  
 And not from right Levitical, removes  
 All title from that consecrated tribe,  
 Where I had fix'd it. God, who sending me,  
 Sent but his servant, now hath giv'n his Son  
 More worthy of his glory ; without sin 625  
 And spotless He, the great High Priest, hath pass'd  
 Into the heav'ns victorious over Death ;  
 But I, whose trespasses at Meribah,  
 Frail sinful man, provok'd the Lord to wrath,  
 Saw but the skirts of Dan from Pisgah's top, 630  
 Unworthy deem'd to enter that fair land,  
 And died upon mount Nebo. But when CHRIST,  
 Who hath awaken'd us from sleep, shall rise  
 And in his mortal flesh a second time  
 Visit his Saints on earth, who then shall say 635  
 There is no resurrection of the dead ?  
 Faintly I shadow'd forth a future life ;  
 I spake not to men's senses, as CHRIST speaks ;  
 God gave me no commission to reveal  
 The secrets of the grave ; corruption's worm 640  
 Spar'd not my flesh, nor came my spirit back  
 From Death's dark citadel to give mankind

Conviction

Conviction ocular of his defeat;  
 I left him in his power till CHRIST should come  
 To break that sceptre, which had aw'd the world.  
 Much then it moves my wonder, much I grieve  
 That darkness shall not yet be drawn aside  
 From Israel, and that those, who would not hear  
 Me and the prophets, shall not yet believe  
 CHRIST their Messias rising from the dead. 650

To whom th' Arch-angel answer'd heav'nly mild:  
 Well may'st thou muse that reas'ning man should  
 doubt,

And cause we have to grieve, when he neglects  
 So great salvation; but when CHRIST hath shewn  
 What is the good and true and perfect way, 655  
 Reason must do the rest: When all are free  
 Some must be faithless, wilful and perverse.

God could have made his creatures void of sin,  
 For he can put a master in their hearts,  
 And govern them by instinct; but to man 660

He gave a nobler faculty, a will,  
 A spark of immortality, a soul,  
 Reason to counsel that immortal soul,  
 And conscience to restrain licentious will.

Grace shall assist the humble and devout; 665  
 A proud man hath no friend in heav'n or earth,  
 Renounc'd of angels and by men abhorr'd:

Truth must be sought, it will not be impos'd:  
 What were that revelation, which should leave  
 No exercise to faith? All men must work 670  
 With fear and trembling their salvation out.



God does not give free will to take away  
 What he hath giv'n ; if man will sin, he must :  
 Nor do we call them good, who cannot err,  
 Else brutes would claim a virtue. None is good  
 Save God alone ; impute we not to God  
 The evil which man does, nor him arraign  
 For not preventing ills which he foreknows :  
 Angels have sinn'd and some are fall'n from bliss ;  
 All had their days of error, their degrees 680  
 Of good and ill, else why have we degrees  
 Ranks and precedencies of bliss in heav'n ?  
 Call your own lives to mind ; ye have been men,  
 Your failings many, yet your virtues more ;  
 Why are ye now rewarded by your God ? 685  
 Why but because those virtues were your own ?  
 Ye made them what they were, ye rear'd their  
 growth,

Reason reform'd the wild luxuriant soil,  
 Pluck'd up the weeds and nurs'd the glorious fruit.  
 Is there amongst you one that hath to boast 690  
 Human perfection ? There is none that will.  
 A free yet faultless creature would be more  
 Than man, than angel : nor can God create  
 An equal to himself, a rival God.  
 In Eden's happy groves when man was plac'd, 695  
 One interdicted baneful plant there was,  
 Tempting and rich in fruit ; all else was good,  
 Fair to the eye and wholesome to the taste ;  
 Yet of that fruit man pluck'd and eat and died ;  
 Tempted he was, but not compell'd to take ; 700  
 Warn'd

Warn'd to abstain, no angel stopp'd his hand,  
 No thundering voice deterr'd him from the deed,  
 For man was free ; so could he not have been,  
 Had God's foreknowledge over-rul'd his will.  
 Thus Sin had origin and Death began 705  
 His occupation with the human race,  
 More terrible for that he came with pangs,  
 Horrors and doubts on sin-oppressed man,  
 When conscience wrung him in the parting hour :  
 But still the inextinguishable soul 710  
 Mock'd at Death's dart, the body was his own  
 From the beginning ; of the earth 'twas made,  
 The earth it till'd and from the earth it fed ;  
 A tenement of dust was never form'd  
 For immortality ; and now, behold, 715  
 Adam the earthy man, in whom all die,  
 Is buried to the world ; redemption brings  
 The day-spring of Salvation from on high,  
 CHRIST in his glory comes, the LORD from heav'n,  
 And who in him have faith, in him have life, 720  
 He ceas'd, when now th' assembly of the Saints,  
 Who whilst he spake stood in their orbs unmov'd  
 Circling the mount, 'gan feel the Spi'rit of God  
 Descending on their hearts, and, like a sea  
 By secret currents from it's bottom stirr'd, 725  
 Wav'd to and fro their undulating files  
 Wide and more wide, as with a mighty wind  
 The heav'nly inspiration on them rush'd :  
 This GABRIEL heard and from the mount came  
 down,

Which

Which quak'd beneath his feet, whilst over-head  
 Loud thunders announc'd the coming God :  
 And now a fire, that cover'd all the mount,  
 Bespoke him present ; all the air respir'd  
 Ambrosial odours, amaranth and rose,  
 For Nature felt her God, and every flower 735  
 And every fragrant shrub, whose honied breath  
 Perfumes the courts of heav'n, had burst to life  
 Blooming, and, in a thousand colors dy'd,  
 Threw their gay mantle o'er the naked heath :  
 Now glow'd the living landscape ; hill and dale 740  
 Rose on the flat, or sunk as Nature shap'd  
 Her loveliest forms and swell'd her wavey line,  
 Leaving unrein'd variety to run  
 Her wild career amid the sportive scene :  
 Nor were there wanting trees of ev'ry growth, 745  
 Umbrageous some, making a verdant tent  
 Under their spreading branches, some of shaft  
 Majestic, tow'ring o'er the subject groves :  
 Blossoms and fruits and aromatic gums  
 Scented the breeze, that fann'd their rustling leaves ;  
 And them betwixt a crystal river flow'd  
 O'er golden sands, meand'ring in it's course  
 Through amaranthine banks with lulling sound  
 Of dulcet murmurs breathing soft repose.  
 Thus at the sight of God spontaneous rose 755  
 A Paradise within the realm of Death,  
 Where that blest congregation might abide  
 Their Lord's return now visitant on earth :  
 And now th' Eternal having breath'd his joy

Into



BOOK THE EIGHTH. 249

Into their hearts and giv'n them to discern 760  
 All knowledge, that befitted souls so blest,  
 Withdrew his presence from the flaming mount;  
 Whereat the min'istring Angel, who beheld  
 Salvation's work complete, thus parting spake.

God, in whose presence pleasure ever dwells, 765  
 Hath for your dear Redeemer's sake bestow'd  
 These joys, and now his presence is withdrawn;  
 Yet hath he left his spirit in your hearts  
 To teach you all that is and is to be:  
 Behold, the cloud that veil'd your mortal eyes 770  
 Is drawn aside, and what as in a glass  
 Darkling ye saw now face to face is seen:  
 Ye now discern the ways of God how just,  
 How true, how wise, how perfect in design,  
 And well ye know that man, presumptuous man,  
 In a vain shadow walketh; ye perceive  
 His boasted mind sufficient for the things,  
 That to his own salvation appertain;  
 Yet when it scans the mysteries of heaven,  
 How false, how weak, how daringly absurd! 780  
 Firm faith, warm charity and humble hope,  
 These are the Christian graces, these the guides,  
 That lead to life eternal; thoughts perverse,  
 Pert quibbling follies, publish'd in the pride  
 Of false philosophy, are dev'lish arts, 785  
 That damn the instrument, who thus attempts  
 To hide the light of revelation's beam  
 From weaker eyes, and turn the world from God;  
 These verily shall have their just reward:

And

And now no more ; this Paradise ye see 790  
 Is but your passage to a brighter scene,  
 A resting-place till CHRIST shall re-ascend  
 To the right hand of God and call you hence  
 To share his glory in the heav'n of heavens.

He said, and swifter than the meteor's glance,  
 Sprung on the wing to seek his native sphere :  
 The Saints look'd up, then sung with joint acclaim—  
 Glory to God and praises to his CHRIST,  
 Judge and Redeemer of the quick and dead! 799



END OF THE POEM.

# B O O K S

S O L D   B Y

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